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Quincy Monitor.

VOLUME XI. NUMBER 7.

QUINCY, MASS, JULY, 1897.

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The croakers said it wouldn't pay, but this store differs from other stores, it was a born leader at the start. No guess work here, honest made goods at prices guaranteed as low, and invariably a trifle lower for worthy goods, than at any other store in existence.

No matter what you need for your home, you're sure to find something here that's just to your notion.

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Reliable, Low Priced House Furnishers

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Guarantees Satisfaction to Purchasers of

Granite Tools of All Kinds.

JOBBER OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO,

Works, Cross Street, West Quincy.

N. B. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. P. O. address, Box 16.

ABLE MEN WILL MEET

PROGRAMME FOR THE SESSION OF THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Eminent Divines Who Will Take Part. Term Will Be Two Weeks Longer Than Usual—Excellence of This Year's Lecture Course.

The Catholic Summer school will continue for its fifth annual session at Cliff Haven, Plattsburg, N. Y., on July 11 and last until Aug. 29, the term having been extended two weeks longer than before.

The most important improvement will be the newly erected New York cottage. This is the handsomest house on the grounds and was built by patrons of the school who live in New York city. The site was donated by Mrs. George V. Hecker and family. Twelve new bathing houses have been erected, the bathhouse has been changed to a more convenient location, and all banks and roads have been graded and made hard. A bicycle path has been laid out, and four tennis courts and a baseball field are being prepared.

Rev. John Talbot Smith, the well known author, has undertaken the formation of a camping party of young men. He proposes to give them all the pleasure that it is possible to get out of life at the school and the educational advantages of such a place for a minimum of cost.

The lecture course this year will be up to past standards and will be in all probability even more popular than before owing to the fact that the afternoon lectures have been abolished and four evenings in each week will be left open for social pleasures. The chairman of the board of directors, Rev. Thomas McMillan of the Paulist fathers, has received definite answers from a great number of leading men and women concerning lectures and is now able to state definitely that courses will be given by Dr. James F. Loughlin, chancellor of Philadelphia, who is a specialist on church history; Rev. Joseph H. McMahon of the cathedral in New York, a well informed authority on the liturgy of the church, and Rev. Dr. Edward A. Pace of the Catholic university, who will discuss the phases of mental development.

A lecturer who will attract no little attention will be Rev. Dr. Edmund T. Shanahan, the brilliant young graduate of Boston college, who won his D. D. from Rome with such high honors a few years ago and who is now a prominent professor at the Catholic university. He has made an exhaustive study of Pope Leo's encyclical on scholastic philosophy and will discuss the same. Henry Austin Adams, A. M., Boston's recent acquisition, will point out some recent developments of the Oxford movement and give a summary of the important decision of Pope Leo XIII regarding Anglican orders.

Other speakers who will attract more than a general interest will be Rev. James A. Donnan, S. J., of St. Joseph's college, Philadelphia, formerly a professor at Boston college; Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey of Malden and M. J. Dwyer, the superintendent of the Marcella street home, Roxbury, Mass.

Other prominent speakers will be Rev. Francis W. Howard, of "Social Science;" Rev. Hugh T. Henry of St. Charles seminary, Overbrook, Pa., on "English Literature;" Dr. C. O'Leary of Manhattan college, New York; Hon. John C. McGuire of Brooklyn, Hon. John T. McDonough of Albany, William T. Carr of Brooklyn, Brother Potamian of Du La Salle institute, New York; Rev. James H. Mitchell, chancellor of Brooklyn, and Rev. Thomas P. McLaughlin, S. T. L., of New York.

Considerable time will be given to conferences in the practical work of the Sunday school, under the direction of Dr. McMahon. Special dates will be assigned for meetings of college journalists, members of alumni associations, reading circles and others interested in various lines of charitable and educational work.

One of the notable events will be the reception to the rector of the Catholic university, Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, formerly president of the summer school.—Boston Globe.

New Chapel For St. Mary's.

A very large proportion of Roman Catholic priests in the United States and Canada were educated at St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, and ordained deacons in the ancient chapel of that institution, built more than 100 years ago, an exact reproduction in miniature of La Sainte Chapelle in Paris which was built by the king of France. Last fall the alumni of St. Mary's undertook to raise money to build a new chapel, and so well have they succeeded that architects are now drawing plans for it. The cost is to be about \$75,000. Chicago priests have subscribed about \$5,000, Baltimore priests a like sum and those of Brooklyn about \$3,000. The plan pursued, which has brought the contributions to warrant building, is to accept \$50 subscriptions payable in \$10 annual installments.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

UNCLE SAM'S LIBRARIAN.

A Well Known Journalist Succeeds Mr. Spofford, the Veteran.

John Russell Young, the new librarian of congress, is probably best known as the author of "Around the World With General Grant," a work which has done more to familiarize the public with the private aspects of the great warrior's personality than has been accomplished by all the other records of his life. For many years Mr. Young has been accounted one of the most brilliant



JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

newspaper men in the country, and his talents and attainments in the literary field are well known.

Mr. Young was born on a farm near Downingtown, Pa., on Nov. 20, 1841. Three years later his parents removed to Philadelphia, and his early education was received at the old Harrison grammar school, which is famous by reason of the prominence attained by many of those graduated from its halls. He afterward attended the high school at New Orleans. His first step in journalism was taken when he was 16 years of age. He secured a position as copy holder to the proofreaders on the Philadelphia Press. It was not long until he became a reporter, and thereafter his advance in his chosen profession was so rapid that before he became of age he was penning heavy editorials on the regular staff.

When the editor of The Press, the late Colonel Farny, was elected secretary of the United States senate, he took Mr. Young to Washington with him as his private secretary. While acting in this capacity Mr. Young retained his connection with The Press and furnished regular correspondence.

He later assumed the function of war correspondent and won distinction by his able handling of the battle of Bull Run and other difficult subjects.

After the war he became managing editor of the New York Tribune and some years later a member of the editorial staff of the New York Herald. He served the United States faithfully as minister to China, to which office he was appointed by President Arthur, and has been prominent before the public in many ways since his memorable travels with General Grant.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Spofford, former librarian, who has been connected with the library for 35 years, is a warm friend of Mr. Young and will be retained as assistant librarian.

Old Church to Be Abandoned.

A report is current that the diocesan authorities are about to establish a new parish on the west side in New York city, to embrace the territory lying between Forty-second and Fifty-sixth or Fifty-seventh streets, and from Tenth or Eleventh avenue to the North river.

According to the best information obtainable in the matter, the establishment of the new parish will mean the abandonment of one of the oldest of the downtown churches, St. Andrew's, at City Hall place and Duane street, which for years has been a landmark in the lower part of the town. This is one of the most venerable of Roman Catholic churches on Manhattan Island, and in its early history was one of the most successful. In late years, however, the members of its congregation, with their families, have removed from the neighborhood in large numbers, crowded out by business houses.

It has been estimated that the property of St. Andrew's church is worth about \$500,000. If it can be sold at that figure, the proceeds will be more than sufficient to erect the new church building up town and furnish all the facilities required in modern church work.—New York Times.

Church Notes.

Bishop Fink of Leavenworth, Kan., recently celebrated the twenty-sixth anniversary of his consecration.

Cardinal Vaughan will have been a bishop 25 years next October, when the Catholics of England will celebrate the event.

Bishop Mallen of Erie, Pa., one of the oldest prelates in the church in this country, has recovered from his recent serious illness.

The bishops who went to Rome to attend the recent canonization services held in St. Peter's have, so it is stated, been relieved by the pope from the obligation of making their next ad limina visits when the time comes for making them.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

The One Is Not More Important Than the Other.

In the course of a recent address on the subject of schools, Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco thus expressed himself:

A school connected with the church comes as an absolute necessity. Very little in thorough religious training can be accomplished in the Sunday school held but once a week. It is the constant reiteration, the repeating day after day, the sacred truths of faith which makes a lasting impression. If a choice had to be made, the school is more necessary than the church.

We who have grown up in the faith have had our minds and hearts open to the beauties of our religion and are strong in our convictions. Many have come from a land where the Catholic religion is firmly engrafted, and there is little fear of their drifting away from the truth, but for the children there is great danger. They are growing up in a land where men talk infidelity. They are surrounded by those who scoff at piety, who place faith at naught, and there is great fear that, so situated, the young will not retain the vigor and fervor the Catholic should ever cherish. This can only be secured by surrounding them with the proper educational safeguards.

The first work you should accomplish as soon as you are able is the building of a school. I know the times are hard, and this may not be possible right away, but it must be the first object of your ambition. This is a duty binding upon you. No priest is fulfilling his requirements if he is able and does not provide a school for the training of the children of his parish. To provide for the religious education of the young is a tradition of the church. Every parent must be zealous on this point.

If you secure for them this religious instruction, there is no fear that your children will grow up not knowing their faith, and when you will have passed away they will rise up to take your places, strong in that faith which you have secured to them. Our life is passing. We may not feel we have accomplished much, that we have not done our very best for God's honor and glory, but we must not permit the time now to pass unemployed. Seek now to provide all advantages for your children. If you yourselves have wandered away, return now and become the fervent, good Catholics you promised and hoped to be in your youth. And for your children, surround them by every religious safeguard, that they may grow up firm in faith, good, loyal citizens and children who will be your pride and comfort when they reach manhood and womanhood.

ABOUT CANON BRUCHESI.

The Rapid Rise of a Brilliant and Worthy Prelate.

Rev. Canon Louis Paul Napoleon Bruchesi, whose appointment as archbishop of Montreal was recently announced, was born at Montreal on Oct. 20, 1855. He received his first education at the College of Montreal. During his last year of philosophy he went to France to complete his studies in the Grand Seminary of Issy, near Paris.

He was only a year in Issy; then he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris, where he staid three years before going to Rome, where he was ordained priest in December, 1878. He had the degree of D. D. conferred upon him and was licensed in canon law before he returned to Montreal in the following month of September.

He was appointed professor of dogma at the Laval university of Quebec, which chair he occupied for four years. He then returned to Montreal and was appointed vicar at St. Brigid. A few months afterward he went to St. Joseph's church on Richmond street as vicar. It was while he occupied the last mentioned position that Mgr. Fabre chose him as one of his lieutenants when his grace formed his chapter in 1886.

The young canon had the honor of representing the province of Quebec at the Chicago World's fair as commissioner of education. He is professor of the faculty of arts at Laval university of this city and has been chairman of the Catholic school commissioners since 1893.—Montreal Star.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE BICYCLE IN POLITICS.

Prominent Wheelman Made Collector of the Port of New York.

George R. Bidwell, recently nominated by President McKinley as collector of customs for the port of New York, is a new man in state as well as national politics. He has, however,



GEORGE R. BIDWELL.

captured one of the fastest of federal plums, for the office carries with it not only a salary of \$12,000, but a good slice of patronage.

Mr. Bidwell is best known in the east as a bicycle man, and indirectly he owes his entrance into politics to the wheel. As a member of a bicycle club he ardently advocated the election of Congressman Quigg in 1893. His able work made him prominent in local politics, and he was elected secretary of the Republican county committee. The next year he became vice president of the committee, and during the last presidential campaign he acted as district leader, rolling up a good majority for McKinley. Part of this success was due to the personal house to house canvass which he made in his district.

Mr. Bidwell is one of the youngest men to hold the responsible position of collector of the port of New York. He was born in Buffalo about 39 years ago. In 1879 he left his native city as a drummer for a bicycle house, being one of the pioneers in the trade. Later he located in New York as a salesman and afterward formed one of the leading bicycle companies, of which he is secretary and treasurer. He is a charter member of the League of American Wheelmen, the New York division of which sent a committee representing 22,000 cyclists to President McKinley urging Mr. Bidwell's appointment as collector.

HAIL TO THE BEAVER!

The Prince of Wales Revives the Hat Our Grandfathers Wore.

All hail to the old hat—the new hat of today—the beaver, the ancient bell crown, for it is again in style. Not only is it in style, but its use by all in the bonds of fashion is imperative, for the Prince of Wales has set the pace and startled the public eye by appearing in a fuzzy, duffy, broad brimmed, wide topped beaver very like those worn a half century ago.

For this, then, all good and worthy swells must array themselves in like manner, and all those who would find favor with upper tendom will find it necessary to add this very old cap to the make up of their apparel and walk under the same until fashion shall play another prank on her votaries.

For those who are ambitious to shine socially and are yet to some extent handicapped by scarcity of funds it is a time for the ransacking of old garrets and the overhauling of the headgear of long dead kinsmen in order that dusty



THE PRINCE OF WALES' NEW HAT.

and disused beavers may be brushed, ironed and otherwise quickened into new life for the use of a later born generation.

Whether this adoption was a jubilee whim on the part of his highness, a mere midsummer vagary or a determined move in the direction of hat reform, has not been revealed, but there seems to be reason for the belief that the beaver has returned to its old haunts for a very considerable sojourn. We may now look forward, therefore, to the enjoyment of the picturesque of the resurrection, the gradual budding of the beaver on the crowded streets. At first, like the early crocus, it will poke itself out shyly from half hidden places, later it will begin to ooly fringe the wayside, and finally in the warm summer of popular acceptance it will gradually monopolize and overspread the great field of swaying heads that crowds the thoroughfare.

The Quincy Monitor.

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All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to Quincy readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

JULY, 1897.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

An Unusual Experience Even For a Man Used to Surprises.

The man who was talking to the Washington Star man was a burglar, and not one of the reformed kind either. He was not prosecuting his profession just at that particular time, owing to the fact that as the result of a prosecution by the state he was making himself more useful than he had been in a long time.

In other words he was doing time in a penitentiary, and his dress suit was a continuous reminder to the reporter that a zebra must have been skinned somewhere in that neighborhood.

"Well," he said in the language of a man who had seen better days and in response to a suggestion from the reporter, "I suppose I might tell you a story if there was going to be anything in it to me."

What a heartless wretch he was! Trying in this calculating manner to rob the struggling reporter out of a part of his hard earned stipend. However, the reporter wasn't mean, and after a brief bargaining the inactive burglar proceeded.

"I'll commence at the beginning," he said, "and tell you how I got my start—all great men get their start some way or other, you know, and I'm no exception. When I was 12 years old, I ran away from home in the country, where I lived with my uncle, a school-teacher, and if I do say it myself, I was one of his brightest and sharpest scholars. I got to New York as the usual runaway boy does and, unlike most of them, I succeeded in finding pursuit and settled down to business as a news-boy. It was congenial work, and I used to go to night school and soon was a leader among the boys. By the time I was 17 I had a position in a restaurant as a cashier, and the handling of the money was too much for me, and one day I skipped out with \$100 and went to San Francisco. For the next four years I kept getting a little worse, but never fell into the hands of the police."

"Then I got sick, and they put me in a city hospital, and one night I died. I mean," explained the burglar, "that as far as they knew I was dead. I didn't have any friends, and as the young doctor who attended especially to me didn't get any pay for his trouble the authorities, to recompense him somewhat and to save funeral expenses, turned my body over to him, and he took it to his office for the usual purpose. He laid me out on a table in a back room about 1 o'clock one morning and left me there in the cold while he adjourned to some other part of his house and went to bed. I suppose, in fact, I know, as you will see presently."

"I don't know what time in the night it was or what was going on around me, but after awhile I began to come to, and in a few minutes I knew that I was not in the narrow little bed at the hospital, and in a few more minutes I began to be scared nearly to death, for I knew right away that I was in the hands of the doctors and left me there in the cold while he adjourned to some other part of his house and went to bed. I suppose, in fact, I know, as you will see presently."

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Cardinal Perraud wrote to the holy father informing him that it was proposed to hold the next eucharistic congress at Paray-le-Monial, where our Lord appeared to the blessed Margaret Mary Alcouque. His holiness replied that, after Jerusalem, a place could not be chosen better suited than Paray-le-Monial for the holding of a eucharistic congress. The congress will convene on Sept. 20.

—A New York architect is perfecting plans for a tower 2,140 feet high in that city. Most New Yorkers have got to have a good start, says the Mansfield News, if they finally travel at all in that direction.

WORK FOR ALL THERE

LIFE IN RUSKIN, A SUCCESSFUL COLONY OF SOCIALISTS.

An Hour's Labor is the Unit of Currency, and All Kinds of Work Are Paid For at the Same Rate—How the Scheme Operates.

The little settlement called Ruskin, which is situated some 50 miles northwest of Nashville, is like no other colony that has ever existed. This retired spot was sought and bought by a little band of people who were determined to put into effective operation the socialistic theories advanced by Bellamy and Fourier. And what is more, they claim to have made a success of it.

That is to say, after several years of arduous effort its founders now announce through the president, J. H. Dodson, who filed the statement recently with the secretary of state of Tennessee, that the Ruskin Co-operative association is no longer an experiment and that the joint capital of the colonists has been increased from nothing to \$60,000.

This remarkable community, consisting at present of 213 souls, is managed much after the fashion of a huge but well regulated family.

The possessions of the community consist of 1,500 acres of land containing almost every natural resource. An abundance of raw material for the manufacture of nearly everything necessary to the physical comfort of man lies ready for their hands.

In order to form a more vivid idea of the practical working of the community, take an imaginary case, say of John Doe, who, with his wife and three children, is anxious to be admitted to the colony. They first fill out answers to certain searching questions that are found on the association's application blanks. Among other queries are such propositions as these:

"Are you willing to do any useful labor when there is nothing for you to do in your chosen vocation?"

"Do you believe that all members should have the same pay for the same hours of labor if they do the best they can?"

"What works on social problems have you read?"

When this blank is filled out by the applicants, it is mailed to Ruskin and there posted on the bulletin board of the colony. It remains there until Saturday afternoon, which is election time and a half holiday. Ballots are cast, and if two-thirds of them favor the admission of the Does they are notified of the fact. They come with their children, pay \$500 for a share in the property of the community and are then escorted to a house, where their lives as socialists begin.

It is of strange feeling that comes over John Doe just then. He has been all his life a workman, and to realize



PRESIDENT J. H. DODSON.

now that his future is no longer a question of cuts in wages, strikes or other accessories to desperation and death gives him an odd thrill.

He has now a guarantee of work for every day that he is able to work and pay for every day that he is sick. He has no rent to pay, no taxes. There is no expense for schoolbooks or medical care—all are furnished by the association. Soiled clothes are sent weekly to the co-operative laundry and are returned without cost. His older children get instruction in music, languages and in industrial training at the expense of the community. The goods at the store cost him no more than they would in any load lots, and all he has to buy are household furniture and wearing apparel.

When he announces himself ready for work, he is assigned a place in the community where his trade will do the most good in case there is work for him in the trade. If not, John Doe must apply himself to such labor as is needed. He is allowed to draw checks for 50 hours' work each week. Checks for work are legal tender here and are accepted in payment for everything purchased.

Mrs. Doe and the children may also draw checks. The children are entitled to checks for 20 hours weekly, getting their maintenance as pay for going to school. The home work of Mrs. Doe is valued as highly as the work of her husband, and her check is as large as his.

The price list at the general store is an astonishing thing to the uninitiated. It reads something like this:

One pound of tea, 4 hours; 3 sticks of candy, one-half hour; 1 cut of tobacco, 2 hours; 1 pair of pants, 37 hours, etc.

Do you get the idea? Work is the basic principle of Ruskin's progress. And the more work by the many the less work by the individual and the more time to be devoted to study and self improvement.

Dozens of industries are in successful operation. There is a flourishing newspaper. There are sawmills, gristmills, vineyards, fine orchards and rich fields of grain.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets to and from the

OLD COUNTRY for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

The Small Boy.

Mysterious are the ways and means of the small boy. "Mamma," observed a youngster, "you wouldn't like me to tell you a story, would you?" "No," was the answer. "Or to tell a story to myself?" "Of course not. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing; only—you see, I was coming along the road, and I saw a hen, and I said to myself, 'Now, if I hit that hen, I'll give myself 5 cents.' Well, I picked up a stone and I shied it at the hen, and I hit her sure enough, but the trouble is that I haven't any 5 cents to give myself."

The same sort of logic was shown by a 4-year-old who one clear day gravely announced, "It's goin to rain." "What makes you think so?" asked his mother. "'Cause a toad died," the gardener told me that whenever a toad died 'twas a sure sign 'twould rain." The mother had not kept four years' company with her son for nothing. "And what made the toad die?" she asked suspiciously. "Did you have anything to do with it?" "Oh, no, indeed," was the answer. "'Twas all the brick's fault. I didn't do a single thing 'cept just pick the brick up and let it drop again. But the toad went and died, so it must be going to rain."—New York Sun.

Exit George.

The time was approaching midnight. The old gentleman was listening from a cogen of vantage at the head of the stairs. He had been there in his stocking feet for as long as 32 minutes.

The young man was lingering at the front door with the old gent's daughter. As a lingerer he was a success and he was aided and abetted by the girl. This, also, the old gent knew, as well as several other interesting things. That's why he became tired of listening at the head of the stairs. At last he heard a shuffling of feet.

"It's so hard to say 'good night,' darling," the young man said to the girl, who believed every word he uttered, as they always do before matrimony gets in its baleful work. "Don't say it, George!" sang out the old man. "Wait about five minutes and say 'good morning.'"

It was then the impediment in George's speech was removed, and, with at least 4-1-2 minutes to spare, the girl closed the front door and George trotted along home.—Strand Magazine.

Diamond Hardness of Steel.

It appears that after some five years' search the metallurgical department of the Sheffield Technical school has solved a peculiar problem to students—namely, why a piece of red-hot tool steel becomes flint hard when suddenly quenched in water. The result of the researches in question showed, almost beyond a doubt, that the well nigh diamond hardness of quenched steel is due to the presence of a remarkable subcarbide of iron, and that the action of tempering is due to the fact that far below red heat this compound decomposes and dilutes the mass with soft iron—the permanent magnetism of steel depending on the amount present of this compound. It was formerly supposed to be a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon that the shock drove the molecules of the steel into closer contact, and hence the hardness—a theory invalidated by the fact that, as disclosed, the volume of the hardened steel was greater than that of the unhardened material.

Naval Desertions In Port.

"Few people have any idea of the number of desertions from warships when they enter port," remarked a well known naval officer who is stationed in this city. "Sometimes as high as 20 or 30 men take French leave, and, despite the offer of \$20 reward for the arrest of each man, they are seldom apprehended. There does not exist dissatisfaction on board any of the ships, and the fault lies in the fact that men of foreign birth, without recommendation, have been allowed to enter the navy. When these men receive a month's pay, they are granted shore leave and are not seen again. This is only the lower class, as some of the best officers and bluejackets in Uncle Sam's navy are foreigners."

Philadelphia Record.

—An Illinois farmer was struck dead by lightning a few days ago, and when searched, his pockets were found to contain \$25,000 in bank notes. It is dangerous in these times to carry in the pocket a large sum of money. One is liable to be killed at any moment.

HOTTER THAN HADES

A GLIMPSE OF THE SEETHING AMERICAN DESERT.

It Seems to Be Hotter Than Any Other Place on Earth—The Terrible Death Valley—Mammoth Tank—Mr. Ober's Letter From Southern California.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., July 7.—"Hot! Well, I should exclaim!" remarked the switch tender at Barstons as I swung off the train for an observation while the engine wet its thirsty whistle. "Hot? Say, hell ain't a patch alongside this here place. We'd go there if we could to cool off!"

And Barstons isn't the hottest station in the Mohave desert either. Nor is it the biggest settlement, consisting mainly of an eating house, a few shanties and a saloon or two. Its importance lies in the fact that at this point trains for southern California turn off to the south and those for Frisco keep on still westerly. Another fact also—here we set our watches back another hour, as the standard official time changes from mountain to Pacific. From the Colorado river westerly perhaps 250 miles stretches the great Mohave desert, a portion of that vast arid area which guards all the eastern approaches to California, no matter which railroad you take to enter the Golden State.

As morning dawns the beautiful though forbidding forms of the Needles, those sharp spired and multicolored mountains at the crossing of the Colorado, rise against the sky. Once over the muddy and treacherous river, the real desert is entered, and for nearly 200 miles the rails pursue their sinuous course, glistening and blistering in the sun. We call this a desert, and so far as the term goes it is not misapplied, yet it is vastly different from the African Sahara, which I looked upon in Algeria nine years ago—not actually a sea of sand, like that of the dark continent, with only a fertile oasis here and there to enliven its vast expanse. This American desert is not entirely destitute of vegetation, for we have here several varieties of cactus, areas of sagebrush and the yuccas, with pointed leaves and tall spikes of blossoms. Oases, too, are occasionally seen, as at the infrequent stations, where water from hidden streams or artesian wells has carried life and fertility to this barren waste. As there is nearly always a breeze stirring, life is rendered endurable beneath the planted groves and by the side of water coursing through the "avenues."

No, this is not the hottest spot on earth. North from Barstons and its sister station of Daguerre, from which latter place a line of freight wagons once in awhile ran to it across the torrid alkali plains, lies the terrible Death valley—a great furnace heated basin, depressed nearly 300 feet below the level of the sea and surrounded by mountains brilliant in coloring, but barren of vegetation.

Only one miserable river runs into it, the poisonous waters of which, so vile that it is known as the Amargosa, or Bitter, are entirely absorbed by the sands of Death valley. Gold has been discovered in the mountains surrounding Death valley, and there are large deposits of soda and borax there, but the intense heat prevents their successful working. Would be visitors are also deterred by the fate of several prospectors who perished of thirst and the terrible heat. It seemed the irony of fate that water was subsequently discovered close to the spot where the last man had fallen by those who were digging their graves.

Still, it is said by those in authority that even Death valley does not hold the record as the hottest place on earth. That unenviable distinction has been fairly won and is held by a station on the Southern Pacific railway known as Mammoth Tank.

This station has been declared the hottest place out of doors, the mercury reporting itself at 128 degrees during the summer season day after day.

There is little else there besides the tank aforementioned and the station keeper. The latter not long since took a respite from his arduous duties of pouring water into himself and hunting a shady spot long enough to woo and win the belle of a little village up near Indio, on the same railroad. The climate of Indio is pretty hot; Thermal, the station below it, is hotter; Volcano Springs, still farther south, is even more so, but Mammoth Tank beats them all for torridity.

Those who have tried it out here say that a reliable temperature of 100 in the shade is not at all oppressive. I don't know how that may be, but I can vouch for the fact that you don't feel the same degree of heat so much here as on the Atlantic coast. A few days ago I had occasion to go to San Jacinto, south of here, and to be out driving all day. It seemed pretty hot, though I had often felt the heat more in other regions, and I was surprised when I returned to the hotel to find the thermometer that day had reached 106 in the shade.

The hotel was a wooden structure, and every room was in the western end, so that it was late that night before the temperature was lowered enough to permit of sleep. Various articles on the bureau, such as comb, hairbrush and razor, were so hot that the handling of them was not pleasant. On the train next day I sat behind two ladies, one of whom had a child with her. I overheard considerable of their conversation, but the fragment that particularly struck me was this: "Yes, yesterday was pretty hot. But, do you know, my little Bennie here is a year old come Sunday, and the day he was born it was 112!" She was a hearty looking woman and Bennie was a healthy child apparently. So I fancy the climate must be beneficial, even if it is hot.

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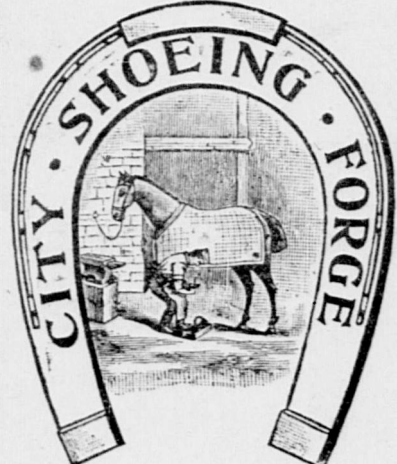
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You can buy pure TOILET SOAPS of reputation cheap as you can get Soaps that you know nothing about. Not worth considering, when so many skin diseases are caused by using Soap made of soap grease full of dangerous substances.

We will sell you Colgate's Turkish Bath, Colgate's Colgate's Rico or pure Olive Oil Soap for 5 cents a dozen. We have nicer for 10 cents a cake and as little per cake, but they are no purer than the 5 cent kind, pure enough to wash the baby.

All the Toilet Waters at low prices, and Perfumes the flowers themselves.

These are simply necessities this warm weather, refreshing.

Our store is the coolest place in town and we have you to sit down to enjoy your Ice Cream Soda.



FOOD FOR INFANTS

is carefully weighed, measured, and fed to the child. But the need for food is not the only thing that we eat and drink, babyhood, but remains with us all our lives. Some day—when we are old—after this fashion: "The fluence for Evil Upon Which Has Been Exposed Whose Stomach Order as a Result of Groceries." You may laugh, there's a mighty sermon in it.

Look after YOUR stomach by eating BOSTON BREAD. Whatever is newest and latest in table supplies.

First and foremost is BREAD, "the staff of life." Physicians all agree a meat diet is heating and should be avoided. Place like good, wholesome bread? For twenty years we have been supplying our trade with the best flour that money can buy, reaching into the thousands of barrels yearly, show that the and vicinity appreciate our effort in that direction. Buying establishments, you are assured of paying but one profit between consumer. Our stock and assortment of cereals is large and are pleased to quote prices on our goods at all times.

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3-4 HOSE, 12c. ft.

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You can buy pure TOILET SOAPS of reputable makers as cheap as you can get soaps that you know nothing about. Is this not worth considering, when so many skin diseases are caused by using Soap made of soap grease full of dangerous substances.

We will sell you Colgate's Turkish Bath, Colgate's Palm Oil, Colgate's Rico or pure Olive Oil Soap for 5 cents a cake or 50 cts. a dozen. We have nicer for 10 cents a cake and as high as \$1.00 per cake, but they are no purer than the 5 cent kind. They are pure enough to wash the baby.

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These are simply necessities this warm weather, they are so refreshing.

Our store is the coolest place in town and we have tables for you to sit down to enjoy your Ice Cream Soda.

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FOOD FOR INFANTS



is carefully weighed, measured and generally scrutinized by fond mothers, and rightly, too. But the need for thoughtful inspection of what we eat and drink is not peculiar to babyhood, but remains with us through life.

Some day—when we get time—we're going to write a book with a title somewhat after this fashion: "The Tremendous Influence for Evil Upon the Human Race Which Has Been Exerted by Men and Women Whose Stomachs Were Suffering Out of Order as a Result of Eating the Wrong Sort of Groceries."

You may laugh, just for a minute, but there's a mighty serious side to the proposition, and the moral of it all is

Look after YOUR stomach, by eating BOSTON BRANCH groceries. Whatever is newest and latest in table supplies can be found on our counters.

First and foremost is BREAD, "the staff of life." In hot weather physicians all agree a meat diet is heating and should be avoided, and what fills the place like good, wholesome bread? For twenty years we have made a specialty of supplying our trade with the best flour that money can buy, and our sales, reaching into the thousands of barrels yearly, show that the public of Quincy and vicinity appreciate our effort in that direction. Buying flour from our establishment, you are assured of paying but one profit between the mill and the consumer. Our stock and assortment of cereals is large and always fresh. We are pleased to quote prices on our goods at all times.

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are to be seen here, in the newest patterns of the most fashionable fabrics. Made with unusual care and fit as well as the made-to-order garments costing several times what we are asking.

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Remember

Our Vegetables are always fresh and nice. Because we sell such a large amount we are obliged to buy every day, and consequently we do not have it around long enough to get poor. We have today, Peas, Butter Beans, Cranberry Beans, Beets, Cucumbers, Lettuce, New Cabbages, New Turnips, Tomatoes, and there are other kinds here.

We can say the same for our line of Groceries—a large stock, always fresh, and our prices are right.

Flour at reduced price.

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THE LARGEST SEE.

Archbishop Corrigan Presides Over More Than 800,000 Catholic Souls.

Archbishop Corrigan of New York presides over the greatest Catholic see in Christendom. This see comprises the city and county of New York, the counties of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Ulster, Sullivan, Orange, Rockland and Richmond in the state of New York and also the Bahama Islands.

The Catholic population of this archdiocese was estimated a few years ago at 800,000, and it is steadily increasing. There are about 210 churches and 75 chapels, with more than 500 priests and nearly 500 brothers. The parochial schools have an attendance of about 50,000. There are nearly 20 homes for destitute or wayward children, with an aggregate attendance of more than 10,000. There are 8 Roman Catholic orphan asylums and about as many hospitals. There are also homes for the aged and 1 insane asylum under his charge in this archdiocese.

Archbishop Corrigan is president of the board of trustees of St. Patrick's cathedral, chairman of the board of managers of the Orphan asylum, president of the Theological seminary and president or ex officio member of every board that has to do with the Catholic management of this archdiocese. The archbishop gives a great amount of his time to the practical duties of his numerous offices. All matters of moment are referred to him for final decision, and for the greater part of each year his conscientious enactment of the affairs under his control occupies from 12 to 16 hours daily. Mr. Crimmins of New York says: "I have frequently called at his residence at 10 o'clock at night unexpectedly and found him at his desk laboring in the interests of the church. To me it would appear that his motto is to complete his task daily. He never postpones until tomorrow what he should accomplish today."—New York Times.

COST OF CANONIZATION.

Very Great Expense Connected With the Incidental Ceremonies.

The enormous expenditure, a prominent feature in canonization, has not infrequently a weighty influence in delaying, if not even precluding, the raising to the honors of the altars of many venerable servants of God well worthy of insertion in the calendar of the church.

The annals of hagiographical lore relate that the Prince Falconieri of the time elected himself to bear the entire outlay attending the canonization in 1737 of his relative, the great St. Juliana Falconieri, but the immense expense of the preliminary processes and of the solemn festivities of the occasion itself absorbed the major portion of the princely exchequer and so crippled the family resources that the prince, so runs the tale, assembling his children around him, said to them, "My dear children, be angels at your good pleasure, but not saints; it costs entirely too dear."

A somewhat similar legend obtains to the effect that the holy Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, Sr., cousin and second successor in the metropolitan see of Milan of the glorious St. Charles Borromeo, whom he emulated in virtue, erudition and sanctity, when only 23 years old was created by Sixtus V., on Dec. 18, 1587, cardinal deacon of St. Maria in Dominica, and in 1595 was nominated archbishop of Milan by Pope Clement VIII and died in 1631, in the odor of sanctity, 77 years old, would in turn have found place amid those entitled to the supreme homage of the faithful had not the canonization of his sainted relative impoverished the Borromeo family to such a degree that the iteration in case of Cardinal Frederic would have signed the financial ruin of the house of Borromeo.—Exchange.

Catholic Societies.

A mayor Strong of New York occupied a seat on the platform of the Grand Central palace in that city at the meeting held for the benefit of the Catholic boys' clubs, when he expressed the most enthusiastic interest in the schools and educational activities of the Catholic church. He said:

"In looking into the educational interests connected with your church I have found that the children of the streets are better cared for by the Catholic societies of the city than by the Protestant societies or any other, unless it be the Jewish. I do not think there is much difference between the Jews and the Catholics in regard to taking care of their own among the poor."

Love an Excuse For Silliness.

Love, very often a synonym of the emptiest and shallowest kind of rot, is deemed a sufficient excuse for the silliness which characterizes too many matrimonial adventures.—Catholic Universe.

Beautiful Hands.

Beautiful hands are not always white, Shapely and "fair to see." But are often cast in a humble mold, And are brown as brown can be.

Useful hands that are ready to take Life's duties one by one. Hands that are willing to reap and glean Till the reaper's work is done.

Lifting the burdens we find so hard To bear through life's long day, Brushing the dead leaves sorrow drops From out the tangled way.

Gentle hands, between whose palms The weary face may lie; Beautiful hands, that softly tell For sorrow "the reason why."

Hands whose touch remains for years; Dear hands, though folded low, Whose magic thrill within our souls Whispers, "We loved you so."

Warm, human hands, that once we held So close within our own; Though clasped, so cold, their silent clay Still speaks in love's low tone.

Telling the tired heart the song It sang in years gone by— Beautiful hands are always found Where the heaviest duties lie.

—Exchange.

ART IN CORNSTALKS.

PICTURES IN HAY, OATS, RYE AND BROOM CORN.

Statuary in Tobacco and Decorations in Cotton—Trimming in Strawberry Vines. "Out of the Strong Comes Forth Sweetness"—The Nashville Exposition.

[Special Correspondence.]

NASHVILLE, July 12.—If the captions incline to deny that agriculture can be a decorative art, let them come to Tennessee's centennial fair, see it and be conquered. The seeing will embrace the most various things, more variously used—transformed, one had better say—for example, cornstalks. Time out of mind they have been held the unsightly litter, but here is a summer pagoda with walls of cornstalk lattice trim enough, dainty enough to serve as a bower for Titania, queen of all the fairies. It has a thatch of corn tassels and final of ear corn cut across into inch rounds, which are wired into shape. The same cross sections of ear corn, with an ornamental nail head through the center, stud the pillars between the lattice, which are paneled delicately with the stalks. There is a carpet of platted stalks—Tennessee knows them not as husks—thick and yielding as velvet. There is a cornstalk table also, and cornstalk sofas upholstered with husks. Everything in the place indeed was once some part of the maize plant. A dozen people can stand in the pagoda. Half that number can sit at ease. The framework, of course, is of wood.

The pagoda stands in a bay under one tower of the Agricultural building. The walls, dome and ceiling repeat their own story of earth fruits made beautiful to the eye. Flowers of the corn rosettes grow upon vines with leaves of husk which clamber and twine intricately to the highest heights. The dome is fringed with millet clusters alternating with southern moss. Red ears and yellow and white, split lengthwise, form panels that are symphonies of gorgeous color.

They are less wonderful, however, than the corn pictures in the great central dome. One is an eagle half spread with a scroll in its beak. It is 50 feet at least above your head, so gets the finish of distance if not its enchantment. Seen thus it takes the closest scrutiny to detect that all its color gradations, the emphasized pinion feathers, the long hackles and grotesque claws are shaped from corn in the ear. The head and scroll are in white corn, the hackle in strawberry red, which in the wings runs on to the scarlet and dull brownish crimson of the genuine "red ear."

In another place, high up above the crowds, other red ears come tumbling out from a big basket, also formed of corn.

There is a harvest scene, too, done in hay, oats and rye, but it is clumsy and far from deserving the space it fills. None of these, however, is half so well worth mention as are the curtains of cotton latticework and fringes of gray moss which drop from so many of the interior roof divisions. The effect of them, gently swaying in gentler airs, is indescribably light and graceful. A little lower there is yet more elaborate fringing of oats and millet heads. Their gold and greenish gold melt admirably into the yellow brown of the clear pine background. Here or there you see arches, shaped apparently of grain in the ear and richly ornamented with its clustered heads. Even the humble broom sedge, pest of southern grass lands, is here turned to decorative account. One bay is thatched with it all the way up. The harsh stalks have been so far brought into subjugation as to lie in even, orderly rows all over the great room. The lying thus embodies a charming suggestion for country home builders. The sedge grows wild everywhere throughout the south. It may be had for the cutting and, treated after this fashion, would form a most artistic thatch for outhouses or summer houses, not to mention the hiding of ugly interior spaces.

"Tobacco is an Indian weed that from the devil did proceed," Peter Cartwright was fond of quoting that old distich back in the days when he was evangelizing in Tennessee. Possibly he would quote it again could his shade revisit the state, but here in the tobacco exhibit he would find none to echo his view. Tobacco is king of a handsome space and fills it in the handsomest kingly fashion. It is displayed in all forms, after every manner of use. But that is not anything like satisfying to the consciousness as the way in which it shows itself as full of beauty. The tower of the bay devoted to it runs up to a great height, and all the space is lined and seamed and quartered with fringes of strips—that is, tobacco leaves halved by pulling out the midrib. The fringes run down to a frieze of clustered tobacco leaves, spread flat and nailed with tiny brass headed nails. The frieze is bordered with twisted ropes of tobacco, which also form the panels of the lower walls.

In the uppermost of them, fairly facing the entrance, you see a tobacco daisy pulling a tobacco worm from a

tobacco plant. A mighty lifelike picture that—even to Cuffee's hat and Master Worm's defiantly raised head. The supporting columns are covered with plug tobacco or else the plain leaf applied flat. They have lines of the tobacco rope down the corners and hiding the divisions of the surface.

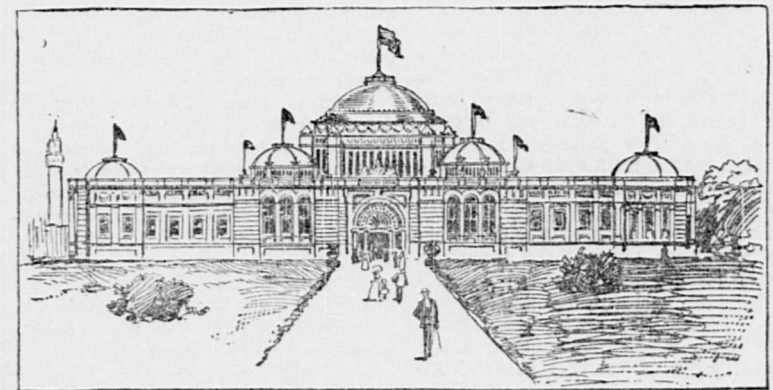
Cotton? Well, cotton seems formed more for use than ornament, yet is here made to serve purposes of excellent beauty. In one space a big heart is shaped of it with a golden legend below which makes the whole read "Heart of the South." Bales of it, too, conjoin with painted canvas to give a realistic wharf scene from Mobile. A little later the yellow blooms and deers white bolls will be added charms of the grounds. There is a fair sized cotton patch growing finely right beside the building's main entrance.

Close in that neighborhood there is also a showing of strawberry vines or pyramidal plants. They have been set pyramidwise in the borders, and in spite of the elevation and cramped root space have flowered and fruited excellently. The big lush, green leaves, too, flutter about the standard which supports them and give it the seeming of some curious shrub. "See that! It ought to be forbidden by law," said one irate producer. "First thing you know the town folks will have taken pattern by those clumps and be raising in their back yards all the berries they want."

There is a farmyard which is almost too realistic. After two or three visits one grows sympathetic with the turkey cock, which stands always in full strut. The guinea, poised on one foot, becomes likewise painful to view, and the weeny calf turns into a ghost of hunger unappeased. The wild birds on beyond in cases, as is proper with all stuffed creatures, awaken no such scruples. They are so palpably stuffed, so purely and wholly conventionalized—turned to decorative ends—one forgets that they ever lived.

No categoric setting forth of this thing or that gives the faintest idea of what has been achieved. Throughout the whole big building beauty has been wrought from things of use. It is Samson's riddle over again, "Out of the strong has come forth sweetness."

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

Thousands of People Earn a Living as Ragpickers in the Big Cities. [Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 13.—Country boys who used to earn a few cents for Christmas or Fourth of July by collecting and selling rags have very little conception of the importance of the rag-picking industry. Tin peddlers still buy rags for tinware, but since the process of making paper from wood pulp was invented old newspapers are worth only a small fraction of a cent per pound and are not worth taking in a peddler's cart and paying freight upon, but in the city, where large quantities are dealt in, all kinds of rubbish has a value. In a great newspaper office, for instance, refuse is divided into "white waste"—paper not printed upon, which goes back to the manufacturer in exchange for new, and is therefore worth 2 or 3 cents a pound—"black waste," or printed paper, worth not much over \$2 a ton, and miscellaneous waste.

Even at such small prices there are people who make a living by picking paper and refuse out of ash barrels and



RAGPICKERS AT WORK ON THE DUMPS. at the "dumps," where low land is being filled in by the deposit of rubbish. In New York especially there are several thousand pickers. The volume of business they do is easy to see. Nearly all the newspapers and magazines that are not used in kindling fires come to them at last, and in such quantities that there are a score or more of great wholesale and jobbing houses which do a profitable business handling the "street stock," as it is called.

There is little enough money for the individual pickers, however. Many of them are Italians unable to speak a word of English. Whole families are engaged at work, fishing with hooks for scraps of paper and clothing. Many of them wear clothing and even shoes which have been literally "picked out of the ragbag." The merriest time they have is when from half a dozen to a score or more work together on the dumps and pass the time in song or story as they work. Often the ash dumps are at the edge of the city in open spaces, with green trees in sight and the blue sky overhead, and then, for a little time in fine weather, even a ragpicker's life seems not so bad.

JOHN L. HEATON.

THE CHURCH GROWS.

INTERESTING STATISTICS ON CATHOLICISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

What Has Become of the Four Million Catholic Immigrants From Ireland?—Not All Remain in the Church—Bright Prospects For the Future.

The United States census of 1890 systematically sets forth the religious condition of Catholics in this country so far as it may be described in such external points as the number of communicants, ecclesiastical divisions of territory, the seating capacity of churches and the value of church property. We number 6,231,417 members and worship in 10,231 temples. We have 13 archbishops and 66 bishops. As a religious denomination we are the first in numbers, the second in church property and the fourth in seating capacity. Half of us are in five states—namely, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. Our share is massed in the chief city of each of these states. Philadelphia comes fourth in Catholic population after New York, Boston and Chicago. Our people float about in the great cities. Some would say we disappear in them like snowflakes in a river. Certainly we are not rooted in the soil.

Lord Palmerston used to say that nothing is so deceptive as figures except facts. We know that there are more than 10,000,000 in the country that ought to belong to the Catholic church by the terms of our communion, which includes all that are baptized. The census excludes our children under 9 years. Still, when we compare the census of 1890 with the statistics of 1857, which gave us 150,000 members and 80 churches, we should be ungrateful and unreasonable not to thank God, who, after all, giveth the increase, whosever plants or waters.

Yet the questions force themselves on us: What has become of the 4,000,000 immigrants, chiefly Catholics from Ireland, that landed on our shores from 1840 to 1860? Where are their children? Not all, certainly, in the church of their fathers. Nevertheless we should not be discouraged after even our enormous losses. We have just ground to hope for a bright future for Catholicity from the fair mindedness and intelligence of the American people. We are free from state interference. We have shown the nation in peace and in war that a good Catholic is a good citizen. The Americans see that we prize education and that we support our full share of universities, colleges and schools. We open our hospitals and orphanages to all, without a question about creed or color. There is scarcely an American Protestant family that is not allied with Catholics by ties of blood, of marriage or of conversion. This is the lesson. Comparatively few Americans now believe that Catholics pay the priest to forgive them their sins, that they worship idols and adore the Virgin more than God, or that they are ready to cut their Protestant neighbor's throat at the command of the pope.

Still, I am not one of those sanguine Catholics who predict a general advance of our religion in the United States. The whole course of modern religious thought is opposed to the exclusive claims of Catholicism. A gushing sentimentalism seeks to eliminate definite articles of faith as unnecessary and doctrinal conditions of communion as uncharitable. Men are restless under even the lightest pressure of church authority. The Roman Catholic church is nothing if not dogmatic, positive and insistent upon the obedience of the faith. Our unchangeable creed is peculiarly offensive to the self styled leaders of a progress which insists upon ignoring the past and its traditions, nor need we be surprised at the defection of Catholics who fancy that the church is narrow, illiberal and out of harmony with a broad minded acceptance of every vagary of religious opinion. Such Catholics forget that the church let England go rather than sanction a divorce and that she lost Germany sooner than accept Luther's interpretation of one text of Scripture.—Father Joseph V. O'Connor.

The Most Inevitable.

The most inevitable thing in the world is moral genius. The timid loss their faith on the slightest provocation. To feel and see the world's evils and to hold on to one's faith in goodness and justice is moral genius. This is the faith against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.—Catholic Universe.

Discontent.

Down in the field one day in June The flowers all bloomed together Saw one, who tried to hide herself And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high And felt a little lazy, Was resting near a buttercup Who wished she was a daisy.

For daisies grow so big and tall, She always had a passion For wearing frills about her neck Just in the daisy's fashion.

And buttercups must always be The same old tiresome color, While daisies dress in gold and white, Although the gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower, "Perhaps you'd not mind trying To find a new white frill for me Some day while you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said, "I think you must be crazy. I'd rather be my honest self Than any made up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown. The little children love you; Be the best buttercup you can, And think no flower above you."

"Though swallows keep me out of sight We'd better keep our places. Perhaps the world would go all wrong With one too many daisies."

"Look bravely up into the sky And be content with knowing That God wished for the buttercup Just here where you are flying." —Barth Orme Jewett in Wesley Bouquet.

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SHE KEEPS HER VOW.

BEAUTIFUL ACT OF FAITH PERFORMED BY A WOMAN.

She Walks on Bared Knees From Her Home to the Church—This She Has Done Annually For Sixteen Years—The Ordeal Described.

Walking on bared and bended knees for a quarter of a mile along a dusty and stony road is the way in which Mrs. Louisa Williams of San Leandro, Cal., annually pays a debt of gratitude to her Maker. Recently she accomplished this act for the sixteenth time. Mrs. Williams is the wife of J. P. Williams, who owns a large fruit farm near San Leandro. Seventeen years ago her husband lost his sight. Eminent oculists examined his eyes and all agreed that he would never see again. Then the wife turned to God. She prayed on her bared knees that he restore her husband to sight. She vowed that if her prayer was granted she would walk on her bared knees from her home to the church in the annual procession of the Holy Ghost and that she would feed the poor and care for the distressed.

Her prayers were heard and answered and the eyesight of Williams was restored within a few weeks afterward. Today the fruiter sees as well as any man. Mrs. Williams, her husband, her relatives and all her neighbors realize that her prayers and the performance of the vow caused the miracle to be done. In that belief she has taken her painful journey each year to the church. She took it again this year and will doubtless continue to take it while the power to travel remains.

There has never been ostentation or preparation on the part of Mrs. Williams for the journey, and on this last occasion she made no exception to the rule. Clad in her everyday garb, carrying in her upraised hands the silver crown which represents the crown of the Holy Ghost, she walked from her home to the road, knelt reverently, and with her hands and eyes upraised proceeded to move on her knees to the church, a full quarter of a mile away. Slowly she toiled the distance, bareheaded, in the sun, her lips moving in prayer, while the flints and the stones on the highway cut into her flesh.

It took her over an hour to complete the journey, the people along the route standing prayerfully by as she slowly passed along. Once in the church the woman, almost overcome from exhaustion, prayed for the continued favor of her Creator. Her journey is a simple one, but for the faith expressed and the sublimity of veneration it outstrips even the Pentecostal journey proper which takes place on Pentecost and which this year was particularly beautiful. The procession was formed at the Hall of the Holy Ghost, dozen blocks distant from the Catholic church. There were 150 girls in line, ranging in age from tiny tots of 6 to young ladies. All were dressed in white, some with pink and some with blue sashes, all without hats, their hair being decorated with ribbons.

At the rear of the procession was the silver crown, representative of the crown of the Holy Ghost, which was borne by Miss Lena Wilson, assisted by Annie Furtado, a 6-year-old miss. Miss Wilson was escorted by Misses Lida Frates, Lena Cunha, Mamie Fields and Annie Silva. While the procession was en route to the church the directors of the association, Manuel Silva, Manuel Diaz, Antonio Lucas, Manuel Silva and John Cardoza, exploded small bombs, which are especially prepared for the occasion. At the church mass was celebrated by Rev. Fathers McAvoy and Alfred. —San Francisco Chronicle.

ORDER OF CARMELITES.

Triennial Chapter of the Province In Convention in Canada. The triennial chapter of the American province of the monks of the order of Mount Carmel was convoked at Falls View, Canada, recently.

The order at present numbers about 1,500 the world over. They are divided among many convents under the immediate supervision of priors. A number of convents, three or more, form a province, the superior of which is called the provincial prior, the office now held by Very Rev. Father Mayer. At the head of the entire order is the prior general, who is now Very Rev. Aloisius M. Galli.

The provincial chapter, which selects the superiors of convents, is composed of the local priors and of delegates chosen by each community. The prior general is elected by the provincials of the entire order and the special delegates of the province at the general chapter, which is held every six years, generally at Rome.

Converts to Catholicism.

In a record of notable persons who have united with the Roman Catholic communion within the past three months as converts from other denominations the *Quincy Monitor* mentions Charles Hanson Towne, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Miss Susie F. Swift, head of the Auxiliary League of the Salvation Army; Rear Admiral Tremlett of the British navy, United States Marshal John H. McCarty, Aubrey Beardsley, the artist, of London, and Edward Scott Marble, actor and dramatist. They quote Cardinal Gibbons as authority for the statement that there are received into the church every year in this country 80,000 converts. This is an estimate obtained by calculating on a basis of actual numbers received in the archdiocese of Baltimore.

CHINESE WOMAN DOCTOR.

She Was Educated in America, but Practices in Her Native Land.

Would you believe that in conservative, unprogressive China a woman doctor could thrive and hold her place in the learned profession she has chosen? Well, it is a fact. The woman is Dr. Hu King Eng, a high caste little Celestial who has put in the wedge which may some day open to the women of the flowery realm vast fields of usefulness in regions she had not dreamed of occupying. Her move was not intended specifically as a revolt of womankind against the cruel subjection of the sex that has been so long a disgrace to a great empire, nevertheless it was a step in the direction of the emancipation of her sisters.

Dr. Hu King Eng is the first of her race and sex to receive the title master of arts and the second to be named doctor of medicine.



DR. HU KING ENG.

tor of medicine. Dr. Ya Mae Kin graduated in medicine in 1889, but went to Honolulu and lived there ever after.

This plucky pioneer was born in Fuchau. Her parents were wealthy and aristocratic. They had come under the Christianizing influences and had embraced the "Jesus doctrine," as our gospel was called.

When a mere child, King Eng was placed in the girls' boarding school at Fuchau. Before she had finished at that institution she developed a peculiar predilection for the study of medicine. In order to develop her tendencies in this direction she was sent to Ohio Wesleyan university, where she was given a finished education. Returning to her native land, she went at once into the practice of her profession, where unusual success attends her ministrations.

CANADA'S NEW PEER.

Lord Glencoe and His Rapid Rise in the World.

The career of Donald A. Smith, who was knighted and became Sir Donald and is now by the grace of good Queen Victoria Lord Glencoe, a peer of England, is a strong incentive to poor lads who work hard and are ambitious.

Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Glencoe, whom the queen honored as a souvenir to Canada in connection with the late diamond jubilee, was born in Morayshire, Scotland, in 1821. He was one of those hardy Scotch lads who seem born into the world to prove the possibility of all things as a reward for perseverance. This young fellow had heard of the fortunes that were made by adventurous souls who went out for the Hudson Bay company, and he determined one day to make a try on his own account. His rearing was of the extremely frugal sort. He had to trudge many miles to the house of the old dominie who looked after his education and sat up half his nights reading hard Latin by the light of a tallow dip.

When his teacher had imparted to him all that was his to give, which was, in fact, no mean knowledge of the classics, the boy dropped study and set himself to work. He took passage in a sailing vessel for Canada. Arrived there, he managed to find employment



LORD GLENCOE.

as shipping clerk for the Hudson Bay company. No salary was paid him at first, but he did not mind that. He served his apprenticeship, promotions came rapidly, and it was not long until he became underfactor at one of the big trading posts, then chief factor and finally governor of the company.

Afterward he became a power in Canadian politics, representing Manitoba in the Canadian parliament. He was the prime mover in the building of the great Canadian Pacific railway. It was for his active work in this enterprise that he received the order of knighthood in 1886. Afterward he became high commissioner of Canada and London, and now, 56 years from the time he first sailed from old Scotia, he takes his seat in the house of lords.

A RUGGED PRELATE.

Early Vicissitudes in the Life of a Famous Jesuit.

Father Nicholas Congiato, who died recently in San Jose, went to California in the early fifties. He had been forced out of Italy in 1848 by the revolution, and landed in New York, whence he was ordered to the presidency of the Jesuit college at Bardonia, Ky.

His talents and training had fitted him to have charge of educational affairs, and, completing his term there, he was sent to California overland. At San Francisco he was made president of St. Ignatius college, which was then being established. He was soon called to leave that important position to go to Oregon and give organization and direction to the various missionaries and educational movements that had been initiated by the Rev. Father de Smet.

Father Congiato made this journey overland through many perils. He was compelled to go through territory held at that time by hostile Indians, and at one point had difficulty in gaining permission from the commander of the soldiers who were holding the hostiles in check, but he finally obtained a reluctant consent. He made the journey safely, carrying in a belt a large amount of gold. He was never molested. The soldiers who had him adieu on his northern journey awaited in vain news that he had been massacred.

While going on a perilous journey with some of Father de Smet's Indian guides from one mission to another he found the trail along the precipitous side of a mountain blocked by a fallen tree, which he had no means of removing. In attempting to jump his cayuse over the obstruction the animal fell short and precipitated the father down a steep declivity. In awe the Indians put their fingers on their lips and in silence awaited the result. Seeing him gather himself up, they rushed down to inquire of his miraculous escape and were met with the surprising statement: "I have lost my spectacles."

Without these he was practically helpless, but they were found by the guides.

The report of this accident spread and gained interest at each repetition until, when it reached St. Ignatius college in San Francisco, it stated that Father Congiato had been killed. Masses were said for the repose of his soul, and he was believed to be dead, until one day, having been ordered back to San Francisco, he surprised the fathers at St. Ignatius by appearing among them in the flesh, rugged, resolute and ready for whatever commission awaited him. —San Francisco Examiner.

CATHOLICISM IN INDIA.

Jesuits Are Working Hard Against Very Many Difficulties.

It is sad to think that, outside of their missions, properly so called, the Jesuit fathers succeed in converting but a comparatively small number to the church. In the schools of the cities some Protestant children are converted. This is especially the case in the convent schools. But among the vast numbers of Hindoo and Mohammedan students who attend the Jesuit colleges no advance in this direction has been made.

All the ingenuity which Jesuit zeal could devise has hitherto proved useless. The Mohammedan is too proud of the superiority of his prophet to become a follower of Christ, the Hindoo is too fickle and too much engrossed by the pleasures of life to accept the renunciation of the cross. Yet the Jesuits must keep open their colleges, even at the expense of their missions, for it is necessary to our religion to maintain in the opinion of the European and native in India that prestige which she has acquired, mainly by her educational institutions. It is only by so doing that she can hope to reach those that live in or near cities.

It must, however, be said that the effort to convert the city population is of but recent origin. It began with the arrival in Calcutta of the Jesuits, who quickly perceived that the only way to make an impression on the educated classes was to raise the church in their eyes by making her the channel of education at least equal to any that could be procured outside her. —Catholic World.

First Catholic Woman's College.

The Sisters of Notre Dame, whose mother institution is in Namur, Belgium, recently secured a fine building site in the northeast suburbs of Washington and will erect thereon the first American Catholic college for women. The institution will be under the auspices of the Catholic University of America, though its management will be in the hands of the sisters. The school is to be called Trinity college, and its course of study, it is claimed, will be higher than that of any other woman's college in the United States. No girl will be admitted under the age of 18, and she must have completed an academic education before she will be accepted as a matriculate. The college is expected to open in the fall of 1898.

Oldest West of the Mississippi. The golden jubilee of Loretto academy at Florissant, Mo., was duly celebrated on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, June 21, 22 and 23, in connection with the annual commencement exercises. The institution is the oldest of the order west of the Mississippi river and has several branch houses in St. Louis. The jubilee brought together many distinguished priests and bishops and also many of the former graduates of the academy from different parts of the country.

Music in the Church.

The thirteenth century saw the earliest successful development of church music. Baronius, the father of church history, was a patron of music, and St. Philip was a successful composer of music. Pope Pius IV appointed a standing committee to select suitable airs and masses and was always ready to adopt good music. —Father J. J. Brice.

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HOMESICKNESS.

Like children in a garden fair
Who wander through each flowerful maze
And drink from sunny fountains with glee
And look with long and lingering gaze
Upon the wondrous scene, yet faint
Would be at home for love and rest,
So we, in this bright world of ours,
With strange homesickness are possessed.

Through garden fair and palace proud
We vainly seek our hearts to please.
Life spreads her feast, we sit us down,
Yet never are we quite at ease.
Some hope, some yearning, stirs the soul,
Even with the chalice at our lips;
Some rapturous strain from shores afar
That doth all manner mirth eclipse.

Yet earth, kind mother, fain would charm
And is herself, we sit us down,
And offers many a cup of joy,
But none without satiety.
And she hath many a garden fair
That tempts our eager feet to roam,
Yet never are we quite at ease,
And never feel we quite at home.

What meaneth it that we should weep
More for our joys than for our fears,
That we should some time smile at grief
And look at pleasure's show through tears?
Alas, but homesick children we
Who would but cannot play the while
We dreamed of nobler heritage,
Our Father's home, our Father's smile!
—Elizabeth Cooke in Youth's Companion.

ONLY A PRIVATE.

A dreary plain, a vast waste, with only a green, oasislike grove of trees in which had hastily been thrown up a rude breastwork of sand and stone; a cloud of savages surrounding the earthwork, in which was the great overland stage—it was a scene calculated to excite fear and sympathy. There were women in that beleaguered fort as well as men, and their pale faces, parched lips and dry, tearless eyes evinced the stony terror caused by the prospect of certain death.

A dozen troopers under the command of Lieutenant Marks had been sent to guard the stagecoach. When they found themselves confronted by such overwhelming odds, they hastened to the grove we have mentioned and hastily threw up the earthwork behind which the soldiers and passengers were defending themselves. The face of Lieutenant Marks was almost as pale as marble, and he had long since ceased to give orders, for it was now a pitched battle, in which every man was his own commander.

Two soldiers and three passengers were already down. Many redskins had bitten the dust, but the overwhelming numbers of savages about the earthworks made it evident that the brave defenders were doomed. Prominent among the troopers was a tall, young man in the uniform of a private soldier. There was a look of calm determination on his face, and whatever others may have done he wasted no shots that day. Every time his rifle cracked a redskin fell. Though he exposed himself more to Indian bullets than any of the others, he seemed to hold a charmed life, for not a shot touched him.

This private was only 24 years of age, with a handsome face, dark eyes and black mustache. His name was George Stone, and it was whispered that he was a graduate of Princeton. How he came to be a private soldier in the regular army is a story of sufficient interest to tell even in the midst of battle, especially as it had some bearing on the conflict. He and Lieutenant David Marks had been schoolboys together, and both were competitors for the appointment at West Point. Marks, though inferior to Stone in every respect, having the strongest political pull, succeeded, and George went to Princeton.

George graduated about the same time that his successful rival came from West Point with a commission as second lieutenant of cavalry. He happened to be near the town in which the regiment of his rival was quartered. This renewed the jealousy of her companion. Then Miss Mary Sommers came to the city. She was going to her sister in Montana the coming summer, and as Marks' regiment had been ordered to that part of the country he hoped to meet her again, especially as he had fallen desperately in love with her. For the second time his rival was his schoolboy friend, George Stone, who seemed to be more successful than he had been before. Marks had no political pull in love affairs and began to look about for some means to conquer again.

The plan he fell upon was the most nefarious that can be conceived. One day he and some other officers and friends enticed George

into a saloon, and during the afternoon induced him to drink so much champagne that he became utterly unconscious of his acts and surroundings.

While he was in that state a recruiting officer who was present induced him to enlist in the regular army as a private, and he was assigned to the company to which Lieutenant Marks belonged.

When Stone recovered consciousness and realized what he had done, he resolved never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. He was angry and filled with mortification. Friends came to his relief and offered to purchase his discharge, but he declined their kindness and determined to serve.

Marks, who had been his constant associate, of course cut his acquaintance, and George was compelled to mess and associate with the common soldier. The common soldier is not always an educated man. He is sometimes rude, uncouth and grossly immoral. Stone was quiet, silent and more like a convict than a trooper. He gave strict attention to orders and studied military tactics as he had never studied any subject in his life. He became the favorite of all save his second lieutenant, who lost no opportunity to humiliate him.

In due time the regiment was ordered to the plains, and he was with the squad sent to guard the stage. It was the first time Lieutenant Marks had ever been under fire. Nevertheless it was natural to suppose he would show some courage on this occasion, for Mary Sommers, the girl who had won his heart, was in the stage.

It was galling to poor George Stone to meet the woman whom he loved under such changed circumstances that he dared not speak to her. He bore himself erect with a proud, soldierly dignity, but was silent. When the attack came, he was first in the fight, and it was then that the lieutenant, who had shone as a society man, began to show the white feather. He failed to go to the front with his men and kept as much out of range of bullets and arrows as possible.

It was George, his stony silence broken only by the exigency of the moment, who suggested the grove as the proper place to make the stand. It was he who proposed that the breastwork be thrown up from the stones and sand. He even directed the operation, for the commanding officer was stupefied and dumb with fear.

When the re-enforcements of Indians came and the fight was raging hot, it was the private soldier who, by his manly, unselfish courage, inspired his companions to make battle against such overwhelming odds. All the while the cowardly lieutenant, with pale lips and trembling form, was crouched under the stagecoach, not uttering a word or taking any part in the conflict.

"Lieutenant Marks," said a sweet, musical voice at his side during a lull in the conflict, "why do you not go to the front with your men?"

"I am ill, Miss Sommers. Indeed I am very ill. I can hardly stand upon my feet," answered the lieutenant. And to prove that he was correct he lay at full length on the ground.

"You were not ill two hours ago," "No, this has been very sudden and very unfortunate indeed. If I were well, I could drive off those rascally Indians, but really I am not able to hold up my head." And it seemed as if he would burrow his head in the sand.

"Lieutenant Marks, you are a coward!" cried the brave girl indignantly. "You are a disgrace to the service."

He began to lament in a pitiable manner, and she turned away and ran to the side of George Stone, who stood boldly erect by the imperfect breastwork firing at the savages, who were pouring a storm of bullets about him. Laying one little hand on his shoulder she said:

"Mr. Stone, it is not right that you should endanger your life."

He turned his pale, stern face upon her and spoke to her for the first time since he had worn the uniform of a soldier.

"Miss Sommers, this is no place for you."

"Nor is it any place for you," she answered.

"I am a soldier, and it is my duty to die."

"And I am one whom you are de-

fending, and it is my duty to remain at your side."

"Miss Sommers"—he began.

"No, no, George! I will never leave this breastwork while you expose your life—more precious than that of any other in the party."

He was touched by her words. They appealed to his heart. A moisture came into the eyes which had been so long dry, while his frame trembled.

"Miss Sommers"—

"George, you used to call me Mary. Won't you do so now? Remember, death is a great leveler, and we are facing death."

"Mary, I must defend you even if I were not a soldier, and I must inspire these others by my example."

"Better let any of them expose their lives than you," she answered in a voice of melting tenderness.

"It would be fatal to shrink duty now—the act of the coward. Is it not better that we take the only chance we have of defending our lives than to die a coward's death?"

"Then let me stand by your side and fall when you do. I shall not care to live if you are gone."

"No, no! Don't insist on endangering your life, Mary. You unman me. I am a coward when you are exposed to danger. I am brave in the thought that I can defend you."

His reason and entreaty prevailed, and she was induced to seek the most sheltered place in the enclosure when the Indians made their next charge on the rude earthwork.

"They are coming again, boys!" cried the brave private. "Now, remember that it is better to die a brave man than a coward. Don't waste a shot. Our only hope lies in making a bold, stubborn resistance."

The soldiers, who looked upon him as their natural leader, silently nodded assent.

"Here they come!" cried Mr. Bullard, one of the passengers, who had seized the rifle of a dead soldier.

"Great God! What a tornado of hoofs and heads!"

"They raise a storm," said Mr. Leads, another traveler.

"There's a thousand of them."

"We're done for, Bullard!"

"Well, let us die game if we are."

"Steady all!" cried George Stone.

"Now, take careful aim. Don't let any of you waste lead on the big chief with red feathers."

Every rifle was aimed.

"Steady! Let them come a little nearer before you fire."

Up they came until they were even within long pistol range, and then George gave the command:

"Fire!"

There was a rattling crash of fire-arms, and the foremost saddles were emptied. The big chief with red feathers went down with the others. The riderless horses plunged back upon the mounted savages, making the panic more general.

"Load!" cried the young soldier.

As they were all armed with breechloaders, it was an easy task to slip cartridges into the guns. Before the Indians had recovered from the confusion the volley had thrown them into, a second volley was poured into them. Then some of the passengers having winchesters began a continual fire.

One by one the soldiers went down. As if by a miracle Stone was still unhurt, and gathering the arms of his fallen comrades about him, he continued to fire with such rapidity that the Indians little dreamed there was but one man left.

"George, let me help you," entreated Mary. "I can load the guns."

"God help you!" he murmured.

At this moment there was a sudden and for some time unexplained stampede on the part of the enemy. Hastily taking up their wounded and a part of their dead, they flew across the plain as rapidly as their ponies could carry them. The cause of their flight was the arrival of 200 soldiers under Major Warner. George was the only man unharmed save the cowardly lieutenant, who was still under the stagecoach, and who never recovered from his sudden malady until the major assured him the enemy were gone.

Miss Mary Sommers went to the city, where her brother, a wealthy miner, lived. Tom Sommers was not only wealthy, but influential, and he was soon ready to offer George Stone either a discharge or a commission. He chose to be discharged, and shortly after married the lady whom he had so gallantly defended. He removed to a western

state, from which he was sent to congress, and subsequently became an official in the war department.

It was at the president's reception that Lieutenant Marks met Mr. Stone and his beautiful wife.

"I am proud to meet such a distinguished person as Colonel Stone!" said the lieutenant derisively.

The fair wife quickly interrupted him with:

"Not a colonel, lieutenant—Private Stone. I am proud to own that I am the wife of a private; a private who is brave in battle; is to be preferred to a commissioned officer who becomes deathly sick at a sign of danger."

Lieutenant Marks, very much humiliated, left the White House.—John R. Musick in Chicago Tribune.

SEA GULLS IN UTAH.

Why They Are Loved, and No Law Is Needed to Protect Them.

"More than 45 years ago," said Eldred Hitchcock of Salt Lake City, "the legislature of Utah territory passed a law making it an offense, punishable by heavy fine, to kill a sea gull. Whether or not that law has been re-enacted by the state legislature I don't know, but it makes no difference whether it has or not, for there is nothing that flies or walks or swims that the farmers of Utah have more affection for than they have for the sea gull."

"In 1848, the second year after the Mormon pioneers had settled out there, when the crops were young and green and promising for an abundant harvest, which the settlers very much needed, suddenly there came a most extraordinary visitation of crickets, black, voracious and overwhelming. They came hopping down from the mountain sides upon the fields in the Salt Lake and adjacent valleys and devoured the growing grain, leaving barrenness and desolation in their wake. The hopes of the pioneers turned to despair as they saw their crops disappearing day by day before this devouring plague, and they were loud in lamentation because they regarded it as a curse sent upon them for some shortcoming. No human effort was capable of successfully combating the hordes of sable insects as they advanced over the land, and the heartsick farmer could do nothing but stand idly by, a despairing witness to the destruction of his season's labor."

"But another extraordinary manifestation was in store for the Utah pioneers. One day the sky suddenly became dark with endless flocks of birds that came from the direction of the coast. They dropped down in thousands upon the cricket scourged fields. Then it was discovered that they were gulls of the kind that at intervals were wont to visit Salt Lake in small and scattering groups. The gulls at once set to work at devouring the crickets. From morning until night they gorged themselves unceasingly with the ravaging pests. Day after day this singular pursuit and destruction of the invading insects continued until the plague had disappeared before it, and the gulls rose and winged their way westward toward the Pacific. Then there were days of thanksgiving and praise, for the crops were saved and ruin was averted from young Utah. It was soon after this that the legislature passed the law protecting sea gulls as some little recognition of their service during that memorable visitation of crickets, which was the first and last of the kind in the history of that region."

"Every season since then gulls in more than usual numbers visit the farming districts about Salt Lake, but never in any force approaching that great raid of rescue in 1848. Some seasons thousands of them may be seen in the fields. They follow the plowman along the furrow familiarly and fearlessly. Wherever there is a newly plowed field; there the gulls may be seen devouring the grubs of harmful insects the turned up furrow exposes to sight. The birds seem to know that the farmer is their friend, for they hover about and around him, and even permit themselves to be captured without much protest. They never eat grain or any farm crop, but devour by millions the worms and insects that are injurious to the husbandman. So there is no need of the law making it an offense to kill one of these birds. The farmer would almost as soon think of killing his brother."—New York Sun.

The Quincy Monitor.

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All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

AUGUST, 1897.

LOCAL TINTS.

Rev. Fr. Cuffe is acting pastor during the trip of Fr. Francis.

Father Francis arrived safely at Naples on Friday, the 6th inst.

Mr. J. C. Dorgan spent a very pleasant vacation in and about New York.

Messrs. William L. Sullivan and Michael J. Carey will enter the Paulist order during the present month.

Master Samuel Donovan, son of the late physician of that name, has joined the Franciscans at Allegheny, Pa.

Mr. Dennis F. Greany, who graduated from Harvard college this year, is spending the summer at Plymouth.

Rev. John Purcell, late of Point Comfort, Va., is taking the place of Fr. Francis during his absence.

Rev. Mathew McDonnell is staying at the parochial residence during the absence of the pastor.

Postmaster Burke had a pleasant visit to New York and Washington during the early part of the month.

Mr. Thomas McDonnell, long a resident of Brackett street, is now occupying his new house on Whitwell street.

Her many friends are rejoicing at the recovery of Miss Mary Doran, who was ill during the beginning of the present month.

Among the seminarians who are passing their vacation in this city are the Rev. Wm. Deasy, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Walter Fegan.

The Massachusetts Order of the Knights of Columbus will hold a grand picnic at Caledonia grove, Roxbury, on Saturday, September 4.

The new hall on Hancock street will be in readiness by November 1st. The first public entertainment in the hall will probably be the annual festival in aid of the hospital.

Rev. Fr. Johnstone was very successful with his entertainment at Music hall, Atlantic, the early part of the month. The contributors to the entertainment had an outing at Nantasket on the 10th inst., tendered by Father Johnstone.

Beware of bogus nuns, etc., who go forth to solicit money in the name of any religious institution. No real person of such character will apply at any house who has not first been announced from the altar. Those who give to such persons do so at their own risk.

John Carey of Quincy has been appointed the agent here for Donahoe's magazine. This magazine, under the editorship of Henry Austin Adams, is forging its way to the front, and no doubt Quincy folks will be glad to show their appreciation of this excellent magazine by subscribing for it.

We have been very fortunate since the last issue of THE MONITOR, as no

Who is . . .

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HE IS THE

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If you relish a glass of GOOD SODA you should call at O'Brien's.

Magazines and Newspapers.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

Deaths have been reported. The numerous deaths of last month contrast with this, and we cannot recall without a feeling of regret the names of Mr. Daniel Falvey of West Quincy and Mr. Bartholomew McGillicuddy of Sumner street.

The St. John's society will soon begin work on the entertainment to be given in the fall. The entertainments heretofore given by the society have always been of much pleasure to the people of the parish, but this year something out of the ordinary is promised.

The St. John's C. L. and A. A. is figuring very prominently among the Catholic societies of the archdiocese, in preparation for the coming grand convention of the Catholic societies of the United States. Much credit is due to our gentlemanly president, Mr. Thomas F. Shea, and Mr. Timothy J. Carey, who ably represented the society in the preliminary meetings.

The two-days' entertainment under the auspices of the St. Mary's Sunday school was held in St. Mary's hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, August 11 and 12. The large number that attended made this year's festival one of the most successful ever held, and Fr. Cuffe and his co-workers must feel elated at the generous response of the West Quincy people.

Mr. Philip D. Cook and Miss Mary Watson are to be married in St. Patrick's church, Boston, August 25. Mr. Cook is a member of the granite firm of M. E. Cook & Co. He is a member of many years' standing of the St. John's C. L. and A. A., and the members of society extend to him and his bride-elect their best wishes for success and happiness.

Mr. Daniel J. Desmond of Quincy, and Miss Mollie Donahoe of Braintree, were married in St. John's church on Wednesday morning, August 18. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John P. Cuffe, who also celebrated the nuptial mass. The young people are well known in Quincy and Braintree, and a host of friends were present at the church on the morning of their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, after a short tour, will return and reside on Elm place, this city.

The granite manufacturers had a very pleasant outing at the Standish house, Nantasket, on Saturday, August 14. President Thompson presided at the dinner and at the exercises which followed. Speeches were made by many well-known gentlemen, and Mr. John Shaw was presented with a testimonial in appreciation of his services before the Ways and Means committee when the granite schedule of the tariff was under consideration. We regret exceedingly that we were not present, in obedience to the kind invitation of the Association, but were in consequence of other matters quite unable to attend the outing. THE MONITOR is in full sympathy with the granite manufacturers and granite workers, and hopes that from this on both may be blessed with plenty of employment.

THE LAWN PARTY.

The lawn party held in aid of St. John's church Tuesday afternoon and evening was successful beyond the most sanguine expectation. The day and evening were all that could be desired, and with the many attractions a means of enjoyment was provided for all. The principal event of the afternoon was the ball game between the Tubular Rivet nine and the East Weymouths, which was won by the former after a hard contest. The 100 yard dash was won by Joseph Ryan. The prize for the event was a magnificent silver cup offered by Mr. T. L. Williams. During the afternoon the Hingham band gave an enjoyable concert.

The festivities of the evening brought out the largest number, and between the hours of eight and ten it was with difficulty that one could make his way about the grounds. The grounds were brilliantly lighted by numerous Chinese lanterns. A large dance board had been placed on the grounds, and for those who wished to dance Richardson's orchestra furnished music. This feature of the entertainment was under the direction of Mr. Thomas F. Shea. Behind the numerous tables were laden with useful and fancy articles and some groaning under the weight of delicious edibles the young ladies of the Sunday school held forth.

The success of the festival is due to the efforts of Miss Eliza C. Sheahan and her efficient aids.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian premier, and Lady Laurier, had an audience with Pope Leo on August 12.

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

The signs placed at the entrance of the streets opened for the sewer mains inform us that passing through such streets is "daingorous." And yet we spend nearly \$100,000 a year on schools.

In my rounds the other day I met a party of small boys on the road to Houghs Neck. I asked one of them where the party was going and he informed me that they were in quest of a bathing place. I suggested that they turn back and go to Adams' beach, but was informed that bathing was prohibited at that place now. The spokesman of the party further informed me that the privileges of a few years ago were much curtailed, and that now it was difficult to find a place where they were not continually hounded. I think this is rather peculiar and at the same time lamentable, for with our magnificent water front it seems a pity that bathing places should be so scarce. To be sure one can go Wollaston beach or Houghs Neck, but it is quite within belief that these places will some day be closed to the general public. I would suggest, therefore, to the Council that it take some action toward acquiring public beaches in different parts of the city, where all could bathe without molestation. The beach bordering the Point holes and the one bordering Quincy woods should be taken at once for this purpose, as these places will no doubt be bought up in a few years.

On every side we hear the gladsome tidings of better times. No happier news could be disseminated in Quincy, and with the return of prosperity the business enterprises of the city will recover from the lethargy of the past year's dullness. Many of our people have been out of employment for some time, but it is now earnestly hoped that employment awaits all. The granite men are hopeful, and with this industry in full blast again the evidences of the present pinch will soon wear away. More work in the stone yards means more orders at the store; with this happy condition all will be reasonably happy and contented.

The Wollaston patrons of the Consolidated road are in a pretty fix in consequence of the stupidity and senseless activity of a few of her big little men. There was no more danger at the Wollaston station than exists at the other stations in Quincy, and with reasonable care fatalities would be as rare at Wollaston as they are at Quincy or Quincy Adams. But Wollaston folks are different from others, and foolishly imagine that extra effort is always to be made on their behalf. The railroad folks rightly believed that the danger was exaggerated, but being called upon to lessen the apparent danger, constructed a most substantial fence on the west side. This safeguard will surely be adequate, and no more fatalities will be reported from this section. But the humorous phase of the whole controversy is the sequence. The petition of the Wollaston people to the Council asking for the appropriation of \$10,000 for the extension of Brooks street is one of those crazy petitions that emanate occasionally from that quarter. The idea that the Council will do the bidding of the Ward 5 people is preposterous. Wollaston has repeatedly refused to sanction a reasonable grant of money to other portions of the city. The money in this particular case is not needed, and if it were the Council would be justified in refusing it because of the mean, niggardly policy of the Wollastonians.

It is, perhaps, a bit early to bring politics into discussion, but with the peculiar condition of both parties the municipal campaign the fall will be quite as exciting as the last one. Mayor Adams will have served two years next January, and while much fault can be found with some of his acts, on the whole his administration has been very successful. I do not think that the gentleman will again be a candidate, as the reluctance which he manifested last year will this year be supplanted by a firm determination not to again seek municipal honors. The mayor can rightfully ask his party for other honors, and undoubtedly he will receive them. His eye is probably on a career in the State legislature, and then the proud honor of a seat in the national House of Representatives. Mr. Adams belongs to a political party that can of its own strength give him or any other man but few honors in Massachusetts; and if the tenets of the party enunciated at Chicago in the summer of 1896 should prove to be the basic principles of the Democrats Mr. Adams would hardly be considered a member of the party, much less one who would seek honors at its hands. While many men could conveniently cross from the gold to the silver side of the party, Mr. Adams, it is well-known, is a firm believer in the gold standard, and his political fortunes must always hold second place, never adapting

themselves to the exigencies of the hour.

The Democrats in the last municipal convention were shrewd enough not to use the principles of the national organization as a measurement of the fitness of their mayoralty candidate, though urged to do so by many gentlemen, some of them quite prominent in the party. Many of these gentlemen, too, chagrined at the nomination of Mr. Adams, turned their backs on him at the polls and voted for Mr. Hammond.

The present mayor has not said that he will decline another nomination for mayor, and until such time as he shall speak other candidates must hold themselves in the background.

I cannot help thinking of the large number of men who are placed in the position of mayoralty candidates, either through past service in the Council or in the departments of the municipal corporation. Then again there are some few estimable gentlemen who amusingly imagine that they are fitted for the office of mayor, and who take every opportunity to impress their worth upon the public. But again half the sport of life would be lost if these bombastic gentlemen were not about, and as their ability and cleverness are more patent to themselves than to others, I cannot see why anyone should pay much serious attention to them.

In the event of Mayor Adams not being in the field for further mayoralty honors, the Democrats have a half dozen good men to select from. The first in the list is ex-Mayor Hodges. Mr. Hodges has proved himself a strong man, and if the Democrats should be confronted this year with the conditions of other years it may be the best policy to again call upon Mr. Hodges.

William N. Eaton is likewise a prospective candidate, and would make a good fight, getting too, much independent support. Thomas J. Lamb would be the choice of many, who remember his long service in the Council and the many beneficent measures which he backed. With the strong West Quincy ward behind him he would surely be a factor in any convention. Editor Green of the Advertiser is likewise slated for consideration in the next convention, and it would not be surprising to see Ward 1 hold the honor of being the mayor's home ward.

Mr. Green's paper, the Advertiser, was until a few years ago, the only organ of the Democrats here, but of late has been counted in the independent field. Often the paper has been found working side by side with the Democrats, and again has given its support to the Republicans. The question raised by Councilman Geary relative to the employment of Quincy labor in the construction of the sewer system, was persistently championed in the columns of the Advertiser, which, recognizing the justice of the demand and the immeasurable benefits accruing to all from the employment of home labor, did all in its power to help along the sentiment in favor of the taxpayer and citizen. Though the question of the duty of the city toward labor has not been brought to the front heretofore, it will in consequence of the many endeavors to down home labor, assume henceforth a more conspicuous position, and will gather to the standard of labor many who do not ordinarily take much interest in such matters. The store-keepers must feel as bitter toward the members of the Council who have acted so cowardly as do the laborers themselves, since one with half an eye can see what a

Continued on page 3.

AT THE

Boston Bargain Store,

ADAMS BLOCK, QUINCY,

You would not imagine that it was the middle of August when business generally is quiet. The management keep up to date, and are continually adding special bargains. Have no time for vacations, but are constantly on the watch to place before the public the best values that SPOT CASH can buy. More goods can be purchased for \$1.00, than you can carry away, —in Glassware, Tinware, etc.

SPECIALS—25 cent Children's Ribbed Waists, 2 years to 12, at 12 1-2 cents. Player's and Newtons Club Silk Bow Tie, 25 cents, now 10 cents. R. & G. Corsets, White, Drab and Black \$1.00—Ferry Waists, 50c, and \$1.00. Beach Blankets, White and Gray, per pair, 45 cents. Ladies' and Children's Vests, 5 and 10 cents. Ladies' Leather Belts, 5 and 10 cents, 25 cent Belts, at 15 cents. Men's Overalls, 38 and 50 cents, Jumpers for men, 50 cents. 25 Shirt Waist Sets, Silver and Gold, 10 cents.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE, - QUINCY.

Active Children.



This is not the first time that we have had "children" for our topic.

Well, we are particularly fond of the young folks and like to see them hearty and happy.

It is highly necessary to keep a careful watch over their diet, and we feel like emphasizing this point very strongly.

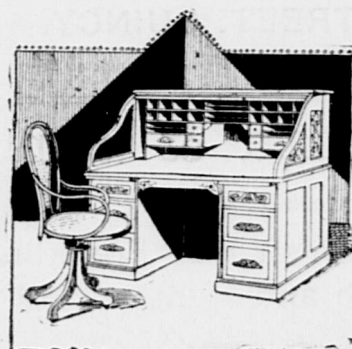
Parents have a grave duty along this line, for if the coming generation is to be all that it ought to be, the fathers and mothers of today must see carefully to the daily food of their growing boys and girls.

Groceries of the BOSTON BRANCH sort, properly cooked, are wholesome, digestible and nourishing to a high degree.

We have all the best brands of CONDENSED MILK. Condensed milk is purer than fresh milk, as the greatest care is exercised to keep out dirt and contaminations of any kind.

Oat and Wheat Cereals are important items in children's food. We receive these goods direct from the mill where they are ground and know they are ABSOLUTELY FRESH and PURE.

Canned Soups, including Chicken, Beef, Tomato, etc., are carefully prepared, and nourishing and wholesome.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,
DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK.WE SELL OFFICE
DESKS CHEAPER

Than you would have to pay exclusive dealers for the self-same thing. These thoroughly modern desks are superbly built, and made to last a life time. Full of conveniences for the busy business man, they afford in satisfaction a full equivalent of ten times what one pays for them. A beautiful 4-foot Oak Roll Top Desk, with all the modern improvements, for \$20; other styles from \$15 to \$60. Revolving desk chairs, Office chairs, Revolving book cases, Flat Top desks, the Williams Typewriters, Typewriters' desks.

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THE STORE OF THE PEOPLE,
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Your Own City.Cook
SAYS
OUR COAL
LASTS LONGER
BURNS BETTER
THAN OTHER COALRemember
Our Guarantee.C. Patch & Son,
COAL.

Remember

Our Vegetables are always fresh and nice. Because we sell such a large amount we are obliged to buy every day, and consequently we do not have it around long enough to get poor. We have today, Peas, Butter Beans, Cranberry Beans, Beets, Cucumbers, Lettuce, New Cabbages, New Turnips, Tomatoes, and there are other kinds here.

We can say the same for our line of Groceries—a large stock, always fresh, and our prices are right.

Flour at reduced price.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

Continued from page 2.

boon to home trade a lot of aliens are, who, however distant they may be from Boston, persist in leaving all of their \$1.35 per day in some combination rum and grocery store kept by a fellow-countryman. Some of our councilmen are truly dull.

Mr. Charles M. Bryant has been a resident of Quincy not so many years, but being a denizen of Wollaston and a gentleman of much aggressiveness he was sent to the first Council. His service up to date has been the longest of any member of that body and he has been for two years president.

Mr. Bryant played an important part in the municipal convention which first nominated Mr. Charles L. Hammond for mayor. Mr. Bryant was displeased with the nomination, and in the face of hostile and bitter opposition sought to make a protest against the nominee. The nomination had been made, but Wollaston and Atlantic refused to ratify it. Henry O. Fairbanks was the chairman of the meeting, and in obedience to the call of order from Mr. Tobias Burke of Ward 4, Mr. Bryant was curtly told by the chairman that he must desist in his diatribe against Mr. Hammond. Mr. Bryant expostulated with the chairman relative to the rights of an accredited delegate, but the latter gentleman was obdurate and again informed the rebellious delegate that the convention was not the proper place to manifest his displeasure. Mr. Bryant then made his exit from the convention hall, and as he passed the portals of the place one could plainly see that the man who was beaten in the convention was determined to triumph at another place. The convention was not, indeed, the proper place to manifest displeasure, as subsequent events demonstrated.

The gentleman boldly told the convention that he would not support its nominee, and though there were many who for the moment felt mighty bitter toward him, all, even the most loyal supporters of Mr. Hammond, readily acknowledged the manliness of the course taken. But time makes changes alike in men and methods. The president of the Council did more than any other man to make Mr. Hammond the first choice of Congressman Barrows for postmaster; and now, forgetful of his past the Republicans are ready to do him honor. Though he has publicly stated that he is not a candidate for the office of mayor, one is led to believe that he recognizes the propriety of allowing his party to speak its preference, rather than to force himself upon it. Mr. Bryant will be a candidate in the convention, but his support and success will depend entirely upon the result of the efforts of the Hammond leaders to placate their followers. If the gentleman should become the nominee he will have a hard fight on his hands, and if my opinion that he would need more votes than any man ever nominated by his party.

Ex-Councilman Pratt of Ward 3 would make a good candidate for mayor, and while he may not be the choice of his party this year, he will in the near future be a strong man, and many believe a successful one, in the convention. He is a successful business man, has filled acceptably the office of councilman, and above all is extremely well liked in his own ward. Though it may seem strange the name of Hon. John F. Merrill has often been spoken of in connection with the mayoralty; strange because Mr. Merrill is a very busy man, and it is doubtful if he would be willing to give his time to the affairs of the city. In conjunction with Mr. Durgin, the druggist, has done much to advance Quincy's industrial interests, and his business acumen would be of immense advantage to us in a public capacity.

Sworn to before me in my presence, this 1st day of August, 1897.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF COLUMBUS, FRANK J. CHENEY, Clerk.

He is the senior partner of F. J. CHENEY & CO., in the city of Toledo, State of Ohio, and that he has the sum of ONE DOLLAR for each and every Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me in my presence, this 1st day of August, 1897.

[SEAL]

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a direct mucous surface remedy for Catarrhs of the Bladder, Prostate, and Uterus.

F. J. CHENEY, Druggist.

A handsome bound, and very readable work, issued from the press of Prescott & Son. The title is "Episodes of Catholic and treats entertaining, notable events in which has been concerned."

Premier Canovas Spanish statesman, Friday, August 1st, of the Catholic Church.

Our Specialty is Flour: Washburn and Crosby, Imperial Duluth, Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competitors. Try them.

Children.

This is not the first time that we have had "children" for our topic. Well, we are particularly fond of the young folks and like to see them hearty and happy.

It is highly necessary to keep a careful watch over their diet, and we feel like emphasizing this point very strongly.

Parents have a grave duty along this line, for if the coming generation is to be all that it ought to be, the fathers and mothers of today must see carefully to the daily food of their growing boys and girls.

CONDENSED MILK, properly cooked, are whole, and of a high degree.

CONDENSED MILK. Condensed milk is the greatest care is exercised to keep out dirt or

meats are important items in children's food. We know the milk where they are ground and know they are pure.

Chicken, Beef, Tomato, etc., are carefully prepared and wholesome.

BRANCH GROCERY, & MERRILL'S BLOCK.

ALL OFFICE DESKS CHEAPER

Than you would have to pay exclusive dealers for the self-same thing. These thoroughly modern desks are superbly built, and made to last a life time. Full of conveniences for the busy business man, they afford in satisfaction a full equivalent of ten times what one pays for them. A beautiful 4-foot Oak Roll Top Desk, with all the modern improvements, for \$30; other styles from \$15 to \$50. Revolving desk chairs, Office chairs, Revolving book cases, Flat Top desks, the Williams Typewriters, Typewriters' desks.

RY L. KINCAIDE & CO.,
THE STORE OF THE PEOPLE,
LOCK ST., - QUINCY.

Invest your Money in Your Own City.

COOK SAYS
OUR COAL
LASTS LONGER
BURNS BETTER
THAN OTHER COAL

C. Patch & Son,
COAL.

Member

Vegetables are always fresh and nice, because we sell such a large amount we are able to buy every day, and consequently do not have it around long enough to grow poor. We have today, Peas, Butter Beans, Cranberry Beans, Beets, Cucumbers, Cabbage, New Cabbages, New Turnips, Tomatoes, and there are other kinds here.

We can say the same for our line of fruit—series—a large stock, always fresh, and prices are right.

Our at reduced price.

PRATT & CO.

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

Continued from page 2.

soon to home trade a lot of aliens are, who, however distant they may be from Boston, persist in leaving all of their \$1.35 per day in some combination of rum and grocery store kept by a fellow-countryman. Some of our councilmen are truly dull.

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A. J. RICHARDS & SONS, Quincy Grain Store.

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
DRAIN PIPE, Etc.

Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:
Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competition. Try them.

Service in the State government now stands to his credit, and it is hardly within reason to believe that he would accept the office of mayor.

It is about time for some one to again publish a list of the persons of voting age who reside in the vicinity of Houghs Neck. Last year it was reported that a party of Brocktonians, summer residents of this hamlet, were going to relinquish their Brockton status and be counted among the Quincyites. This foolish threat was done at the instigation of the resident manager of a shady land company, who desired to get some improvements for the Neck, in the hope that some much hole might be sold to a gullible ruralist. But the scare did not work, and the Neck will get only such improvements as Quincy people will approve of. The boulevard scheme will probably be held in abeyance until other matters of more importance are passed upon. Whatever is done for Houghs Neck is of more benefit to outsiders than to Quincy people, and the many concessions made to this unattractive spot should cause our two-months' residents to be more humble when appealing to the authorities.

It is presumed that the right to ask questions will not be denied a disturbed citizen, and with that presumption established, I would respectfully ask why it is that a prominent politician is allowed to don the uniform of a Quincy policeman. I have in mind a member of the Ward 4 Republican committee, an extreme partisan, too, who is pretty regularly employed by the police department. It would look peculiar to see Chief Hayden holding a place on the Ward 2 Democratic committee, or officers McKay or Ferguson doing the hustling for the Prohibitionists or Republicans, and while I know that these officers do not participate in politics, I hold that they would be justified in doing so just as much as the man I have in mind. The police force is no place for a politician, and I am surprised that Chief Hayden should allow something that is positively forbidden in every other city in the Commonwealth. Drop the politicians, chief!

Quincy's combination road boss and policeman is another case of a mendacious assault upon the public treasury, with but small return for the expenditure.

I met a gentleman the other day who seemed to be much put out over the recent appointment of Mr. T. H. Newcomb as inspector in the sewer department. This man informed me that he supported Mr. Adams in the late municipal election, but that he could not be called a Democrat, as often he was found acting with the Republicans. He wished to be known as an independent and disowned any partisan or personal prejudice in his strictures of the Sewer Commissioners. He believed that the commissioners should have appointed a good Democrat, at least a good Adams man, and if it was unfortunately necessary to appoint a Republican a man more acceptable than Mr. Newcomb should have been selected. The idea of having a man in the employ of the municipal corporation who is at present the chairman of the Ward 2 Republican committee, who but recently finished a term in the General Court, and more exasperating still has announced that he will be a candidate for a third term, was too much for my independent friend. I believe myself that it was poor politics to appoint Mr. Newcomb, and believe that the Democrats will suffer much from the aggravating foolishness of the commissioners.

BOURGEOIS.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO
LUCAS COUNTY, SS.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1888.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

A handsomely-bound, finely-printed, and very readable work has just been issued from the press of George W. Prescott & Son. The title of the work is "Episodes of Catholic History," and treats entertainingly of many notable events in which the Church has been concerned.

Premier Canovas, the assassinated Spanish statesman, was buried on Friday, August 12, with the full rites of the Catholic church.

TESTING BIG GUNS.

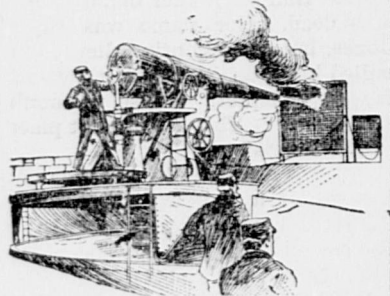
SYSTEM OF PROVING THE SPEED OF A PROJECTILE.

The Projectile Is Fired Through Two Open Frames Placed One Hundred and Fifty Feet Apart—The Velocity Accurately Registered by Electricity.

It is now possible to tell the exact speed at which a projectile moves when it leaves the interior of one of the great guns which help Sandy Hook to frown on the world. This remarkable fact is brought about by new instruments never used before.

The method is as simple as can be. In its very simplicity lie its usefulness and practicality. Compared with the present test, the old ideas of the theoretical measurement of the velocity of a projectile are but child's play. Here for the first time is actually measured, even to the fraction of a second, the exact speed of a projectile as it shoots on its way of destruction. It is to this very end that the brains of the ordnance department of the navy have been working always. An ordnance officer must have accurate knowledge of the velocity of a projectile that he may predict its range and penetration and determine the accuracy of the gun. It is an absolute necessity that the power of destruction of the projectile, as well as the power of penetration at the point of completion of its journey through the air, should be known. Without such knowledge there can be no accurate plan of firing adopted, because to a certain extent it will be guesswork.

The great trouble has been to get some practical method to bring about the desired result which was susceptible of proof without being aboard the ship. For instance, that was fired at. The great guns of the navy are said to have a maximum range of nine miles. The fact of the matter is, however, that an 80 ton gun can never be tested at its maximum range power aboard a ship, for if it were the recoil would result in sinking the ship. The army officers



TESTING THE SPEED OF A PROJECTILE AT SANDY HOOK.

have been laboring to do away with the theoretical range and obtain for themselves a positive knowledge of just what it was practical for the guns to do.

When the test takes place, two open frames are set 150 feet apart in front of the gun. Wires are stretched back and forth across these frames, making a screen through which the shot must pass. The wires in each screen form a complete electric circuit, which includes also an electric battery and an electro magnet. The projectile, after leaving the gun, flies through the wire in the first screen, interrupting the circuit and releasing the armature of the magnet. In a space of time so small as to be hardly conceivable the projectile has covered the distance between the two frames and pierced the wire in the second, interrupting its electrical current and releasing the armature of its magnet as in the first case.

The interval between the drops of these two armatures represents the time spent by the projectile in traveling 150 feet. This time is indicated by the chronograph in the laboratory near by. Wires run from each screen to the laboratory, which is fitted up with batteries and switchboard. The armature of the first electro magnet is an iron rod about three feet long, which is suspended vertically. This rod falls when the first screen is pierced. The armature of the second electro magnet is placed a little below the first, and when it is released it acts as a knife, and, striking the side of the falling rod, makes a slight mark.

The distance from this cut or mark to the end of the rod indicates the distance through which the rod has dropped while the projectile is passing from one screen to another. This forms the unit for the calculation of the projectile's velocity in feet per second. New explosives and high power guns have increased the initial velocity of projectiles wonderfully in the last few years. Projectiles may be expelled now with a force that will make them effective at a range far beyond ordinary eyesight.

Heating Steel Billets by Electricity.

Some interesting experiments are being carried on by the Carnegie Steel company at its Homestead works in heating steel billets by electricity. The advantages said to have been achieved are economy in fuel, a saving in time required to heat the billet and also that the billets are heated from the center to the outer surface, insuring equal heat throughout the mass.—Electrical Review.

Testing Paintings by Roentgen Rays.

A valuable painting in Munich was recently tested by means of X rays, as it was doubtful who the artist was. The photograph showed the correct lights and shadows and revealed the initials of the artist, as also his monogram with the date. It is thought that this method might be used to detect fraudulent imitations of valuable paintings.

Gossamer Iron.

"Gossamer" iron, it is stated, is made at Swansea, Wales, only 1-4,800 inch thick. The average leaf of a book is 1-200, or 24 times as thick. We are not told what the iron is used for.—American Machinist.

TOO MUCH BLACK ART.

Inglorious End of Two Girls' Hunt For Secrets of the Future.

There are two girls in Brooklyn who, if the subject of fortune telling should happen to be mentioned in their presence today, would exclaim with the sincerest emphasis, "Never again!" Their convictions on this point are deeply rooted in an experience of a week ago. At that time they determined to carry out what had been a long cherished project with them by visiting a "real" clairvoyant in his lair. So they looked over the advertisements in a morning paper until they discovered one which held out especially strong inducements in the way of reading "the past, present and future, reuniting the separated," and all the rest of it. The two set off to find the address of the noted man. This was not difficult, but it conducted the girls through a part of the city of which they had little knowledge and which certainly could not have been called attractive. Reaching the house, they ascended to the apartments of the "clairvoyant on the second floor" by a narrow, dirty and dark staircase. By the time they knocked at the door of the mysterious place their first fresh enthusiasm had been somewhat dampened, and when the door himself opened to them they were ready to be convinced at once that he possessed a sinister and evil face.

After they had passed in, to their astonishment their host promptly locked the door behind them. The girls glanced at each other, but, noting that the key still remained in the lock, they controlled their anxiety for a moment. Worse was still to come. It appeared that this was merely an antechamber, and the clairvoyant led them directly through it to an inner room, the door of which he also locked in the same manner. Then he motioned them to seats, and the girls dropped into them, their eyes round with fear and a shaky, insecure feeling in their knees. The fortune teller dived into a dark closet and brought forth some strange looking boxes, which his visitors, in their excited frame of mind, decided were extremely dangerous things. The girl nearest the door moved uneasily in her chair and cast eyes of longing toward the lock. She was nerving herself for a desperate effort. Her chance came in a moment, when the clairvoyant, excusing himself politely, plunged into the depths of another dark pantry, presumably to hunt up more materials.

Leaning far over, without rising or making the slightest noise, she turned the key in the lock and exchanged one look of comprehension with her companion. On the instant both started to their feet, and, scarcely being no longer possible, they fairly hurled themselves through the doorway. An exclamation and sudden movement behind them did not serve to lessen their haste. With trembling fingers the girl who had made herself leader managed to unlock the second door, and in their precipitation the two had a narrow escape from falling headlong to the bottom of the stairs. Meanwhile the clairvoyant was panting after them, shouting to them to return, but his words only terrified the fugitives still more.

Then the man who had read the past and from the appearance of things could make a pretty good guess at the future lost his temper and acted solely with reference to the present. Picking up a big, soft doormat which lay at the head of the stairs, he hurled it down furiously after his escaping clients. It was well aimed and struck the last girl squarely on the head and shoulders. If anything had been needed to complete their utter panic, this accomplished it. The horrified girls never drew breath until they were at least a block away in the open street. Even then they dodged fearfully around several corners to baffle any pursuit which might be attempted. They reached their homes in a very different frame of mind from that in which they had started, and never—not if they were to offer them a fortune out of hand for it—will they dabble with the occult in that form again.—New York Tribune.

The Blue Gum Negro.

The "blue gum" negro is rare, but he invariably represents the most depraved qualities of his race. He has light blue gums and short teeth, and there is a well grounded superstition among the negroes that a bite from such a person is as poisonous as that of a rattlesnake. In a personal encounter the "blue gum" man always bites. It was Jefferson Davis who one time said that there was but one thing worse than a "blue gum negro," and that was hell.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Protected.

The Minister—Little boy, aren't you afraid that something will happen to you if you keep on riding your bicycle on Sundays?

Little Boy—Oh, I ain't a-scared. I've got my repair outfit in me pocket.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

JAMES M. FITZ-GERALD,

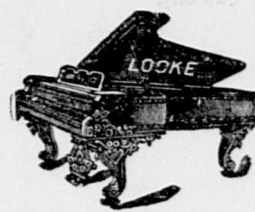
16 and 18 HANCOCK STREET.

Stoves, - Ranges, - Furnaces,

HOT WATER HEATING.

Tin Roofing and Jobbing.

Stove and Furnace Repairing.



PIANOS TUNED

By FRANK A. LOCKE.

EXPERT PIANO and ORGAN TUNER and REPAIRER. 24 years' practical experience. Boston office, Hallet & Davis' Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont street, near Boylston street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden's Jewelry Store, Squares, \$2.00; Uprights, \$2.50; Grand, \$3.00. All work guaranteed. Best of references.

A Warning to Bathers.

The oft repeated warning to surf bathers, and particularly to those who dive, to protect their ears from the water by cotton plugs, etc., is not generally heeded, to judge by the damage often traced to its neglect. They who have lost the membrana need to be especially careful and to give up diving. The tympanum is readily protected by the cotton plugs firmly introduced, but in diving even then the air in the nasal fossae, accessory sinuses and naso-pharynx is compressed and partially escapes by the eustachian tubes, and in consequence the water enters so far and high in the nasal fossae as to painfully irritate the pituitary membrane and leads to protracted congestion.—Laryngoscope.

American Stoves Exported.

American stoves, which are the best in the world for their utility, style and finish, are exported to many parts of the world. Those exported are mostly cooking stoves and ranges. The greatest numbers are sent to the various Spanish-American countries, but they are sent in considerable numbers to Australia and also to South Africa. Some stoves are sent to the United Kingdom, outside of England, and to Germany and to Russia and Turkey and occasionally to China and Japan.

There is now some foreign demand for American gas and gasoline stoves, and an increased demand is expected.—New York Sun.

Yourselves.

If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you and you will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.

Easily Discovered.

"How could the judge tell which woman that diamond ring belonged to?"
"He asked each separately to show him the ring, and then he gave it to the one who said, 'It needs cleaning awfully!'"—Chicago Record.

A Disease Killer.

It is said that research and experiment in M. Pasteur's laboratory have resulted in the discovery that the essence of cinnamon has an antiseptic power that "no living germ or disease can resist for more than a few hours."

A monument has been erected at Boulogne in honor of L'Hoste, the French aeronaut who first crossed from France to England in a balloon. He crossed three times successfully, but was drowned in the fourth attempt.

Stone steps may be kept free from greenness by adding a small quantity of chloride of lime to a pail of water.

A Difference.

The Fair Artist—Oh, Mr. Bluntly, some one told me that you were looking at my miniature work just now and said it was rare. Is that so?

Mr. Bluntly—No. I said it was raw.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A True Sister.

"She said she would be a sister to me, and she kept her word."
"In what way?"

"She objected to all the girls I wanted to marry."—Chicago Record.

The Hebrew spoken by the Russian and Polish Hebrews of today is a polyglot composed of a few Hebrew roots with a large admixture of Russian, German, Polish, Lithuanian and Tartarian words.

The treasury officials who wished to place the picture of President McKinley upon the money of the United States have received a just rebuke by a law, on the books since the close of the last century, which forbids placing the picture of any living man upon the money of the nation.

Here are some of the wealthiest women in the world: Senora Isidora Cousin, \$200,000,000; Hetty Green, \$50,000,000; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, \$20,000,000; Mme. Barrios, \$10,000,000; Miss Mary Garrett, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Woleska, \$10,000,000.

Instead of using the exhortation of the apostle, "Help these women," it should be, with their knacks nowadays of making everything go, "Get those women to help you."—Boston Transcript.

A lady aged 85 is the leader of a church choir in Ryde, England. She has been a member for 78 years.

If You Are Particular

about your clothing, you should have your work done by a particular and thorough workman. Such a man is . . .

PARSONS,

114 Hancock Street,
QUINCY.

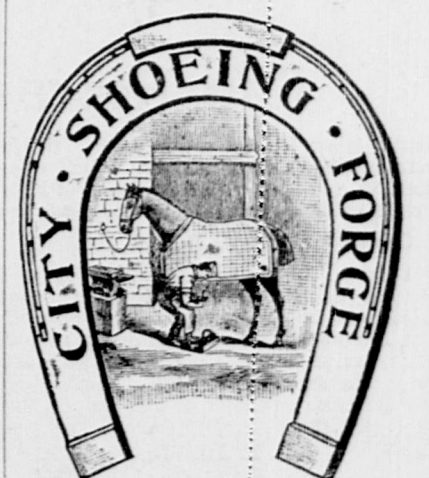
"The best line of Foreign and Domestic Fabrics to select from. Our endorsement for good work is from a large number of well-dressed men. . . ."

SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Deil Estate,
WEST QUINCY,
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.



No. 12 Quincy Avenue.


HORSE SHOEING

Done in all its branches.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

DANIEL DESMOND, - Proprietor.

Telephone Connection.



QUINCY FOR QUINCY
Invest Your Money in Your Own City.

C. Patch & Son.
Remember our guarantee means
Quality, Preparation and Prompt De-
livery.

Just Out

New, Snappy * * *
* * * Styles in * * *

MEN'S NECKWEAR.

Four-in-Hands, String Ties,
Band Bows, Imperials,
Tucks and Puffs.

25c. * and * 50c.

GRANITE * CLOTHING * CO.,

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK.

The Kid Kind



OF SHOES that we carry are the best wearing shoes in the City for the money. We are making a special run this week on LADIES' OXFORD TIES and LOW SHOES. We have them either Black or in the Tan Color, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Finest thing in town for the money.

The
Leading
Shoe Store.

GEO. W. JONES.

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.



The Refractometer

Is the latest invention for testing the sight. In the hands of a competent refractometer, obstinate cases, which would require an hour to test by the old method, and exhaust the patience of both optician and patient, can be diagnosed in a few minutes. Read what prominent oculists say concerning it:

CAMBRIDGE, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1896.

I am so far well pleased with De Zeng's Refractometer, and when I become its full master I expect to find it still more useful. I find it of especial value in diagnosis when I am uncertain as to the trouble—whether it is defective refraction or obscure nervous conditions.

F. E. LEWIS, M. D.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 18, 1897.
I consider De Zeng's Refractometer indispensable to every refractometer desiring full knowledge of his cases without the use of mydriatics, and after having used the instrument for nearly one year cannot recollect a single instance in which it did not give me perfect results, and save both the patient and myself much time.

JACOB GOLDBERG, M. D.

This is a very expensive instrument, but we consider nothing too good for our patrons, and have placed one in our optical room.

WILLIAMS, Refracting Optician,
104 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

KEYSTONES.

Some Curious Survivals That Are Found in London Architecture.

Keystones and keystone masks are only to be found in classic, neo-classic and renaissance architecture, by reason of the Gothic styles not using the rounded arch. The pointed windows and doorways ranging from early English to late Elizabethan have no prominent keystones.

Perhaps the best known and altogether most notable keystone masks are those that decorate the center arch of Henley bridge. The present bridge of five arches that crosses the Thames at Henley was built in 1786. The mask facing up river is a head of Isis; that facing down stream represents the conventional idea of Father Thames, and they are really admirable examples of the sculptor's art. They were the work of that very accomplished lady, the Hon. Mrs. Dawson-Damer, who at that time resided at Park Place, Henley. She was cousin to Horace Walpole, for whom she carved an eagle so exquisitely that he wrote under it—this enthusiastic cousin, "Non Praxiteles sed Anna Damer me fecit." So, you see, Praxiteles can never filch the credit of that piece of sculpture from this lady artist of the eighteenth century. But the Hon. Mrs. Dawson-Damer was, after all, only an amiable amateur. She gave her work to the bridge authorities—a most reprehensible vagary—yet the recipients were grateful, as witness the "Bridge Minutes." True, they only acknowledge one mask: "May 6, 1785. Ordered that the thanks of the commissioners be given to the Hon. Mrs. Damer for the very elegant head of the River Thames which she has cut and presented to them for the keystone of the center arch of the bridge."

There are several good examples of sculptured keystones in London. There is an elaborate design, for instance, over the western doorway of St. Bride's, Fleet street, contemporary with Wren—possibly his work. It exhibits that widespread convention of the winged cherub, podgy and smiling, whom you may find gracing all the city churches in different positions of usefulness, now as a keystone, now a corbel, and again, most appropriately used as a decoration for fountains. The Guildhall museum—that olla podrida of London antiquities, from Romano-British old boots and potsherds to massive Jacobean carved fireplaces—has two keystones in its crepuscular crypt. One came from an old house in Paternoster row, now demolished. It was the keystone of a window. Another, from the doorway of a house in Spital square, is an example of that very debased art, the domesticated keystone mask, so to speak. There was at the end of last century and at the beginning of this quite a classic rage. Buildings fondly believed to be of classic design sprang up everywhere, and traces of that fallacy are to be seen at this day, even in the undistinguished streets of what were at that time the suburbs of London. Parts of the Marylebone road, the Clapham road, the Old Kent road, and many streets of Kensington and Brixton, show this debased classicism, and many of these houses bear keystone masks over their arched doorways. For the most part, however, they are not sculptured. They are of perhaps half a dozen different patterns, and they are nearly all cast in plaster from a mold; also, the would-be classicism of them is generally very dreadful to look upon.

A keystone that no longer fulfills its office of completing an arch is to be seen in the shape of a grotesque head built into the wall of a house in King's Cross road above a singular tablet bearing the inscription, "This is Bagnigge House near the Pindar a Wakefield, 1680." The "Pindar of Wakefield" was the sign of an old inn that stood near here and took its name from a popular play of that title that was written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Bagnigge House, too, is gone, and also Bagnigge wells, that one time fashionable suburban spa.

There is an archway in the renaissance style leading into New square, Lincoln's Inn, that has a sculptured keystone on either side—gaping and glooming masks that look down with forbidding aspect upon the barristers and solicitors, the attorneys and clerks who pass beneath them continually to and from the law courts across the street. Dour and threatening they are and typical of the terrors of the law to unsuccessful suitors, mulet in heavy coats, but never yet have portents, even more insistent than these guardians of the legal precincts of Lincoln's Inn, dissuaded the angry and litigious Briton from rushing in where oftentimes lawyers fear to tread on their own account.—St. James Budget.

Gambling.

The man who gambles is a deluded fool, but the man who gambles when he continues to lose is a colossal fool.—Henry Sutphin.

HER PICKED UP DINNER.

A Unique Testimonial at the Grave of a Faithful Wife.

"Speaking of queer epitaphs," said the raconteur of the Smokers' club, "reminds me of a trip I took to the Ozark mountains with a party of friends. It was late in September when we found ourselves at Eureka Springs, Ark., that pretty little resort which lies between the east and west mountains in what may be called one of the loveliest valleys in the country. We went on an excursion every day, and one morning started out on horseback to visit the Four Mile cave, famous for its stalactites. After going a couple of miles one of our horses cast a shoe. The delay occurred near a little cemetery, below which ran the White river. It was such a wild, picturesque spot that I staid there while my friends hunted up a blacksmith, and I did not find it altogether lonely, as other visitors were moving about in the distance and the old caretaker of the graves was with me. I passed the time waiting in reading the headstones on some rather pretentious mounds, and in this way came to an exceedingly odd and incongruous epitaph, which I transferred to paper with a rude copy of the design. How is this for a eulogy on a partner?"

MY WIFE
MARTHA
Her Picked Up Dinners
Were a Perfect Success.

"It was so jolly after the dreadful and untruthful literature of the other monuments that I must have showed my amusement in my face, for the old sexton drew near and said:

"Howdy! S'pose yer readiz wot's on that there stum?"

"Why, yes," I said. "Did you know the woman?"

"Did I know Martha? Why, Lor bless yer, everybody knew Martha—least that warn't her name till she was dead. Her name was Molly Jones, but them huntin' fellers allus called her Martha 'cause they said it were Scripser. S'pose yer don't hunt much? This be a great place for thet, this be."

"And just then I heard the mellow call of a hunter's horn along the river bank below, answered by the cry of a pack of hounds. The old man pricked up his ears.

"Thar, do yer hear thet? Thet be George Perry an his houn's. They be goin' to hev a fox hunt, I reckon. See 'em! Thar they be right down thar. Yer see, it was George Perry's father that really paid for thet, stum."

"Who was this Martha? I asked.
"Waal, she useter to be the head cook at the old Perry House afore she married Bill Jones. Arter she got spliced they moved back inter the mountings, an kept a kind of a tavern thar that the hunters useter stop at when they went out on trips. Ef they ketchin' anythin', Molly useter cook it for 'em, an ef they didn't they hed to eat one of her picked up dinners. But, Lor bless yer, thet warn't no chore! She cud make most anythin' taste good, an ole Kurnel Perry useter say thet his big tavern couldn't set no spread equal to Molly's picked up dinners."

"Who raised this stone to her memory?"
"I'm comin' to thet, stranger. When Molly hed to die, lots of folks felt purty bad, an kurnel he up an says he'd stan thet 'spense of a monymint to what he called her crownin' virtue. He said thar warn't no great Scripser about it, but 'twas jest the gospel of her daily livin, an ef Bill Jones didn't oblige they'd let it stan fer wot it was wuth. An he put Martha on as more befitin her name for allus makin' folks comfortable, an ef thet isn't savin' grace I'd like to know."

"So would I! And, wringin' the old man's hand, I joined my friends, thinking of that other Martha cumbered with much serving and wondering if, after all, the spirit that makes folks comfortable isn't another name for saving grace, as the old sexton suggested."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Take Their Sorrows Cheerfully.

The following appeared in an appeal in The Church Times on behalf of a proposed mortuary chapel in the east end:

"On the south side of the church we have a spare piece of ground where we propose to build a light, cheerful mortuary chapel large enough to contain three or four coffins at the same time."

A committee of the West Bromwich town council rewarded the cemetery superintendent for his long service by granting him a plot of ground in the corporation cemetery for his own private use.—London Truth.

He, Too, Tasted Olives.
"My mouth is all in a pucker since I ate those olives," she said as she turned her sparkling eyes full upon him.

And he was not at all like a young man who could not grasp the suggestions of the situation.—Detroit Free Press.

SHOOTING FLYING FISH.

A Novel Sport Carried on in Southern California Waters.

The visitor to the island of Santa Catalina or he who goes out on the launches from Long Beach or San Pedro is always entertained by the remarkable flights of flying fish, which in these waters attain a length of 18 inches and a weight of 2 pounds. Alarmed by the boat or steamer, they dash out of the water by a vigorous movement of the screwlike tail and dash away in headlong flight, skimming over the waves like birds, presenting so remarkable an appearance that the tourist who has never seen so extraordinary a performance takes them for birds. The flying fish is not flying, but it has four very winglike fins which serve it a similar purpose—that is, it hurls itself out of the water by the aid of its tail, and then, using the four winglike fins as parachutes, goes soaring away, covering a distance of an eighth of a mile. When the inertia fails, the tail of the fish drops, and the moment it strikes the water it begins a violent twisting, which sends the fish into the air again, and by repeating this the fish is enabled to cover the long distance. The wings or fins are not flapped, the only motion being a tremulous one imparted to them when the tail is twisted in the water. As the boat glides along these fish dart from the water and go soaring away on either side, and it is then that the sportsman, sitting in the bow, has an opportunity for some novel sport.

The fish move like some quail, very low, not more than two feet from the surface, and are not the easy shots one might imagine. They move rapidly and appear to rise and fall over the waves and go sweeping away in graceful curves. Sometimes four or five are in the air at the same time, and the good shot can bring them down to the right an' left. All that is needed to carry out the idea of quail shooting would be to have a dog, but there is a sea dog that flushes this attractive game, the agile tuna. The flying fish is its legitimate prey, and big schools come sweeping in from the deep sea, driving the schools of flying fish before them, chasing them into the air six, eight and ten feet, giving marvelous exhibitions of lofty tumbling. At such times the flying fishes are crazed with terror and leave the water by scores and hundreds. They fly into boats, out upon the dry beaches, strike boatmen who happen to be in the way of their headlong flight and present a most attractive appearance to those who have never seen a flock of ocean fliers in the air with fish 6 or 7 feet long pursuing in a series of leaps or jumps. Sometimes the tuna chases the flier along just below the surface, catching it as it drops, a cloud of foam alone telling the story.—Santa Catalina.

Globe Lightning.

On July 1, 1891, a fireball entered a carpenter's cabin near Schlieben. The carpenter was sitting on the edge of a bed on which a child was sleeping. A ball of fire sprang suddenly and with a loud noise from the fireplace to the bed, which was immediately shattered. Then the ball rolled very slowly to the opposite wall of the room, through which, or the floor, it apparently vanished with another fearful crash without setting fire to anything. The man's wife and another child were sleeping in a second bed and the baby in a cradle, all in the same room, but none of the five persons was wounded or even stunned. All complained of headache and deafness on account of the heavy sulphurous vapor which filled the room, but they soon recovered. Some fractures were discovered about the stove and chimney.

Less fortunate were the children in a schoolhouse in Bouin, France, who were visited by a fireball while at their afternoon prayers. It was preceded by a shower of lime, wood and stones. The ball, which was small, rolled along under the benches, killing three of the children, and went out through a window pane, in which it merely made a round hole, whereas all the other panes were shattered.—M. Hagenau in Popular Science Monthly.

A Merited Rebuke.

"And you are the gentleman who was saying that a woman knows nothing of economy!" exclaimed the business man's wife as she surveyed the scene of the burglary.

"Why, this loss is one that I couldn't have foreseen. I looked everything up with scrupulous care."

"Of course you did. Nobody but a man would have thought of compelling burglars to ruin a \$250 safe in order to get \$11 in money and a bundle of promissory notes."—Washington Star.

Jardin des Plantes.

The Paris Jardin des Plantes owes its origin to a florist who in the time of Henry IV grew all sorts of native and imported plants to sell flowers as models to the manufacturers of embroideries and laces.

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WITH A DOG AND A CLUB

The Nocturnal Nimrod Is Equipped For Coon Hunting.

GREAT SPORT ON AUTUMN NIGHTS.

Midnight Ambush In the Cornfield.—Following the Chase Through Bog and Brush—City Men Who Found Coon Hunting Pretty Rough Sport.

When the moon is full and the corn is in the milk, the coon hunting season begins. For more reasons than one fashion has not set its seal on the coon hunt, and you might suppose that the sport had become practically extinct. But it has not. It has merely gone into seclusion. In the old days the coon hunters were the substantial men of the township, the well-to-do farmers and perhaps the local justice. They kept packs of more or less famous coon dogs, and they pursued the sport in the true sporting spirit.

But now the coon hunter is apt to be an individual of no great importance in the village, and the fact that he does hunt coons adds little to his reputation. The sport remains just as good as it ever was, however, and the coon can still be found in his old haunts, for he goes on multiplying just as if he was as fashionable as the fox. Coon hunting is not to be done in golf stockings or fancy clothes, and it is a rugged sport, suitable to be indulged in only by the hardy, seasoned hunter with a knowledge of woodcraft and no fear of damp feet.

As the coon is a night prowler, so the coon hunter must have his sport in the silent watches. The true sportsman will not take a gun along when he goes after coons. An ax and a stout club are all the weapons necessary. One of the party, for this is strictly a sociable sport, should have a pair of tree climbers, and a lantern is sometimes useful. A cold bite and a bottle of snake bite cure are optional accessories.

Then there are the dogs. To an enthusiastic coon hunter a good coon dog represents the embodiment of animal intelligence, and he values him at a figure which is practically prohibitive. I have often heard of coon dogs which were "worth \$100 of any man's money," but I never heard of a sale being made at that or any lower figure.

More questions of breed or pedigree do not enter into the question of whether a canine is a good coon dog or not. If he is, why he is, and that's all there is to it. I have seen coon dogs that looked like crosses between hounds and shepherd dogs, between mastiffs and bulldogs, and some which exhibited traces



IN FULL CRY.

of half a dozen breeds and might be correctly described as "pure mongrel blood," but nothing so irritates the owner of a coon dog as an attempt to classify his animal.

"Nah, he ain't no hound and he ain't no setter. He's just a coon dog and a mighty good one. Ain't that enough?" It had to be, for the mighty coon hunter closed the interview with the air of one who has exhausted the subject.

It is well known that the coon leaves the faintest and most subtle scent of any animal. It grows cold half an hour after he passes by and then the keenest nosed dog cannot detect it. So to catch your coon you have to know his haunts and something about his habits. In the daytime he dozes safely curled up in a hollow tree or in a rock pile, but at night he goes forth to nibble the tender corn, to hunt for huckleberries or early grapes. But these are the dainties with which he tickles his palate. What puts fat on his ribs are the frogs and lizards which he catches at the creek side or in the swamps. His first object, though, on leaving his hole, is to get a drink of water, and he makes for the nearest spring or water course.

Just about this time of the year the coon hunter will do best to go quietly down to the edge of an outlying cornfield about midnight. If it is bounded by a rail fence or stone wall, so much the better, for the coon likes best an elevated trail. It suits his feet better than a flat surface, but the dogs will take the scent just as well. Whether they keep it or not is another question. Those people who speak contemptuously of the coon and intimate that he can be fooled by any simple trick have never followed a wily old coon and seen

him baffle a pack of keen scented, intelligent dogs, not to mention half a dozen men, for an hour or more. You might think, to look at the lifeless form of a fat, short legged coon, that he would be slow and awkward of movement, but he is just the opposite. He moves with a swift, gliding motion, and when he is "jumping himself," which he seems to be doing in a literal sense, he looks like a streak of fur shooting through the bushes.

The excitement begins when the dogs first find the scent, and from that moment until the game is bagged there is a continuous performance, with no waits between acts. Swampy land, thick with tangled underbrush, is had enough to traverse in the daytime, but when you have to run through it at full speed in the dead of night it develops into an exercise which is almost as free from monotony as falling down stairs with a barrel of glassware. But at full speed you have to go if you expect to keep up with the dogs and be in at the death.

All sorts of things happen to you. You slip from a soggy log and splash into a slimy pool with all the abandon of a monster bullfrog. Then you scramble out and go crashing on at redoubled speed until you are stopped by a head on collision with a stump, from which you come against a tree and routine, somewhat dazed, but just as enthusiastic as ever. It is annoying, too, when the man in front pushes aside a bush and lets it come back into your face with a swish.

There were some city men—artists, journalists, actors and such—who once decided to go coon hunting. A Bohemian



A COUNCIL OF WAR.

an friend had told them it was rare sport and quite eccentric, so they went out to a little country town where a pack of dogs and two skilled coon hunters had been engaged to pilot the party. Now, the visitors chose to amuse themselves at the expense of the suburban coon hunters and urban wit was scattered profusely during the ride to the hunting grounds. But there it ceased to flow. Those long suffering rustics proceeded to lead their victims such a chase as amateur coon hunters never had before. For four weary hours the men from the city stumbled and wallowed about in one of the worst swamps to be found in that section of the country, and when they dragged themselves out at daylight they had no heart for making jests at the expense of the coon hunters.

But experience enables the hunter to go through the woods at night with much speed and comparative ease. His eyes become accustomed to the appearance of trees, stumps, logs and pools in the half light, and he does not make the mistakes which trouble the beginner. Of course if the coon ran in a straight line he and the dogs would soon leave the hunters far behind. But the coon knows that he is not equal to a long distance sprint, so as soon as he reaches cover of any kind he begins his dodging tactics.

Right here the coon proves himself a master of strategy. Some of his tricks, played with the idea of throwing the dogs off the scent, show great cunning. He will climb a tree, run out on a low



THE COON FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

hanging branch and drop. He will double on his tracks as often as he can. He will kill the scent by swimming across little pools and floating down running streams, and daring old coons have been known to double quickly on their paths and run squarely through the pursuing party, throwing the whole pack into confusion.

Sooner or later, however, the coon concludes that he cannot run all night, and in desperation he selects a tree, climbs out on a branch and defiantly awaits his fate. There is no mistaking the triumphant note in the tone of the dogs as they hysterically announce the fact that the coon has been treed. Then the hunters gather and hold a council of war. Probably no two old coon hunters ever will agree as to the exact method of getting a treed coon. The southern darkies, who value the meat as much as the chase, sometimes shoot him. Some hunters favor climbing the tree and shaking him from the limb and then beating him to death with clubs. Others hold that the dogs should finish him if they can and if the coon proves the best fighter he should have his liberty. But as a general thing he is mercilessly shaken or knocked from the limb, and after a brief but exciting struggle he dies the death.

The people who really like roast stuffed coon are few, leaving out the colored brother. The meat has a gamey flavor and tastes something like roast pig. Half the hunters who are willing to spend the whole night chasing coons make only a faint pretense of eating coon meat after they have got their game and had it cooked, but this only shows that the sport is a fascinating one.

CYRUS SYLVESTER.

WELLMAN'S AMBITION.

He Will Make Another Attempt to Reach the North Pole.

Walter Wellman, the well known journalist, is going to make another dash for the pole next summer. Undiscouraged by his failure of three years ago, when unusual weather conditions and perhaps a lack of experience forced him to return without accomplishing his aim, he again visited Norway this summer and held a long conference with Nansen. It was not until the great Norwegian explorer had warmly approved of his plans that Mr. Wellman actually decided to make another trial.

As before, Mr. Wellman will lead his expedition over the Franz Josef Land route and thus attempt to reach the pole by making rapid marches over the ice cap at the first favorable opportunity. He will be accompanied by a few American scientific men, but the rest of his party will be Norwegians. He will



WALTER WELLMAN.

start early next spring and proceed to the camp at Cape Flora which was left not long ago by the recently returned English explorer, Dr. Jackson, who did not get as far north as Nansen did. There a supply station will be established, and during the first season Mr. Wellman expects to throw out a second station two or three degrees farther north.

There he will winter, and early in the following spring, before the weather is warm enough to melt the surface of the ice and make it impassable, he will start with half a dozen of his men and 60 or 70 dogs and sledges for the pole. He estimates that he will have from 100 to 110 days in which to make the round trip and get safely back to his station before the severe winter storms cut off his retreat. It will be really a dash for the pole, just as all explorers have made dashes from one point or another.

No Room For Bankrupts.

A British peer who becomes a bankrupt is disqualified from sitting or voting in the house of lords. A peer of Scotland or Ireland is by bankruptcy disqualified from representing his country.

Big Mouthed Swallows.

The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs a scoop net month, for he does all his feeding on the wing.

Boston's Long Street.

Boston claims to have the longest paved street in the world—Washington street, which is 17½ miles in length.

English Working Women.

It is estimated that in England one woman in every six earns her own living.

—A California minister has always ready a boat in which he can take couples beyond the three mile line, where they can be married without license or restriction of law. Couples married thus ought to find themselves "all at sea" later.

IT MAKES THEM GLAD

MEXICAN SMUGGLERS WELCOME THE NEW CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.

Changes of Administration In the United States Afford These Marauders New Opportunities—How the Contrabandists Operate—He Is Strong and Cunning.

The smugglers of the Rio Grande welcome a change in our national administration. A customs officer who knows every inch of border sand as he knows his own room is a much more dangerous antagonist than a new appointee, hardly able to distinguish between a winchester, model of 1892, and a cap and ball six shooter. Mr. McKinley having appointed a Republican collector of customs, new river guards have taken the places of men who have been taught by four years of experience. If the Democrats are successful in 1900, a similar change will occur all along the river. The immediate results of these changes are that the legal imports are quadrupled in extent, and the small merchants of both frontiers sell most costly cheap goods. Mexican liquor costs next to nothing in Texas and American firearms and machinery are away below par in Mexico. The fandango, the roulette table and the revolver are thriving institutions and things are very, very lively indeed.

The contrabandists is a peculiar person, entirely distinct from members of his craft in other parts of the world. He is no sailor—cannot tell a catrigg boat from a line of battle ship. He is a cross between the bandit and the country merchant, with a strong dash of the moss trooper, invariably a good rider and scout, generally a straight and quick shot and fearless to the extreme of recklessness. In his life of night foray, of combat at early dawn, of peril and escape courage is a necessity. He will average 30 years of age and has a frame that responds to any demands that tell many make upon it. His cunning and strength make him a formidable antagonist, as the records of Rio Grande service readily prove. To meet him successfully requires the best of soldierly material. The goods he handles are various and come from various countries. The lax tariff laws of Mexico allow the importation of much European material upon which no duty is paid. Silks, satins, linens, cabanes, perfumes, liquors and precious stones are brought to this side of the Rio Grande. Guns, pistols, ammunition, cutlery, the lighter forms of machinery and quinine are smuggled back. Sometimes these cargoes reach thousands of dollars in value, the convoy numbering from 20 to 30 men. To defeat such a force and confiscate its possessions requires experienced officers, discipline, alertness, bravery and the ability of each individual of the attacking party to pump bullets from his winchester until, in the phraseology of the frontier, they "melt in the barrel." There are occasions when this is not done. On such occasions plenty of officials float down the river who, when alive, drew \$4 a day from the government for the privilege of being shot.

The contrabandists, while often commanded by foreigners, are almost all of Mexican nativity and come from one part of the republic. The neighborhood of Lerdo, where the Mexican International railway joins the Mexican Central, seems peculiarly favorable for the production of warrior merchants. Its people are large of frame and turbulent of disposition. Owing to the unattractive character of their surroundings they do not care much whether they live or die. These are the people who, afar in their desert fastnesses, watch the mutations of politics in the United States. They get the news by using a few Mexican dollars on one of the lonely telegraph operators strung along the roads.

The most skillful, courageous, persistent and successful smuggler the Mexican frontier has ever known and admired was one Francisco Paillo, a Lerdo country man. He made his first appearance as a member of Manuel Garza's band in 1872 and rapidly rose to its command. He was the central figure of 100 expeditions and half as many combats. His proverbial luck was due to the fact that he never entered upon an enterprise until he persuaded of its feasibility, and when attacked was ready to fight his way through at the expense of every life in the party, including his own. He was a man in whom the faculty of organization was largely developed, a sort of military genius on a small scale and an unscrupulous scoundrel. He had spies at every town on each bank of the river and outposts at every point where a crossing could be made. He knew every sand bar in the stream, the work of its shifting currents, the paths which led to it, the hiding places afforded by its densely covered bluffs and the points of vantage for attack and defense to be found along it. His wealth at one time was estimated at nearly \$1,000,000.

Padillo is now living in retirement in the City of Mexico—rich, respected and a steady attendant at church.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Quincy Monitor.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.
Yearly Subscription.....50 Cents
Single Copies.....5 Cents
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Quincy, Mass.
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Rates Made Known Upon Application.

All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to Quincy readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

LOCAL TINTS.

Rev. Fr. Francis is expected home in the early part of October.

Miss Ella G. Mahoney of West Quincy spent the early part of September visiting friends in Portsmouth, N. H.

A ladies auxiliary, attached to Division 18, A. O. H., has been recently organized, with Miss Julia Duffy as president.

The "Spy of Gettysburg," a tale of the late war, will be given a presentation by the St. John's C. L. and A. A. about the middle of November.

The militia of Pennsylvania, under the command of one Gobin, is performing a highly creditable work these days, that of affording shelter and protection to the cowardly murderers of the poor miners of Hazleton.

Of course the ball in aid of the Hospital will be a grand success. Most people can easily afford to pay \$5.00 for a ball ticket,--we rather think however, most folks would rather get trusted for their tickets at this price.

Mr. Patrick King, one of West Quincy's oldest residents, died on Monday, September 6. The deceased was one of the charter members of the West Quincy Court of Foresters, which society attended the funeral in a body on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Hannah Falvey, one of the oldest residents of the city, died Tuesday morning, Sept. 6, at her daughter's home on South Walnut street. She was 97 years of age. Two of her daughters, Mrs. Joseph Marcelle and Mrs. Cornelius Connors, live in this city and a son, Daniel Falvey, resides in Boston.

Mrs. Margaret Wall, for many years a resident of Quincy, and well-known to the older members of the parish, died on the 6th inst., after a long sickness. Her funeral took place from St. John's church, the requiem mass being celebrated by Fr. Cunningham. The interment was at West Quincy. The condolences of a large number of friends is extended to Miss Matilda Wall, in her great loss.

Division 18, A. O. H., will hold a bazaar in Hancock hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 19, 20, 21 and 22. The Catholic societies of the parish will co-operate, and it is expected that the bazaar will be a grand success. Entertainments will be given on some of the evenings by good talent. St. Augustine's band of South Boston have been engaged for the opening night. The new division is growing rapidly, having new applications at nearly every meeting.

Quite an addition is now being made to the building of the St. John's society. A corridor extending the whole length of the building has lately been added. The old entrance will be abolished, and the entrance hereafter be made from the side. The stage will be enlarged by the addition of a good-sized dressing room. A ticket office, something much needed, will be constructed at the end of the corridor. The building will probably be painted inside and out, so that when the society begins its winter entertainments the hall will present an improved appearance. The society is much indebted to Fr. Cunningham, who is personally active in doing the work.

There was organized in G. A. R. hall Sunday night, a Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H. to be connected with Division 5. Miss Katharine E. Sheridan S. S. and suite of Randolph, was present and installed the following officers:

President,--Katharine T. Powers.
Vice President,--Mrs. John F. Larkin.
Recording Secretary,--Miss Nellie Connolly.
Financial Secretary,--Miss Mary G. Powers.
Treasurer,--Mrs. D. M. Sullivan.
Sergeant-at-Arms,--Mrs. W. H. Sullivan.
Guard,--Mrs. James Collins.
After the installation, speeches were made by visiting brothers of Division 5, and also from neighboring divisions.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND
Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

NOTES ON NOTABLES.

Alphonse Daudet has decided to keep back a realistic novel drawn from life, which he has just finished, until the original of the hero dies.

Dickens left \$500,000 to his children, but all of his descendants are said to be poor. Not a writer of first class ability has appeared among them.

The Czar has been a German admiral for about a year. As for Emperor William, he now holds the rank of admiral in the English, Swedish, Norwegian and Russian navies.

Ex-President Guzman Blanco of Venezuela is said to be the richest man in the world, owning 6,000,000 square miles of land, 2,000,000 virtual slaves and enjoying an annual income of \$37,000,000.

Gustave Le Rouge, a Parisian literary man, proposes that the rich shall send their half-worn clothing to a "vestry of arts and letters," in order that needy young artists and literary men may get them free.

The late Senator George of Mississippi had the southern accent in his speech to a marked degree: "Son," he would say to his committee clerk, "cain't y' shut th' do?" "Pears t' me, in reason, y' could 'f y'd try right hard."

The German Emperor's imperial train cost \$830,000 and took three years to construct. There are altogether 12 cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary, and each of the sleeping-cars is fitted with a bath.

The Prince of Wales, at the last meeting of the Royal College of Physicians, having been solemnly elected a member of that august body, from now on has the right to commence medical practice in the United Kingdom without any interference on the part of the authorities.

Georges, the brave coachman who heroically aided in saving life at the burning of the Bazaar de la Charite in Paris, has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor and has been given a position by the government. He also received \$20,000 from the family of his mistress, whom he had saved by carrying from the burning building.

The new Chinese minister at Washington is a Christian and a member of the Episcopal Church. Wu Ling Fang was educated in London, and called to the English bar in 1877. He has been made director of Chinese railroads, connected with the negotiations for peace with Japan, legal adviser to the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, and other things to his credit.

Although President Faure's life has several times been attempted, and is known to be threatened at the present moment by the Anarchists, yet he declined to permit any members of the French police or Parisian detective force to accompany him to St. Petersburg, declaring that it would constitute a slur cast upon the hospitality of the Czar and of the Muscovite nation.

Hans Wiseman, a famous Nebraska pioneer, is said to have killed in the course of his life, 100 Indians. He now lives near Hartington, Neb., and is about 80 years old, but is still hale and hearty. About 35 years ago, when Wiseman was serving in the army, the Indians murdered his five children, and for years no red man dared come within range of Wiseman's rifle.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in an interview states that Victoria, Pope Leo and Gladstone stand out vividly in his mind's eye over and above all others. The first choice is evidence of the premier's silliness; the other two evidences of his sober reason.

—The fact that immigration which was 1-3 larger in 1896 than in 1895 has fallen in 1897 below that of 1895 is another illustration of the law that the number of immigrants depends upon the degree of industrial activity in this country. And this leads to two important conclusions: first, that immigration will increase again rapidly as business activity increases; second, that the present is the time when the immigration laws can be amended with the least hardship to immigrants and the least disturbance to the immigration service.

DIED.

WALL.—In Quincy, Aug. 29, Mrs. Margaret A., wife Mr. Patrick Wall, aged 58 years.

OUR PITIABLE FLIGHT.

The conditions existing in the political affairs of this city at this time are likely to cause the thoughtful and earnest man to stop and consider the consequences incident to the course now pursued by the majority party. Our memory does not need go back but a few years when both political parties were nearly of equal numerical strength and when a contest at the polls meant in the larger number of cases the selection of the best man. The choice between the candidates of the two parties was not great in those days, as realizing the other's strength, the hope of victory lay only in nominating the most clever and capable men to be found within the party's scope. The consequence of this was that of all the gentlemen chosen to public office, hardly one but who honored his city and himself.

This condition existed up to the year 1889, or to the time when Quincy became a city. Under the new status a new set of men were brought to the fore, many of them entire strangers to the native Quincyite, and in many cases also, strangers beyond the bounds of their back yard fences. The division of the city into wards gave these men a chance to engage in the drudgery of political work on the ward committees, and as they demonstrated considerable adaptation for this work the shrewd party managers took great care that they should continue in their limited usefulness. These persons were always members of the Republican party, not because they understood the tenets of that party on the momentous questions of the day, but because of their origin they could not be supposed to act with a political party the personnel of which was to these intelligent worthies quite repellent. This latter-day strength of the Republican party came largely from the provinces, from a portion of the British Isles and from the Baltic countries, and they brought with them the dense ignorance of their native lands. This ignorance meant an active hostility to a large number of the population of Quincy, and because of this trait the shrewd leaders of the Republicans saw in these people a future help to their party.

The process of naturalization was assiduously attended to by the organization, and the courts were kept busy enrolling members of the Republican party. This acquisition was pliable, cohesive and humble, and a nod from the "boss" served as a command. The glad shake of the hand on election morning was generally the only recompense the new-made voter received, but that sufficed. Aspiring and unscrupulous men seized upon these stepping stones, and forced themselves upon the public. Under the old conditions such men could have no hope of success; under the new conditions their itch for public place was easily eased.

Quincy, which in the good old days, had lingered over honored names, was compelled by the force of numbers, to stifle her indignation and swallow her chagrin. Representation gave way to misrepresentation; the sneak methods of the lobby were more in evidence than the open methods of the chamber.

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NOTICE TO VOTERS.

CITY OF QUINCY.

For the purpose of preparing the Annual Register of Voters, and of receiving evidence of qualifications from persons claiming a right to vote at the coming State Election, the Board of Registrars of Voters will be in session at the WARD ROOM in the City Hall Building, on the evenings of

Thursday, September 11, Tuesday, September 14, Wednesday, September 15, Saturday, October 2, Wednesday, October 6, Saturday, October 9, Tuesday, October 12, from 7 to 9 o'clock P. M., and on Wednesday, October 13, from 12 o'clock noon, to 10 o'clock P. M.

Every applicant for registration must appear in person before the Board, and must present either a certificate from the Assessors or a Tax bill or Notice from the Collector of Taxes, showing that he has been assessed as a resident of the City on the First day of May last; or a certificate from the Assessors that he has been a resident of the City for the six months next preceding the election at which he claims a right to vote. It is a naturalized citizen he must also produce for inspection his papers of naturalization. Payment of a poll tax is not a prerequisite to voting.

No person can vote at the election unless his name has previously been placed upon the voting list of the Ward of which he was a resident on the first day of May last, and no name can be added to the list of voters unless registered previous to WEDNESDAY, Oct. 13th, at 10 o'clock P. M. The Board of Assessors will be in session at their office on the same evenings.

LESTER M. PRATT, CORNELIUS MOYNIHAN, EDWARD B. MARSH, HARRISON A. KEITH, Registrars.

Quincy, August 31, 1897.

Men elected to office mistook the off-year compliment for an imperative call, and having learned the value of official position, seemed indisposed to yield to the importunities of the brother on the lower rung of the ladder.

If the people of Quincy are disposed to permit this condition to gather force we have no disposition to find fault. But if we are to recover the prestige of former years, more independent action must prevail. If the Democrats nominate a good man for office, a man who has lived among us year in and year out, whose whole life is as an open book, then the Independent Republicans should loyally support him. If on the other hand if the Republicans of the better class should nominate a pure man for office, the Democrats should be ready to do their part toward his success.

Party discipline must bend before public morality; the exigencies of the day must be swept before the settled policy of the future.

The MONITOR has always been opposed to boss rule; it is in fact too repugnant for mere mention. Boss rule obtains in Quincy today as it does in no other municipality of the State, and it behooves every lover of political liberty to do his utmost to break the sway of this domineering force. Political turpitude is more prevalent here than one is willing to believe; more men of dangerous principles are abroad today than ever before.

Our statements are well-known to be true to all conversant with political affairs in this city. No reasonable man will dare maintain that we have sent our best men to public places,—save a very few exceptions—in recent years, and no sane man will contend that things are likely to be bettered.

There is we believe a general desire to improve upon the standard of our public servants, but this desire cannot be gratified within the Republican party. On the other hand the Democrats do not always give us their best men, but of late years in this city, not much fault could be found with the gentlemen selected to stand for office. No backward step will be taken this year by that party, and Independent Republicans can bring about the election of good men, and at the same time rebuke the machine element of their party by endorsing the nominees of the Democrats.

AN INDISCREET MOVEMENT.

There is, we believe, a disposition in the Democratic fold to make Mayor Adams a candidate for the Legislature, and while a nomination, in his case, would certainly be followed by election, the Democrats cannot afford to be a party to an act that would be most gratifying to the Republicans.

With Mr. Adams out of the way it would be quite easy for the machine Republicans to elect a mayor from their own circle, a thing more hoped-for by them than the election of a candidate to the Legislature. The Republicans have not placed much value upon the office of representative to the General Court, if one may form judgment by an analysis of the character and quality of some of those selected for the office, and no act would be more foolish than for the Democrats to take one of their strongest and most capable members for a position that is esteemed here only as a reward for constancy in wearing the party collar.

The Democrats, if sensible, and we believe they are, will pay no attention to the mischievous movement to take Mayor Adams out of the mayoralty contest. The gentleman has made an exceptionally good mayor, more especially so the past year, and if his party desires no change of mayor another nomination will be accorded him. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Adams seeks the nomination, any more than he did a year ago, but if the party's wish should be expressed to him we feel confident that he would acquiesce in the party's wish.

Who is . . .

J. P. O'BRIEN,

: : OF : :

38 HANCOCK STREET ?

Why, oh I know,

HE IS THE

Cigar and Tobacco DEALER.

If you relish a glass of GOOD SODA you should call at O'Brien's.

Magazines and Newspapers.

FORGOTTEN SOMETHING.



The gentleman can't think, for the life of him, what it was that his wife asked him to bring home. He only knows that it was SOMETHING.

Why bother the poor man ? It is so much better for the lady of the house to come, or send, direct to US.

We'll deliver the goods much quicker than pater-familias will, and we'll undertake not to forget about it, either.

Our delivery system is the best in the city. Mail orders will get our special attention, and we will supply addressed postal cards to those applying for them. Our teams will call at any part of the city for orders.

We quote today as special bargains:

P. & C. Sardines, 1-4s, 20 cents; 1-2s, 30 cents.
American Sardines, 6 for 25 cents.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY, DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK.

Preserving Season.

We have Tomatoes, Berries and all kinds of Fruits in their season, which we will sell in quantities at wholesale prices.

We also have all sizes of Porcelain-lined Kettles at a small price.

Mason's Quart Jars, 50 cts. dozen.

Rubbers for Jars, 10 cts. dozen.

We have a full assortment of Flower Pots, Pickle Jars, etc.

L. M. Pratt & Co.

School Vacation NEARLY OVER.

Prepare your boy to enter school looking nice in one of our up-to-date suits.

Reduction and Clearing-up Sale.

To make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock we offer all the Boys' and Children's Suits we have on hand at the Greatest Reduction in prices we have ever made.

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.50.

Worth Double. Just the kind for Autumn Wear.

GRANITE CLOTHING COMPANY, Durgin & Merrill's Block, QUINCY.

Boston Prices.

Don't need a fire now.
How about next winter ?



We buy the BEST COAL and prepare it thoroughly. It is delivered promptly by courteous drivers, who are careful and will not damage your lawn or house.

Yes, you can get all of the above in your own city of Quincy, from a taxpayer who helps to support your schools, public buildings, and highways. All this at BOSTON PRICES. Why not invest your money in Quincy ?

C. PATCH & SON.

QUINCY FOR QUINCY

Invest Your Money in Your Own City.

C. Patch & Son.

Remember our guarantee means Quality, Preparation and Prompt Delivery.



PIANOS

By FRANK

EXPERT PIANO REPAIRERS. Experience. Boston. Piano Rooms, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999.

Remarkable Values

—AT THE—

Boston Bargain Store,

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

You must see our assortment in all lines in order to appreciate how far a little money will go; for when people are posted on goods and prices they are bound to go to the Boston Bargain Store. A few of the many bargains are mentioned below:

A manufacturer's stock of Ladies' Wrappers, Percales and Lawns, always sold at \$1.25, our price, 79 cents.

Ladies' Cotton Underwear, full line, prices way down.

40-gauge Ladies' Fast Black Hose at 10 cents.

6-4 Table Oilcloth, best goods, 17 cents.

Ladies' Ribbed Vest, (winter weight) fleeced, 25-cent goods at 15 cents.

1-x Tin Wash Boiler, \$1.00 goods, at 79 cents.

Examine our 5 and 10 cent departments, where many special drives will be found. A large quantity of Crystal, Glassware, Crockery and Agateware has been received this week at 5 and 10 cents that will surprise you.

Boston Bargain Store.

A. J. RICHARDS & SONS,

Quincy Grain Store.

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,

BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,

DRAIN PIPE, Etc.

Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:

Washburn and Crosby,

Imperial Duluth,

Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we Invite Competition. Try them.

SWITHIN BROS.,

REAL ESTATE

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,

WEST QUINCY

Hillside Terrace,

GROVE STREET

Wollaston,

BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Patch, the coal man, guarantees you the best treatment and the best product for the money can buy.

CATH

A new church

of St. Catherine's

South Paris, Mass.

The Rev. P. A. J.

Joseph's church, b

TEN SOMETHING.



think, for the life of him, what it was that his wife
He only knows that it was SOMETHING.

for the lady of the house to come, or send, direct

much quicker than pater-familias will, and we'll
it, either.

is the best in the city. Mail orders will get our
all supply addressed postal cards to those applying
at any part of the city for orders.

cial bargains:

ines, 1-4s, 20 cents; 1-2s, 30 cents.
rdines, 6 for 25 cents.

BRANCH GROCERY,
& MERRILL'S BLOCK.

ing Season.

Tomatoes, Berries and all
n their season, which we will
at wholesale prices.

ve all sizes of Porcelain-lined
All price.

art Jars, 50 cts. dozen.

or Jars, 10 cts. dozen.

full assortment of Flower
, etc.

Pratt & Co.

ol Vacation
EARLY OVER.

chool looking nice in one of our up-to-date suits.

nd Clearing-up Sale.

nd Winter Stock we offer all the Boys' and Children's
Best Reduction in prices we have ever made.

.00, \$2.50, \$3.50.

Just the kind for Autumn Wear.

G COMPANY, Durgin & Merrill's Block,
QUINCY.

Prices.



and prepare it thoroughly. It is delivered
who are careful and will not damage your lawn

the above in your own city of Quincy, from a
your schools, public buildings, and highways.
Why not invest your money in Quincy?

CH & SON.

QUINCY FOR QUINCY

Invest Your Money in Your Own City.

C. Patch & Son.

Remember our guarantee means
Quality, Preparation and Prompt De-
livery.



PIANOS TUNED

By FRANK A. LOCKE.

EXPERT PIANO AND ORGAN TUN-
ER AND REPAIRER. 24 years' practical
experience. Boston office, Hallet & Davis'
Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont street, near Boyl-
ston street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden's
Jewelry Store. Squares, \$2.00; Uprights,
\$2.50; Grands, \$3.00. All work guaranteed.
Best of references.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A new church, under the patronage
of St. Catherine, was dedicated at
South Paris, Me., recently.

The Rev. P. A. Jordan, S. J., of St.
Joseph's church, Philadelphia, cele-
brated his golden jubilee Sunday, Sept.
5th.

The Rev. George Dashon, C. S. P.,
has been elected superior-general of
the Paulist Fathers, to succeed the late
Fr. Hewitt.

The Celtic chair in the Catholic Uni-
versity at Washington will be filled the
coming season by the Rev. Richard
Henneberry. He will begin his
lectures on Irish language and litera-
ture about Oct. 1.

The Dominican nuns of the Per-
petual Rosary, a contemplative com-
munity, whose mother-house is at
Hoboken, N. J., have, with the per-
mission of Archbishop Katzer, just
established a convent in Milwaukee,
Wis.

The Rev. Hugh P. Smith, rector of
St. Joseph's church, Roxbury, is ex-
pected home next month from his
brief and much needed vacation in
Europe. Fr. Smith is one of the most
active priests in the archdiocese.
Church edifice after church edifice
stand as monuments to his zeal.

Special services were held in the
Church of the Immaculate Conception
Sunday, Sept. 19, the feast of the
Seven Dolors of Our Blessed Lady.
The evening services were held at 7.45
and included the rendition of Rossini's
"Stabat Mater."

The Very Rev. Paul Geyer, V. G.,
of the diocese of La Crosse, Wis., pro-
poses, with the assistance of Bishop
Schwebach and the sanction of Arch-
bishop Katzer, to establish a home for
aged and infirm priests, at Stevens'
Point, Wis. He has already purchased
an eligible site.

Three young novices made their pro-
fession at the convent of the Sisters of
Mercy, Portland, Me., Sept. 8. Bishop
Healy officiated. The professed are
Miss Anne Horan of Portland, in re-
ligion, Sister Mary Eulalie; Miss
Elizabeth Quinn of Portland, in re-
ligion, Sister Mary Bernard; Miss Sarah
Casey of Benedicta, in religion, Sister
Mary Celestine.

Archbishop Ireland made a stirring
address at the national convention of
the Polish Union, held recently in
St. Paul, Minn. The archbishop
praised the Poles for their faithfulness
to Catholicity and their brave struggle
for liberty. He charged them to be
faithful to their country, and to main-
tain their historic loyalty to the Catho-
lic church. America, which had in-
vited men of this race to its shores,
had a right to expect in return a high
order of patriotism and citizenship.

The general of the Dominicans is
visiting the houses of his order in Eng-
land and Ireland. The Most Rev. Fr.
Andrew Fruhwirth is an Austrian by
birth, and was after a distinguished
career, elected general of the Domini-
can Order at a chapter held some years
ago at Lyons. He is the 74th general
in succession to St. Dominic. He re-
sides in Rome, and is a consultant of
several of the sacred congregations or
boards of ecclesiastical affairs, and
plays an important part in church mat-
ters. On the occasion of a recent visit
to Spain he was created by the Queen
Regent a grandee of Spain of the first
class, a dignity in former times always
conferred upon his predecessors in
office.

The congregation of St. Joseph's
Cathedral, Buffalo, N. Y., is deeply
aggrieved and highly incensed over the
work done by a burglar in the lately
edifice on a recent Saturday evening.
It was a deed of desecration that has
not been equalled in any of the several
churches that have been robbed in that
city within the last two weeks. The



COOK
SAYS
OUR COAL
LASTS LONGER
BURNS BETTER
THAN OTHER COAL

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Latest Styles in Dress—A Natty Jacket
For Fall—How to Prevent Wrin-
kles—Fashion Echoes.

Woman's choice in gowns this au-
tumn lies between the severely plain
and the very elaborate. The first is rep-
resented in a strictly tailor made gown.
The second comes from the workrooms



CONTRASTING STYLES.

of both tailor and dressmaker. In in-
stance of the severely plain gown the
New York Sun illustrates a neat sack
coat costume of light cloth of almost
any of the modern tints, the bright
touch of color being in some of the silks
used for the linings. The velvet collar
should be of a darker shade of the cloth.
The fly front makes an absolutely plain
suit relieved by the white linen collar
and cuffs and fetching tie.

In contrast with this costume is a
dressmaker gown in mauve cloth. The
trimming of the skirt is in one deep
vandyke on the front and is of an elab-
orate braid, quite new in pattern and of
the same shade of the cloth. The bodice
is trimmed with the same braid about
the open V neck and covering the seams.
An interlacing of the braid shows on
the shoulders. The white satin vest is
covered with guipure and has a collar
band covered with the lace, above which
a full rill stands high in the neck.

Among the many natty little jackets
for fall wear described by the authority
quoted is an elaborate one in bright
blue cloth, trimmed with irregular rows
of black velvet about the waist. The



NATTY LITTLE JACKET.

facings of the huge collar and revers
are of oriental embroidery on a dark
red foundation, and are edged around
with pencilings of narrow black velvet.
The hat is black; the rosettes carry out
the coloring of the embroidery.

To Prevent Wrinkles.

Numbered with other beauty hints
dropped by a contributor to the New
York Tribune is the following:

When the skin is inclined to show
wrinkles, lanolin is considered one of
the best possible treatments for dispel-
ling these evidences of the passage of
time. It closely resembles the natural
fat, in which the wrinkling skin is defi-
cient, and it is more readily absorbed
by the drying pores than other greasy
preparations. Rub it in carefully, gen-
tly and slowly, first bathing the face
thoroughly in hot water and cocoanut
oil soap. Dry by pressing soft old dam-
ask towels to the skin, not rubbing it
at all. Then apply the lanolin, rub-
bing it in with the fingers. Let it stay
until morning, then wash the face in
warm water, using a little cocoanut oil
soap to remove the greasy feeling. Then
squeeze half a lemon in a large bowl-
ful of tepid water and rinse off the face,
drying with a soft damask towel.

An Evening Escort.

Some time ago it was announced that
fashionable men no longer offer their
arms to ladies when on the street in the
evening. In commenting on this a writ-
er in The Ladies' Home Journal says,
"Personally I think any well bred man
walking with a lady at night would of-
fer her his arm, for unless he did this
other people might come between them,
and the very protection that he is sup-
posed to give—preventing her from
coming in contact with the crowd—
would amount to nothing."

From the same source comes the fol-
lowing, "Etiquette demands that when
you go out to spend an evening you do
not depend upon a friend to bring you
home, but that you should be accom-
panied either by a member of your own
family or a maid."

Fashion Echoes.

Belts for next season's wear show a
decided increase in width.

Dress suit cases with toilet fittings
are patronized by both sexes.

The first seamstress to reach Klondike
is said to have netted \$90 from plying
her needle in 30 working hours in Daw-
son City.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

When I was born, something happen-
ed. It sounds frivolous, but is not
meant so to be in the least, because,
while the thing could have happened
without my having been born, still I
never could have come into existence
unless what took place at the identical
moment of my birth did take place.

I am now no more. I have disappear-
ed from being.
Sounds complicated, doesn't it? But
it isn't.

As soon as I was born I came into
possession of one man. I had no other
parent, and the man was all the time
fearful lest he should be obliged to
share me with another. So he kept me
religiously to himself.

In the course of time he died, and on
his deathbed he bequeathed me to his
most intimate friend, who was very
much surprised to get me and not a lit-
tle disturbed withal, but he had me,
and the conveyance had been made, and
that was all there was about it. So he
in turn kept me many weary years, never
letting me go, all for the sake of his
old friend, my former owner, who had
died. But the friend did not like me, it
was clear.

One night, after an especially indi-
gestible supper, he commenced talking
in his sleep, and his wife listened.

At that identical moment I gave up
the ghost.

For, while there are but few men
who could have retained me, it is quite
impossible for any woman whatsoever
to have done so.

I was a secret.—New York Journal.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A girl always looks so foolish when
she lifts up her bicycle skirt on a mud-
dy crossing.

It wouldn't be so bad to have the poor
always with us if the poor didn't al-
ways have us with them.

Some day a girl that loves a lot of
foolishness at her wedding will get kil-
led by being hit on the head with an old
shoe.

Times are getting better. For every
woman in bloomers you see three ad-
vertisements offering to trade a ladies'
bicycle for a secondhand baby carriage.

In a novel written by a married man
no woman ever disobeyed her husband
without getting into terrible trouble
and then crying and asking him to for-
give her.—New York Press.

One Follower Was Enough.

A little Atlanta girl had been told by
her mother that God was always watch-
ing her—that he followed her wherever
she went. This made a deep impression
on her, and one day, when she was
walking on the street, and a large dog
had followed her some distance, she
stopped, and, stamping her foot, said an-
grily:

"Go away, sir! It's enough to have
God following me!"—Atlanta Constitu-
tion.

Fixing Up Terms.

Husband (at 11:35 p. m.)—What's
all that racket at the back door, Maria?
Wife—My gracious, John, I forgot
and locked the girl out! What shall we
do?

Husband—Do? What can we do but
offer her a raise of 50 cents a week and
make it \$1 if she insists? Another break
of this kind and we are lost.—Cleve-
land Leader.

A Lesson to Him.

First Old Woman—Isn't it a great
peety about Mrs. Glen's wee laddie?

Second Old Woman—Whit is wrang
wi' him?

First Old Woman—He fell over the
pier and was drowned.

Second Old Woman—Aye, it is a
great peety, but it will be a lesson tae
him as lang as he lives.—Scottish
Nights.

Her Choice.

"Slowboy says he would rather run a
lawn mower than lie in a hammock."

"How absurd!"

"No; he says his wife can't put the
baby in his lap when he is running the
lawn mower."—Detroit Free Press.

First of Its Kind.

Buzzfuzz—Eden must have been a
summer resort.

Tomtut—What gave you that idea?
Buzzfuzz—Well, the Bible says Adam
and Eve staid there until the fall.—
New York Journal.

Buried It.

Jollydog—Captain Kidd must have
been a mighty poor financier.

Pollywog—I don't see how you make
that out.

Jollydog—Well, he sunk about every-
thing he had.

Of Course You Know Where This Was.

"George, George, we've been robbed!"

"What! Is the barrel of nuggets
gone?"

"Worse than that. It's a loaf of bread
and two onions."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Two Views.

First Man (a bibulous party)—There's
a lot of body in this wine.

Second Man—Yes, and I'm beginning
to think there's a lot of wine in this
body.—Tit-Bits.

When You Will Think of Dad.

When you are far away, my boy, way up
among the hills,

A-drinkin in the odor that the forest grand
distills.

Of course you will not think of me a-tellin
here in town

An wonderin how I best can keep our big ex-
penses down.

When you are climbin up the mount or sailin
on the lake,

To write ole dad a line or two the time you will
not take.

When you are dancin in the hall with ladies
young an fair,

To think of dad, down here in town, of course
you will not care.

When you are startin for a ride behind a four-
in-hand,

An everythin that you desire Dame Fortune
well has planned,

I know you will not think of me, but I will bet
my neck

That you will think of your ole dad when next
you want a check!

—Thomas F. Porter in Boston Globe.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

When General Sheridan Selected His
Grave—A Place for a Comrade.
Immigration's Decline.

[Special Correspondence.]

"General Sheridan was not the only
officer who selected the site for his grave
at Arlington," one of the employees of
Arlington cemetery said to me recently.
"though that impression prevails very
largely. Hundreds of other officers and
soldiers have done the same thing and
there are today in the books at Arling-
ton records of sites selected by at least
50 ex-officers and ex-soldiers who want
to be buried there, which is their right
if they desire. All that has to be done
is to select the site. The government
pays all the expenses of internment, digs
the grave, places a regulation monu-
ment on it and keeps the grave in order.
Of course when it is preferred the regu-
lation monument is not insisted on and
the privilege is allowed of having any
kind of monument at the expense of
those who are to occupy the grave or
their family or friends."

How Sheridan Chose His Grave.

"There is frequent inquiry made in
regard to the site selected by General
Sheridan, and upon which the handsome
monument, which is one of the many
attractions of the cemetery, has been
placed, from the fact that it is on the
front of the mansion instead of in the
rear or side of it, as are the other graves.
This is explained by the fact that Gen-
eral Sheridan himself selected it. His
reason for resting where he does was
that that particular point is in full view
from his residence on Rhode Island ave-
nue. It is besides the only site which
can be seen from the west windows of
the house where his family reside. It
was this, rather than that he was ex-
clusive in his desires, that caused the
selection. Major Gregory of the en-
gineer corps, who was buried beside
him a few weeks ago, then a captain,
was at that time on his staff. They
were together when the site was select-
ed. After General Sheridan, who had
selected the site by viewing it from one
of the upper rooms of his residence, had
indicated it to the superintendent of
that cemetery and a record was made of
the exact location, Major Gregory re-
marked in a pleasant way:

"General, how would you like com-
pany?"

"General Sheridan turned to him and
replied, 'Nothing would suit me better,
and if you want me I will stake out a
claim for you so that we can rest to-
gether.'"

Reserve a Place for Gregory.

"Thank you, general," replied Major
Gregory, 'though I am likely to come
here first.' Major Gregory was rather
unwell that day, though as it transpired
his illness was but brief. Immediately
General Sheridan turned to the superin-
tendent and said, pointing to the
ground: 'Reserve a place right here for
Gregory. We got along very nicely to-
gether in life, and I don't think we will
quarrel after death. Anyhow we are
both willing to risk it.'"

"I remember about 10 or 12 years ago
a gentleman who is very prominent in
official life now and was as prominent
in congressional life then, and who
gained great distinction in army life,
driving over to Arlington early one
morning from a hotel in the city where
he was stopping, and, after looking
about where some soldiers from his sec-
tion of the country had been buried, se-
lected the site for his grave and had a
record of the location entered upon the
books. He said he had had a premoni-
tion that he would soon die and preferred
to make his selection while he was in
possession of his full powers. Well, the
grave is here when he has use for it,
but from the looks of things it will be
many a year before he will need it. He
told me several times since that he
would be so nicely fixed among his
silent comrades and friends at Arling-
ton that all fears of death had passed
away; that the trip over to Arlington
that morning had thoroughly cured him."

The Check In Immigration.

The decisive check which the flow of
immigration to this country has suffer-
ed within the last four years has recent-
ly been the subject of much conflicting
comment, and concern and satisfaction
have both been freely expressed at the
marked shrinkage in the volume of alien
arrivals which the immigration bureau
returns for the years 1894, 1895, 1896
and 1897 show. According to these sta-
tistics, the current of foreign immigra-
tion which, setting strongly toward our
shores after the close of the war of the
rebellion, reached its flood tide in the
early eighties, has now wholly lost its
impetus and entered upon a period of
exhaustion and ebb. From 1880 to 1893
the average number of aliens annually
seeking admission at our ports was, on a rough estimate,
500,000. In 1882 the incoming flood
reached its high water mark, the number
of foreigners landed footing up
788,992. In 1883 the total of arrivals
was 603,322, in 1891, 669,431, and in
1892, 623,084. The first signs of serious
shrinkage came in 1894, when the total
number of aliens admitted at American
ports fell to 514,467. In 1895 the return
was still more meager—279,948. The
year following showed a slight reaction,
the number of arrivals amounting to
343,267. In the fiscal year, however,
which ended on June 30 last, the gain
of 1896 was more than swallowed up,
only 230,832 aliens entering our gates
—the smallest number admitted since
1879.

With the opening of South Africa,
Brazil, the Argentine, and other fields
to the adventurous fortune seeker the
United States has ceased to offer the
attractions it once held out as an El Dor-
ado to the restless and discontented of
all lands. Restrictive legislation, federal
and state, has also had its effect in
reducing the number of immigrants.

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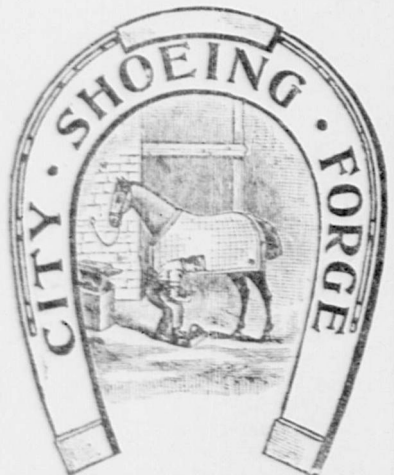
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"I DID NOT STOP TO THINK."

It only was one careless word,
And spoken with no ill intent.
The moment that its sound I heard
I had occasion to lament.

'Twas something I could not recall.
It set my features all aflame.
It turned a kindly heart to gall.
And made mine stop from simple shame.

It changed a current of a life.
It turned me back from fortune's brink—
That little word with portent rife—
Because "I did not stop to think."

I thought of judgment he had lack,
And spoke: 'twas "speaking out of school."
Before the word I could take back,
He said, "You think I am a fool."

"Think twice before you speak." Ah, true
I knew the adage well, and yet
Not fifty words can e'er construe
That one or stop a vain regret.
—Walter Cooper in New York Ledger.

A Cause of Epilepsy.

A number of physicians have for some time been studying eye troubles as a cause of epilepsy. It would seem that the relation between cause and effect is so perfect that not a doubt remains that children are not only physically but mentally unbalanced by lack of attention to the eyes. The proportion of defective eyes in children is surprising. More than half of the school children of the country have more or less trouble of this nature. A case which presented many very peculiar symptoms was noted. A youth had epileptic attacks and was put in charge of various specialists, who finally decided that the boy must have received an injury to his skull and was suffering from depression. He had always complained of headaches, and his family were and had been for many years victims to most depressing attacks of this nature. A critical examination failed to show anything wrong with the skull. It was at length decided to test the patient's eyes. The result of this was a prescription for glasses, which at once removed the convulsions and restored him to health. This occurred some years ago, and there has been no return whatever of the trouble. A young girl had suffered with epileptic convulsions until her mind was seriously affected. Glasses constantly worn gave immediate relief, and up to date there have been no more convulsions.—New York Ledger.

Novel Reading.

The late Mr. Boyesen, in The Forum, speaking of excess of novel reading, says: "Who that has read Rousseau's 'Confessions' will fail to remember the emphatic avowal that he was unfitted for life by the reading of novels? Like the opium habit, the craving for fiction grew upon him, until the fundamental part of him had suffered irreparable harm. He is not the only one who has experienced detrimental effects from dwelling too long in the pleasant land of romance. As soon as a man—particularly a child—gets acclimated there he is likely to become of very small account, as far as reality is concerned. He becomes less and less able to apply sound standards of judgment to the things of this world, and as the success in life for which we are striving depends primarily upon this ability to see things straight and to judge them clearly no one can escape the conclusion that a large consumption of romantic fiction tends distinctly to disqualify a man for worldly success."

From Appearances.

Armstrong—That's Muggins. He was pretty badly hurt in a fight the other day.

De Manising—Where?
"On the West Side."

"He walks as if he'd been hurt a little on the east side too."—Chicago Tribune.

An English beauty was in the habit of curling her hair with an Bank of England note. She occasionally showed herself to visitors with her hair in this costly paper. She soon captured a wealthy husband, who discovered that she was a deceiver, for she had borrowed the money she had displayed.

A Menace to Health.

"Her dresses make me sick."
"And yet you were just now denying that women's clothes are in any way a menace to their health."

She would have reproached him with not understanding her, but they had been married more than a week now, and it was only left for her to suffer dumbly.—Detroit Journal.

A Cautious Man.

"Why do you wear those black glasses?"
"There's a woman in our neighborhood who told her husband that I winked at her, and I'm taking no chances."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Forte.

Mrs. Stalefirm (who mistakes Dr. Jovial for a physician)—And where do you practice, doctor?
Rev. Dr. Jovial—Ah, madam, I do not practice. I only preach.—Boston Traveler.

Recent events indicate that the workmen are "beginning" to distinguish between their real friends and those who pose as such, for a salary and pickings.

WILD BILL'S DEADLY AIM.

His Duel With Dave Tutt In the Public Square at Springfield, Mo.

"It was in the spring of 1865 that Wild Bill and Dave Tutt, ex-chief of Confederate scouts, tried conclusions in the public square at Springfield, Mo.," said Dr. Hogeboom, surgeon of the A. T. and S. F. railroad. "The war was over, so far as fighting in the field was concerned, but the peculiar vindictiveness that characterized all the warfare on both sides in Missouri still existed and showed itself in many ways. A strong force of United States troops occupied the town, the Kansas regiment to which I was attached among them. A picturesque and striking figure among those who had fought on the Union side was Wild Bill, whose daring and valuable services as a Federal scout were fresh in the minds of men. There were many ex-Confederate soldiers in town, and Tutt, a brave and desperate man and a dead shot, was the leader of that element. They lost no opportunity to show their ill will to the Unionists, and between Tutt and Wild Bill had feeling was strongly manifested. It came to the point of an open quarrel one night when Tutt, with his gang, came into a saloon where Wild Bill was seated at a game of poker. He had been winning, and with the pile of money before him on the table were a gold watch and chain that some one had wagered and lost. Tutt had come for a quarrel. He watched the game a few minutes, then said suddenly: 'Bill, I want you to pay me the money you owe me.' 'I have paid you once. Isn't that enough?' said Wild Bill, looking up from the hand of cards he held. 'Tutt reached over and took the gold watch and chain from Wild Bill's pile of winnings. 'You owe me that money,' he said. 'I'll keep this watch to satisfy the debt.' 'Wild Bill looked at him with perfect calmness. 'Better put it back, Dave,' he said. 'You'll be sorry if you don't.' 'Tutt laughed and put the watch in his pocket, which ended the matter for that night. Next day he sent word to Wild Bill that on the following Saturday at noon he should carry the watch and chain across the public square, entering it at the northeast corner. This was a challenge which Wild Bill could not ignore."

"I'll be there," he said when the message was given him, and he went home and cleaned and oiled his pistols. He did not show himself much about town until Saturday noon came. Then, as Tutt appeared at the northeast corner of the public square, Wild Bill walked in at the southwest corner. As the two men approached each other, walking from the corners diagonally opposite, it was seen that a group of Tutt's friends were gathered at the corner to the left of Wild Bill, and nobody present doubted that they were there to take a hand in the shooting if the fight went against Tutt.

"The distance between the two men at the start was about 140 yards. They walked steadily toward each other, with pistols in the belts, until about 50 paces separated them. Then Tutt made a motion as if to draw his pistol. Instantly Wild Bill's pistol came up, and, holding its butt with both hands, without sighting he fired at Tutt, who threw up his hands, staggered and fell dead on his face, shot through the heart."

"With the crack of his pistol Wild Bill wheeled and faced the group of Tutt's friends, pistol in hand. Some of them had drawn their weapons, but they put them up in a hurry and declared that the duel had been a fair one. Wild Bill was king of the town after that, as he was chief for many a year afterward on the plains and in the tough frontier towns."—New York Sun.

A Stepladder With the Match Receiver.
"Do you see that thing on the wall there? Above the clock? That thing with ribbons on it?"
"Yes. What is it?"
"That's a match receiver. It is intended to receive burned matches. For instance, suppose I use a match. I extinguish the match and put it on the table. Then I go across the street and borrow a stepladder. I bring the stepladder into this room, move the sofa away from the wall, plant my stepladder and carry that piece of burned match up the ladder and drop it into the receiver. Then I come down from the ladder, put the sofa back in its place, take the stepladder home, and there you are! I tell you it's a great thing to have these handy little articles around the house!"—Chicago Record.

A Failure.

A.—Well, and how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and begin counting?
B.—Yes. I counted up to 18,000.
A.—And then you fell asleep?
B.—No; then it was time to get up.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE TOOLS THEY USED.

The Simple Means by Which Great Things Have Been Done.

Dr. William H. Wollaston rendered many services to science. He was the first to detect the Fraunhofer lines in the solar spectrum and to demonstrate the identity of galvanism and frictional electricity. One day a visitor from a foreign country called upon the doctor and asked to be shown the laboratory where so many valuable discoveries had been made. The doctor conducted his visitor to a small room in which there was no furniture except a table. On the table was an old tea tray containing a small balance, a blowpipe, some test papers and a few watch glasses.

"This room," said Dr. Wollaston, "is my laboratory, and on that tea tray are all of my work tools."

Everybody knows that Benjamin Franklin, the eminent American statesman and philosopher, robbed the thundercloud of its lightning by means of a kite and a silk handkerchief.

A celebrated English engraver, Thomas Bewick, drew his first sketches with common chalk upon the walls of the little cottage in which he lived. The far famed chemist Julius Stockhard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying the wings of many butterflies.

Dr. Joseph Black, a chemist of note, discovered latent heat by using as tools a pan of water and two thermometers. Sir David Wilkie, the renowned painter, for his first work made use of a barn door and a charred stick for want of canvas and pencil.

John Opie was called "the Cornish wonder" because of his great skill in portraiture. He was asked one day by what wonderful process he mixed his colors.

"I mix them with my brains," answered the painter.

Benjamin West, a well known American painter, manufactured his first brush out of a cat's tail. Sir Isaac Newton unfolded the composition of light and the origin of color by means of a sheet of pasteboard, a prism and a lens. Out of an anatomist's syringe, which by accident came into his possession, Watt, the great British engineer and mechanical inventor, constructed his first model of the condensing steam engine.

Demosthenes resolved to become an orator, and in order to carry out his resolve it was necessary for him to overcome some serious obstacles. His manners were awkward, his breath short and his voice stammering and indistinct. He did not attend a school of oratory, nor did he have a private tutor, but we are told that he first shaved one side of his head only, so as to make it impossible for him to go into society, and thus divert himself from his purpose. Then, to overcome the defect in his speech, he adopted the practice of speaking with pebbles in his mouth, and that he might be able to make himself heard in the tumult of popular assemblies he declaimed hour after hour upon the seashore. To observe and correct his awkward gestures he spent much time practicing before a mirror. Thus, by patience and perseverance, he became the greatest orator of antiquity.

Bernard Palissy, the French potter, chemist and enameler, had but little indeed to work with when making his first experiments, but in spite of poverty, religious persecution and many other impediments he pursued with untiring energy the art of pottery, glass painting and enameling and became one of the first artists of the French renaissance.

To these names scores of others might be added of persons that have climbed high on the ladder of fame by making a right use of whatever tools or means were within their reach, by a healthful, praiseworthy desire to excel and by "keeping everlastingly at it."—Philadelphia Times.

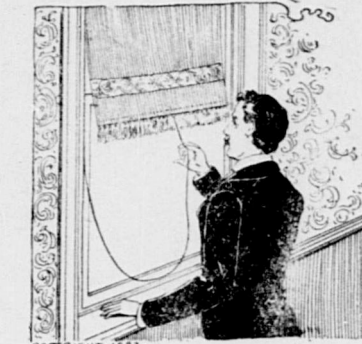
Vitality of Cats.

It's an old saying that "a cat has nine lives," and like most old sayings, not supposed to have any truth in it, but from recent investigations it really seems that a cat can hold on to life under circumstances where any other creature would die. A cat's life may be proved to be at the least three times the worth of a dog's. Put a cat and a dog of the same age in a "lethal chamber." The cat will always outlive the dog. On one occasion it was noticed the dog was dead in 5 minutes and the cat still breathing 40 minutes later. A cat has been known to recover after two hours' immersion in cold water, and another came back to life eight hours after apparent death from a dose of prussic acid.—Strand Magazine.

Dropped.

"Why does Miss Elder always drop her eyes when she meets you?"
"If you will never give it away, I will tell you. She drops her eyes because I saw her drop her teeth one day."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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F. E. LEWIS, M. D.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 18, 1897.

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VOLUME XI. NUMBER 10.

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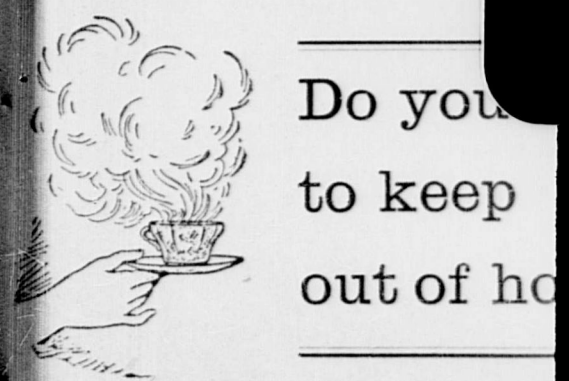
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with over 20 years' experience in making shade is accurately cut from the very finest muslin, and mounted upon spring rollers

measure of your windows, allow you to have the most delicate of fadeless tints, and in perfect working order, all for the same price elsewhere for shades that make your life a

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Quincy Monitor.

VOLUME XI. NUMBER 10.

QUINCY, MASS, OCTOBER, 1897.

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(BY COURTESY OF THE BOSTON POST.)
THE ALTAR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOSTON, WITH PASTORS, PAST AND PRESENT, OF THE CHURCH, AND THE
REV. JAMES A. HEALY, BISHOP OF PORTLAND, THE PREACHER OF THE JUBILEE SERMON.

The golden jubilee of the Jesuits of Boston and vicinity was celebrated during the week of October 3, the jubilee services being held in old St. Mary's church. Pontifical high mass was celebrated on Sunday morning, October 3, the opening day of the ceremony, by his excellency the Most

Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, the papal legate to America. The jubilee sermon was preached by Right Rev. James Healy of Portland. Pontifical vespers were celebrated by his Grace Archbishop Williams. The singing was by a chorus of 130 voices and the sanctuary choir of 100 members, while

the full Germania orchestra, supplemented the grand organ of the church.

The church was wholly inadequate to hold the thousands who wished to be present at the services; but still over 2500 persons found place within the walls of the church.

POPE'S PERSONAL HABITS.

The Daily Routine of Life as Observed by the Pontiff.

His holiness rises rather early and immediately receives a resume of news coming from all parts of the world, prepared purposely for him in the most condensed form by a special office in the Vatican, which works from midnight until his hours for receiving it, summarizing it from telegrams, letters and newspapers.

The general outlook over the world is shortly after completed by a visit from Cardinal Rampolla, with whom he discusses the most important affairs. After a frugal breakfast, accompanied by his private attendant, he descends to the garden and is driven to the tower of Leo IV, escorted only by a member of the Noble guard, with whom he converses amiably about the doings and gossip of the town.

He usually descends from the carriage to take a walk in his flower garden, which, though not large, is bright with blossoms, and in which he is said to take great interest. He occupies himself also with the growth of his grapevines, speaking personally on the subject with his gardeners. Grapes are among his favorite fruit, especially the pizzele, an oblong white grape, found almost exclusively near Rome. In the tower he attends also to ecclesiastical or literary work, especially Latin poetry, in which he is such an adept, and a little before sunset returns as he came to the Vatican palace. If nothing of great importance has occurred, he is not disturbed with politics until the next morning.

Will Restore Pluscarden Ruins.

The Marquis of Bute, who is, next to the Duke of Norfolk, the wealthiest Roman Catholic in the British islands, has just bought Pluscarden priory from the Duke of Fife. He will spend about £100,000 in restoring the ruins, which are very beautiful, and he is expected to re-establish a community to occupy the renovated convent. Pluscarden is six miles from Elgin and has fine grounds.

Trying to Defraud Her.

Horton—How is it that you always put on such long face and talk so discouragingly with your wife happens to be present? Another times you are one of the most enthusiastic prosperity boomers I know of.

Henley—I promised her away along last spring but I'd get her a new seal skin sack this fall if business picked up.—Cleveland Leader.

It Might Be So Called.

"It is not allowed to members of the cloth to be superstitious," said the good minister yet it may be deemed a curious coincidence that out of 18 couples I have joined matrimony in this study 15 have since been divorced."

"Why don't you hang out a sign, 'Bargains in Divorces,'" asked his old school friend.—Incidental Enquirer.

The Human Watch.

A little girl of my acquaintance whose father is physician is given to making bright remarks, and she does it in the most naïf fashion, with supreme unconsciousness. The other day her father held her ear to patient's heart, and the maiden exclaimed with glee: "Oh, hear him tick! Isn't his mainspring, papa?"—Syracuse Post.

A Policeman Knew Her.

"What do you consider the most absolutely certain way to distinguish tooth-stools from mushrooms?"

"Snivel—With what result?"

"Snodgrass—I did not see him. The attendant told me that the divine healer had been sick in bed for several days."—New York Sunday World.

X. Y. —Dunno your way, sir? Then how am I see you home?

Frisky —That's short of it; my cook's pre-pretty girl in street—hie!

X. Y. —That's enough, sir. I know her. I'll see you right.—Aly Sloyer.

The Church in the Civil War.

Never in the history of this country did the Catholic church show her patriotism more strongly than in the civil war. The patriotism of the Catholic is motivated by his religion. It rises superior to the form in which civil government is embodied. The members of the Catholic church, mindful of a nation which had conferred upon the foreigner and his children the priceless boon of citizenship, put aside whatever personal feeling that may have existed, and as you, noble veterans and members of the Grand Army of the Republic, already know, were the first to respond to President Lincoln's initial call for troops. Turn over the pages of history, and you will read column after column of names that are historically Catholic. Visit the great national cemeteries and glance on the tombstones, and you will find in the Christian name alone convincing evidence of the faith of the hero that sleeps beneath.

A Home With the Saints.

Light is our sorrow, for it ends tomorrow. Light is our death, which cannot hold us fast. So brief a sorrow can be scarcely sorrow. Or death be death so quickly past.

One night, no more, of pain that turns to pleasure.
One night, no more, of weeping, weeping sore, And then the heaped up measure beyond In quietness for evermore.

Our sails are set to cross the tossing river. We toil awhile, but then we rest forever, Sing with all saints and rest above with them.

The Call Which Failed.

Snodgrass—I went to consult the divine healer about my rheumatism. Snively—With what result?

Snodgrass—I did not see him. The attendant told me that the divine healer had been sick in bed for several days."—New York Sunday World.

No Possible Danger.

"What do you consider the most absolutely certain way to distinguish tooth-stools from mushrooms?"

"Cook them, get some other man to eat them, and then watch his symptoms."—Chicago Tribune.

PAULISTS' NEW HEAD

BRIEF REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF THE SUPERIOR GENERAL.

The Last Surviving Founder of the Community—Was in General Grant's Class at West Point—Extent of His Labors Under Father Hewitt's Superiorship.

The Rev. George Deshon, who was recently elected superior general of the missionary society of St. Paul the Apostle in the state of New York, popularly known as the community of the Paulist fathers, to succeed the late Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt, is the last surviving founder of the community. He was born in New London, Conn., 7 years ago, of Huguenot stock. In his youth he was sent to the West Point Military academy, where he entered the same class with General Grant and others of subsequent fame. He was graduated with distinction and was for five years a professor in the institution.

"It was about this time," said one of the fathers, "that it happened with him, as with so many of his generation, that the deeper thoughts of the religious life entered his soul. He sought for the truth and found it in the teachings of the Catholic church. Desiring a more perfect life, he entered the novitiate of the Redemptorist fathers."

In 1855 he was ordained a priest among the Redemptorists and immediately after his ordination entered upon mission work. He remained exclusively in this work until his separation from the Redemptorists with the other four missionaries, the Rev. Fathers Hecker, Hewitt, Baker and Walworth, who organized themselves into the Congregation of St. Paul, or the Paulist fathers. As a Paulist, Father Deshon's life work began in reality. He continued as a missionary the labors he had undertaken as a Redemptorist and became known from one end of the country to the other as a preacher and instructor of exceptional talent. To him fell the work of giving the early morning instruction on account of his peculiar ability and his general adaptability to the subject. Although an earnest preacher and able theologian, Father Deshon has always been a man of affairs about the Paulist establishment, and to him is largely due the construction of the great church at Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets and Columbus avenue, together with the surrounding buildings, all of which were erected under his personal superintendence.

During the last years of Father Hewitt's superiorship, by reason of his disinclination to interest himself in practical affairs, his residence at the Catholic university at Washington, and still later his feeble health, the immediate management of the interests of the community was delegated to Father Deshon, and his election to the office of superior general means the initiation of no new policy in the administration of the order, but the prosecution with still greater vigor of the special works that have been already begun. These include the social betterment of the masses, the general parochial labors, the works in behalf of the cause of temperance, and the scheme of missions to non-Catholics, together with the work of the printing house connected with the establishment, which was inaugurated by Father Deshon.

Father Deshon, who is the third superior general of the Paulists, has been elected for a term of nine years, according to the provisions of the charter. His predecessors were Fathers Hecker and Hewitt. The call for a meeting of the general chapter was made soon after the death of Father Hewitt, and the sessions were attended not only by the fathers associated with the community here, but by Fathers Wyman and Otis from the community house in San Francisco, where five of the priests live in charge of the work of the Paulists west of the Rocky mountains, all of whom took part in the unanimous election to the highest office in their gift of their venerable and greatly beloved associate.

At present there are 35 fathers, 21 students and 15 postulants connected with the Paulists. As has been lately written of them: "The Paulist congregation is not stagnant. Not in purpose, in numbers or in good works is it quiescent. It is steadily moving forward, according to its means, its opportunities and the co-operation of the rest of the church in the United States toward the consummation of its apostolic vocation—the conversion of non-Catholic America."—New York Sun.

How It Got Out.

She never told her secret, but one evening before the other members of the choir came to practice she poured out her soul to the old church organ in rapturous improvisation that thrilled and soared among the rafters of the church, eloquent with passion and longing.

After practice the basso whispered in her ears as she descended the stairs: "Ha, I have discovered your secret! You love the tenor."

"How did you find it out?" she faltered, blushing red.

"I pumped the organ," hissed the basso as he crunched a bronchial trochee fiercely between his teeth.—Detroit Free Press.

THE WHIRLWIND ROAD.

The mazes wrapped in mysteries of light
Came in a rush of music on the night,
And I was lifted wildly on quick wings
And borne away into the heart of things.
The dead doors of my being broke apart,
A wind of rapture blew across the heart,
The inward song of worlds rang still and clear,
I felt the mystery the muses fear,
Yet they went swiftest on the ways untrod
And hurried me breathless at the feet of God.

I felt faint touches of the final truth,
Moments of trembling love, moments of youth.
A vision swept away the human wall,
Slowly I saw the meaning of it all—
Meaning of life and time and death and birth—
But cannot tell it to the men of earth.
I only point the way, and they must go
The whirlwind road of song if they would know.

—Charles Edwin Markham in Scribner's.

A CAPTAIN'S WIDOW.

When Matilda Hartley was 20 years of age and living not the happiest of lives with a crabbed old aunt, who had brought her up, there came into the village of Rudleigh, where she had been born, and which she had never left since, a dashing sea captain of 36 or 38, who spent his money freely enough to make an acquisition to the one hotel of the place, and who was so far from bashful that before he had been there a week every woman in Rudleigh had either been "stared at" or "followed quite home, my dear."

The young chambermaids had each been kissed, the landlord's daughter had been chucked under the chin, and the landlady herself, striving to blush and failing because no red rose could be redder than she was already, declared that a little more and she must really "mention it to Mr. Landlord."

As for Captain Waters, he considered all this the proper thing for a man of spirit to do and continued the general admirer of the fair of Rudleigh until, falling one day into the society of Mattie Hartley, he became at once her particular slave. He courted her one week, proposed the next and married her the third.

He was well enough to do to retire from a seafaring life, was owner and hitherto captain of the Amanda and was, moreover, a widower, his first wife having taken advantage of his absence on a voyage to elope with a Frenchman, who, so report ran, had poisoned her.

This he told, with a grave face, to little Mattie before he popped the question.

"If I thought women folk were all alike, I'd fight shy of them, I can tell you," he said. "But I'm sure you have a heart, and a true one, Mattie."

And so Mattie gave him her heart, and her hand with it.

For a year or two they were happy; then the jolly, red checked captain fell ill, and in his illness a baby that had come to them, a boy of a few months old, was stolen from a perambulator, which a careless nurse had left standing by the roadside while she chatted with a beau.

There had been a band of gypsies in the neighborhood, and suspicion naturally fell on them, but they were followed in vain, and none of the rewards which were offered threw any light on the subject.

The agitation did the captain great harm and probably hastened his end. He died in a few months, and poor Mattie, broken hearted and desolate, prayed to die also. What good could come to her now that Frank and baby were both gone? In vain the old clergyman preached submission and spoke of "tempting Providence by rebellion."

Mattie heard none of the stereotyped phrases that were poured into her ear—heard nothing until one day a tall, bald faced woman walked, unannounced, into her presence and before the old clergyman himself announced the fact that she was Captain Waters' widow—that her children and his were at the hotel, and that Mattie was a mere usurper.

That roused the widow at last. Her Frank so vile a creature! Her Frank deceive her so! She could not, would not believe it, and no one else would. She ordered the woman out of the house, and the woman went, but only to a lawyer's hard by. There she produced proofs that were conclusive—a certificate signed by a well known clergyman and letters from the captain, and in a certain church a register was found, all that was necessary to establish her claim.

Mattie asseverated in vain that the captain's first wicked wife was dead—that this woman was an impostor and that she did not believe one word of all the story. Other people believed it. No one knew the captain previous to his sudden appearance at Rudleigh, and seafaring men are not always supposed to be too glad, especially in quiet inland towns, to have a dozen wives apiece.

The end of all this was that the new Mrs. Waters took possession of the dwelling and property of the captain, and, disgraced and wretched, Mattie returned to the maiden aunt, who, having been opposed to the match, rather triumphed in its result as what she called a "judgment."

Mrs. Waters tried to make herself friends in the village, but, on the whole, failed to do so. She was

coarse and vulgar. The servants said she drank, and her treatment of her child, a little creature half the size it should have been for its age, was such as shocked everybody.

She never manifested any love for it. It was said she beat it cruelly. At all events, her manner and the stories about her made every one of respectability shun her, and, even had she been a woman they could esteem, to settle down in that village would have seemed indelicate enough, the women said.

But some who thought only of her money became intimate with Mrs. Waters, and dashing dressed men came down by rail to visit her, and she drove with them in her showy carriage past Mattie's humble home and threw upon the sad face, bent over some work at the window, such looks of scorn as might have been Mattie's due had she been a very wicked creature, but which under the circumstances were quite uncalled for.

All this went on for two years at least, and by that time Mrs. Waters' boy—5 years old she called him, but he hardly looked 3—was running about the grounds and escaping from them whenever he could into the bargain.

Oddly enough, whenever he got free, he made straight for the strip of green land that lay between the house that Mattie dwelt in and the river. It was the water that tempted him, and his delight was to launch a tiny boat with paper sails upon it.

At first Mattie ran away when she saw him. Then she began to watch him, thinking how like he was to the captain, with that head of clustering yellow curls, thinking him like also to what her boy would have been had he lived—for she never doubted that he was dead—until her heart softened, and one day she opened the door and tempted him in with cake as one might a bird.

After that he used often to come to her. All Rudleigh was scandalized by the fact, and Mrs. Waters, ignorant of it, until she one day came upon the two at the river's edge, the boy with his arms around the woman's neck. She was in her carriage when she saw them, but she was out of it in an instant, perceiving her life in the jump. And she struck the child a blow and called Mattie by an evil name, and no one who saw her face forgot it as she drove away again with the screaming child.

Mattie went into her poor home, broken hearted, and her maiden aunt berated her woefully, and Mattie could only weep.

"Where is your pride," said the spinster, "your decency?"

And Mattie sobbed: "He is so like Frank—so like Frank, aunt. Don't be angry with me."

The old nurse was well berated also, and for awhile the boy was kept within bounds, but he had a will of his own, and at last, one warm autumn day, mamma out for a drive as usual, and nurse dozing, the great gate swung behind him, and he pattered down the green bit of land and peeped into Mattie's cottage door.

She was at an upper window, but she did not call to him—she dared not—and he wandered away to the water's edge. There he launched his boat and paddled in to bring it out again and splashed and wet himself and soiled his fine clothes with the mud and was happy beyond expression.

Mattie yearned for him, but she sat still and only looked until the tears filled her eyes, and she hid them in her apron and fell to weeping bitterly. But from this a shrill cry aroused her. She started to her feet. The child was no longer on the bank, but out in the water gleamed a yellow head and two tiny arms, and a cry of "Mamma!" came to her.

It was as though her own child called. She flew from the room and down the stairs and out toward the river. Others were rushing that way, but she was first. She never paused to think, but plunged into the water recklessly.

In another moment she was out of her depth, but she had the boy fast by his little waist and did her best to reach shore with him. Men were near by this time, and the two were drawn to land together, and in the midst of the crowd Mattie stood holding the dripping child to her breast when the whirl of carriage wheels moaned her ear.

A harsh voice cried, "What's all this!" and there once more was Mrs. Waters. Mattie gave a scream, but held the child closer. The woman, with a look of hate which had some terror in it, sprang to her feet.

The horses plunged and reared. "For heaven's sake, sit still, mamma!" cried the coachman, but the warning was unheeded.

Mrs. Waters attempted to leap to the ground. The horses started, her long train caught in the wheels, the coachman lost all command over the animals and was flung to the earth, and away over road and field the mad creatures dragged the

wretched woman, lashed by her costly robes to her own chariot wheels.

The crowd followed, unable to give any aid, and Mattie remained, holding the sobbing boy to her bosom. She looked into his eyes; she kissed his lips. Mad dreams of stealing him and hiding herself where she might keep him for her own filled her mind.

At last she crept into the house and undressed him and wrapped him in dry clothing and laid him to rest in her own bed, whence he lifted up his arms to embrace her.

Later in the evening she sat by the fire when the latch was lifted and the old clergyman came in. His face was very grave. He walked up to Mattie and took her hand softly.

"You must put on your bonnet and come with me," he said. "The woman who was hurt today is dying. She wants to speak to you."

"To me!" said Mattie. "Oh, I cannot go there!"

But something in her friend's manner made her alter her mind and go with him, with a strange, hopeful feeling at her heart.

She entered the house where her married life had been spent and the chamber that had been her own, falteringly, though her soul sickened, and there upon the bed she saw the bold faced woman—bold and handsome no more, but quivering with death agony and the terror of what lay beyond it—a helpless, disfigured mass of flesh and bone. But she could speak yet, and she turned her woeful eyes on Mattie and said piteously:

"I am going to die. Have mercy on me. Don't be cruel. I'm going to die, and I want to tell you something. They say I'll die easier if I do. And I'm sorry. You are a good woman—as good as I am bad. I—I never was Captain Waters' wife—never. My cousin was. She died I looked like her, and I had all her papers and certificates. I wanted the money. Another thing—the boy—the child—when I knew the captain was dying I stole him, for he property, all for that. It would help me to have a son. It is your boy. I lied about his age. It is your boy. Let me swear to it."

And, with her hand upon the Bible, the woman passed into eternity. Mattie stood silent—awestruck, scarcely comprehending, bewildered beyond thought—until the old clergyman came to the bed and took her hand.

"Forgive her if you can, Mrs. Waters," he said, "even as you would have God forgive you."

And with the words and the name Mattie realized the truth and sank upon her knees, crying, "Frank was true—Frank never deceived me," and then, "I have always felt that it was my boy and not her!"

And so it came to pass that Mattie Waters lived once more in her old home with no cloud of shame upon her life—happy in her boy and in the hope of meeting Frank once more in that land where severed hearts are reunited and there's no more sorrow, neither any death.—Exchange.

The Home Catechism in Philadelphia.

A good many hundreds an even thousands of long suffering husbands can bear sorrowful testimony to the fact that this is the sort of catechism the wives of their sons subject them to every time they put on their hats to go out in the evening.

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm going out for a few minutes."

"Where?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular."

"What for?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Why do you go, then?"

"Well, I want to go, that's 'hy."

"Do you have to go?"

"I don't know that I do."

"Why do you go, then?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Well, simply because."

"Going to be gone long?"

"No."

"How long?"

"I don't know."

"Anybody going with you?"

"No."

"Well, it's strange that you can't be content to stay at home a few minutes. Don't be gone long, will you?"

"No."

"See that you don't."

This is one reason why senary marriages are a dead flat time and failure.—Philadelphia Times

Vaudevilian.

"I saw Jones this morning" said the gentleman with the pegreen whiskers, "with an awful lot on his head that his wife had given him. He was hurrying as fast as he could to the—"

"To the doctor?" interrupted the gentleman with the bald wig.

"Naw; to the barber's to have it cut right."

"The riotousness of the suing business was perhaps the most realistic presented in any place of entertainment at the price—incendiary Enquirer.

AN ECCENTRIC DIPLOMAT.

The Quaint Personality and Strange Life of Minister Fox.

The former representative of the government of Great Britain to this country, Henry Stephen Fox, of whom the good story is told that when he met acquaintances in daylight he remarked how strange was their appearance, or they had never seen each other except by candlelight, is well remembered by a few of our older citizens as a most eccentric character. He was a figure as well known as most of the notables of his day. He had long been in the diplomatic service of Great Britain, and when sent here from South America to succeed Sir Charles Vaughan, one of the most affable as well as brilliant members of the diplomatic corps, Mr. Fox was expected to fill his place in society circles. Indeed, so much had been said of his witticisms and eccentricities that Washington was looking for a social lion. If any knew of his dislike of some of the society functions, our upper ten was not informed, and there was much disappointment that he did not step in the shoes of Sir Charles to the highest social position. A great-grandson of the Duke of Richmond, son of a general who had fought against our fathers in the Revolution and nephew of the great Whig leader in the British parliament, Washington society expected in him a leader.

Mr. Fox proved an acquisition to the society of the capital, at least so far as to furnish a subject for society gossip, and it was not long before his eccentric habits, his peculiar attire and his brilliant witticisms were known not only in society circles, but by the general public. Even the street gamins recognized him in his late afternoon strolls. Once seen, he could not be easily mistaken for another. In person he was tall and slim—exceedingly so—with the cadaverous complexion of an opium eater. He was scrupulously neat in his attire and usually in his walks wore a blue cloth swallow tailed coat with brass buttons, nankeen pants—minus straps, then worn by all classes—broad brimmed hat and to his shirt a high, standing collar, reaching the top of his ears. His identity was further emphasized by a green silk umbrella in his hand, and this to him was useless, unless it rained, for he was seldom out of doors when the sun shone.

Mr. Fox lived here in a large brick house on K street, west of what is now Washington circle. He was almost a hermit, going in official society only so far as duty required and receiving but few visitors. His few entertainments took the form of dinners to gentlemen, after which the night was often spent at the card table, on which there were no small stakes. His day began about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he rose from bed and dressed and took a walk to the Capitol grounds and back to his breakfast. In the evening he would attend the society functions of the diplomats, seldom of his flowers, of which he was excessively fond, would return to bed ere the sun had risen. He had an aversion to shaking hands with ladies and gave that as an excuse for not opening his house to receptions, but in reality his residence was so lumbered up with old furniture, for which he had a mania, that there was not much room for entertaining any considerable number. Another hobby of his was entomology, and he had a large collection of specimens stowed away in boxes, many of which were never opened.

It was thought that he was a victim of the opium habit, and the supposition proved correct. His servants were charged never to disturb him or enter his presence except when summoned. One night in the early part of October, 1846, he remained in his chamber undisturbed, but when late the next day one of the domestics, despite the usage, went to his room he found him in a lethargic condition.

Physicians, hastily called, worked on him, but their efforts proved futile. Death came in a few hours. The supposition was that death was caused by an overdose of the drug he had long been addicted to using. His funeral was a large and imposing one, attended by the president (Mr. Polk) and his cabinet, the diplomatic corps and numbers of the leading men of the nation and District. But for his eccentricities and the rules of his household a most brilliant personage might have lived to a green old age and added luster to the family name.—Washington Star.

Cotton From Egypt.

With a gradually improving system of irrigation the Egyptian cotton product is increasing and becoming more profitable. The annual production is now 247,500,000 pounds of lint and 23,275,000 bushels of seed, with a total value of \$56,625,000, an increase of 60 per cent in seven years. The value of the crop per acre is about \$69.25; cost of production, \$46.50; net profit, \$22.75.

Plucking the Innocent.

"No," said the soap fakir to a group of people that had gathered around him, "there is no use talking to me about the innocence of the countryman. He may buy a gold brick occasionally or sign a blank check and lose his farm, but as a rule he can take care of himself just as well as the next one and generally a little better. If I knew as much as some farmers, I wouldn't be in this business, and you can gamble on that."

"Why, say, do you know what happened to me the last time I was down in the country? I got pinched, that's what I done. I got my satchel out in front of the hotel in a little town about 30 miles out east here and began to do a few tricks to draw a crowd."

"After I'd made an egg disappear and pulled a few knots open for them I says: 'Now, gentlemen, I'm going to show you a trick that nobody else on earth has ever attempted. You see my hat here? Well, we'll imagine for the time being that it's a flowerpot. Out of this hat I'm going to make a bush grow up, and when I've done that I'll make every leaf on it turn into a \$5 note.'"

"What? Did I do it? Of course I did! But, say, do you know what come of it? Blamed if they didn't arrest me and fine me \$15 for raising bills, which the justice of the peace said was 'contrary to the statutes made and provided.'"

"Well, I sort of had a hankering to know whether they done it in good faith or just because they thought I was easy picking, and what do you think I found out? Why, the people of that town hadn't paid any taxes for eight years. They'd actually been running things by plucking just such innocent fellows as me."

"Now, gentlemen, there's a \$1 bill in one of these little packages. Who will give me 10 cents for the first choice?"—Cleveland Leader.

Reconstructing the Face.

Half a century ago a child with the most distressing facial deformities was allowed to grow up a dread to himself and an object of pity to all of his associates. It was not deemed possible to correct these ills—indeed, nobody gave it any thought. The wretched victim suffered out his miserable remnant of life, and that was all there was about it. Within the past few years a branch of surgery that is of the utmost importance to humanity has been receiving careful attention, and as the art of restoration stands at the present day, there is no excuse whatever for the hideous objects that were formerly looked upon as incurable and therefore inevitable. All manner of changes are now made in the personal appearance. The hairlip and distorted mouth are treated scientifically, and the face is restored to its normal condition and even greatly improved by the operations which these blemishes render necessary. Crooked noses are straightened and ears that extend out from the head are skillfully put to rights with the most astonishingly gratifying results. Flat, humped or depressed noses are made symmetrical and even beautiful. Of course the treatment is more successful upon the young than when undertaken with those who have reached maturity, but even late in life it is quite worth while to have some of one's blemishes removed and to present to the world as good an appearance as possible.—New York Ledger.

Tapioca.

One of the most deadly poisons and a common article of food are combined in a single plant. This is tapioca, a South American shrub that grows to a height of 6 or 8 feet. The root as well as the wood of the plant secretes an acid, milky juice so toxic that it kills in a very few minutes. This quality is eliminated by heat, and that which in a raw state is so deadly is thereby converted into a nourishing and agreeable aliment. The root is grated into pulp and subjected to great pressure, which extracts all the poisonous juice. It is then heated on metal plates, which transforms it into the tapioca of commerce. It is to be hoped that this information may not disturb the equanimity of consumers of tapioca. The process employed in its conversion from a poisonous plant into a substance entirely innocuous is absolutely infallible.—New York Sun.

Her Weakness.

"Mrs. Meeker," observed a friend of the family, "is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics."

"Yes," sighed Mr. Meeker. "And she does."—London Figaro.

Sole Heiress.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman in a choking voice, "she is the only daughter I have."

"Yes," acknowledged the young man, "that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her."—Indianapolis Journal

WON HIS DISCHARGE.

A Soldier Who Very Cleverly Worked the Monomania Dodge.

A soldier belonging to one of the Idaho infantry companies worked the monomania dodge cleverly enough a few years ago and got his discharge from the service as an incapable unfit for military duty. Before entering the service he had been a telegraph lineman, and when he came to the conclusion that he had had enough of the service he developed an uncontrollable mania for climbing to the top of the flagpole on the post parade ground. He secured a pair of linemen's clippers. One evening at dress parade he had been excused on account of illness. When the soldiers were passing in review before the commanding officer at this evening function the telegraph lineman was seen to rush across the parade ground in the direction of the flagpole, and in a jiffy he had scaled it to the very top. He paid no attention to the commands that were bawled at him to "come down out of that," but pulled a small pair of fieldglasses from his blouse and began to survey the horizon. He gave no ear even to the commanding officer's demand that he descend instantly or get shot, nor did he as much as look below when he heard the command given to three members of the guard, "Aim—ready—fire." Of course, the command "Fire" was not given. The bluff did not work. The soldier stuck to his perch at the top of the staff and continued his ranging of the horizon with the fieldglasses. The officers of the post were in a quandary, and they were considering the advisability of saving the flagpole down when the soldier at the top of it climbed down.

"I didn't see any," he said as he was being seized.

"See any what?"

"Indians."

"Is that what you went up there for?" his captain asked him.

"Yes, sir. The Shoshones are about to attack the post."

He was taken to the guardhouse and the post surgeon sent for. The surgeon found the soldier perfectly quiet and rational. He talked as sanely as any man could on general subjects, but he seemed firmly persuaded that it was his special business in the service to watch out for Indians from the top of the flagpole. When he was released, he went directly to his quarters, fastened on his climbers without being observed and made such good time across the parade ground that he had almost attained the top of the flagpole before the pursuers reached the base. This time he remained at the top of the pole for several hours, paying no heed at all to anything that went on below. He was so busily engaged in examining the distant plains with his fieldglasses that he did not even see the soldiers rigging up a net at the foot of the flagpole. He was considerably surprised and grieved when he was jerked into the net by means of a lasso unerringly thrown by a soldier who had been a cowboy. He was out of the service within just the space of time that it required for a reply from the war department to an official letter concerning his condition sent from the post. The members of the guard who escorted the monomaniac to the gate upon his discharge said afterward that there was a broad grin on the ex-lineman's face as they led him out.

"Well, how about the Indians now?" asked one of the guard just as the man was about to be turned loose at the gate.

"Indians be d—d," said the ex-monomaniac, displaying his vad of back pay and allowance bank notes and his discharge. "Are you all jays?"—New York Sun.

Akin a Blessin.

Down in the rural district it happened that the mean man invited the preacher to dinner. The mean man had plenty of money, but he didn't spend it on his table, which on that occasion showed but scant fare.

"Parson," said the mean man, "times air hard an groceries high; but, sich as it is, you're welcome. Will you ax a blessin?"

"I will," replied the parson. "Fold your hands." And then he said:

"Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive—for these greens without bacon, this bread without salt, this coffee without sugar—and after we have received it give thy servant strength to get home in time for dinner."—Atlanta Constitution.

Failed to Work.

Dinguss—Shadbolt, did you ever look closely at a silver dollar and notice how many faces you can make out on the obverse side? There's the profile of George III, the head and mane of the British lion, the profile of Dismael and—

Shadbolt—Yes, and you'd like to run your face on a silver dollar if I had one to spare, wouldn't you? It won't work this time, Dinguss. It won't work. I haven't a silver dollar about me.—Chicago Tribune.

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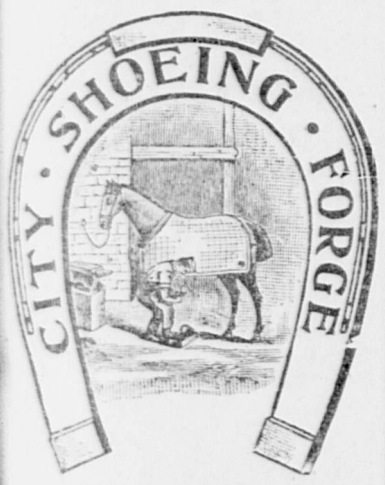
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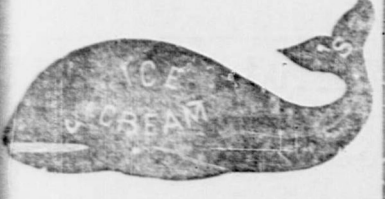
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STRIPE AND PLAIDS.

HOW AND TO WHAT EXTENT THEY ARE TO BE WORN.

Growing Popularity of Broad Trimming.
New Waists—The New Hats—Black
Plumes Will Be In Favor—Funny Looking
Little Muffs to Match Capes and Coats.[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Up to the present the bayadere stripes for dresses, wherein the stripes should go around the skirt, have not met with the favor expected. There are few women who look well in those horizontal stripes, and in these days women understand themselves too well to wear an unbecoming thing simply because it is style. Some clever dressmakers have taken the goods and upset the general plan of them to such an extent that the stripes form points in front and at the sides. The

NEW PROMENADE COSTUMES.

waist is also developed from the striped portion. In that way the striped part becomes an ornamental arrangement that serves as trimming. One rich brown camel's hair was made in this way, the dark stripes being of velvet in seal brown. No doubt many other ingenious inventions will be made whereby some handsome combinations will be developed.

Plaids are growing rapidly in favor. The large clan plaids in twilled goods and dark colors make up well, and when finished off and trimmed in the right manner they really leave little to be desired. Some plaids are cut and made on the straight, but, however carefully they are cut, there is always one part, in the back or at the sides, that hangs bias, and it does not look so well as those where the whole is cut on the bias. This is a very difficult thing to achieve, for one part of the skirt to these hangs straight if a master hand does not cut it.

The liking for braiding on gowns and coats and capes grows instead of waning, and there is scarcely a possible design that is not seen somewhere. It is very effective and while rich it is never obtrusive, as some trimmings are sometimes. Some tight basque suits have nearly the entire surface covered with braiding, in some cases picked out with beads.

The blouse waist continues to develop new varieties and fancies daily. It is made of every imaginable thing, from broadcloth for street wear to chiffon for evening dresses. The blouse makes the fancy belts necessary, and some of them are almost worthy of being called works of art.

Some of the new hat shapes are wonderful in their line ugliness, but after the proper trimming is put on they become the beautiful "creations" that women spend all their husbands' Klondike dividends for. Some of the felt hats have brims made of the same material, but so plaited and puffed that one needs little trimming. There is a new garniture for the edges of these felt hats. It is of chenille and braiding and beads all together. It is wired so that it can be made to take any shape. The bonnet forms look unpromising to unskillful eyes, but, given a bit of velvet, a scrap of lace, a flower or a few feathers and some chenille braid, one can



HAT SHAPES, NECKWEAR AND BELTS.

soon evolve a dainty bonnet. The foundation will then be found to have been quite aware of its own possibilities. Those hats with the plaited brims and chenille loops need very little other trimming. The high crowned felts and beavers will take any quantity of almost anything, principally feathers and set quil ornaments, though plaitings of velvet and ribbon sets are all used. Full, black Prince of Wales plumes are very fashionable.

Muffs are funny looking little things this season. They look like furry melons, with little round holes for the hands. The most stylish have absolutely no outside trimming. They are of fur to match the capes and coats.

Oscar Hansen

THE SULPICIAN FATHERS.

Their Early Struggles In America and Their First Seminary.

The introduction of the Sulpician fathers into the United States, their tireless efforts to establish an institution, their misfortunes and final triumphs are analogous to the history of almost all the Catholic organizations founded in the infancy of our republic.

During the terrible period of the French revolution four Sulpician fathers, at the direction of their superior general, who feared the violent extermination of their order, sailed from the port of St. Malo, together with a number of seminarians, and their four months' voyage to America is described by no less a writer than Chateaubriand, a fellow passenger. The great French romanticist, who invested our southern Indian with a peculiar and never ending charm, and whose rich descriptions of our country formed so much a part of his glory, leaves us a tiny sketch of the little community of religious as they neared the coast of the strange, new land. A calm had lasted for many days, and although the coast of Maryland was veiled by mist and dashing waters the smell of pines, fresh, invigorating, came upon the tired voyagers. One evening when the bell rang for prayers and the red globe of the sun, just about to plunge into the sea, pierced through the cordon in boundless space and lit up the faces on the vessel's deck with brilliant, unearthly glow, the Abbe Nagot, tall, thin, emaciated from his long attack of illness, stood by the wheel, book in hand, his pale French face glimmering against the massive, rugged features of the brawny sailors, as some vision of martyr in a dream, around him the group of priests with bowed heads, the young English convert with attitude and face expressive of the ardor of a man newly won to faith, the silence—the furled sails—Chateaubriand himself burning with passion for the new world that was to bring him "Atala."

When the morning came—"America, faintly traced by the tops of some maple trees emerging, as it were, from the sea."

"We weighed anchor in order to make the roads and harbor of Baltimore," writes Chateaubriand. "As we drew near the channel narrowed, the water became smooth and still, and to all appearance we are sailing up a sluggish stream bordered with rows of trees. Baltimore came in view as if at the extremity of a lake. Opposite the city was a woody hill, at the bottom of which buildings began to spring up. We made fast to the quay in the harbor."

The seminarians secured lodgings in Market street and a few days afterward rented a house known as the "One Mile tavern," a curious, oblong building, with dormer windows, sloping roof and quaintly fashioned entrance, then some distance from the city, surrounded by broad acres. The Sulpicians bought the property later, and St. Mary's Seminary of St. Sulpice was established. The city closed in rapidly about the old building, and the beautiful grounds were bricked up with a ten foot wall.

Chateaubriand describes Baltimore as having been in that year, 1791, "a pretty little Catholic town, clean and lively, resembling Europe in manners and society."

The seminary, the first in the United States, after more than a century's existence, after vicissitudes most trying, stands today in its full vigor. The words of Pius VII, delivered in Paris at the time of the coronation of Napoleon to the superior general of the Sulpicians, who had decided to recall the fathers in Baltimore to France, "My son, let it stand—yes, let that seminary stand—for it will bear fruit in its own time," have been realized, and with more than 300 students on its roll call in this present year it goes on quietly doing the good work. No trace of the "One Mile tavern" is left. A massive red brick building, with solid granite basement and mansard roof, stands, isolated, in the heart of Baltimore, its gloomy stone trimmings half concealed by many trees, its pretty little chapel hidden by the great glass topped wall which extends all around the seminary.—Washington Post.

Will Go to Rome.
After 20 years' ministrations in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Elizabeth, N. J., the Rev. Father Augustus Wirth, O. S. B., has been compelled at the age of 70 years to lay down the burden of office.

It is understood that Father Wirth intends to visit Rome and to obtain audience with the pope, after which he will return and retire to the Benedictine abbey. Father Wirth is a New Yorker by birth, but his most successful ministrations before coming to this city were in Kansas and Westmoreland Pa.

Smile Whenever You Can.
When things don't go to suit you
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.
Since life is oft perplexing
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely
And smile when'er you can.Why should you dread the morrow
And this despond today?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which I consider wise,
That should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.You might be spared much sighing
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There's a lesson worth learning
And, though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casquet
That precious jewel—health.And, though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse—
And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse.
But, whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile when'er you can.

—Quincy.

NO. .00007.

A Story by Woodyard Kindling—The Famous Creator of the Locomotive Dialect.

No. .00007 stood on the track. He was a brand new, double jointed, complex, tubular, anti-rust locomotive of the push type. He was just from the shops. Not that he had been shopping. But that is another story.

"Chik, chik!" said the little switch engine, built low in the bow, with an elevated bustle, "you ain't so warm."

"Well," said the fast express, No. 4444, "you needn't brag; you've got wheels yourself."

"Aw, go on!" said the switch engine. "You're off the track when you guy me, you old hotbox. You think you're a mogul just because you are double jointed. If I had to haul a 'trainload of coal along with me, I'd faint. No decent engine would pull such a tender as you have!"

This was a tender point with the fast express, and he sighed tracked.

"You are light headed!" he sniffed.

"And you are head lighted!" laughed the switch engine.

And this was the refined conversation No. .00007 had expected to hear! No one but Woodyard Kindling could ever have imagined it.

"Come," said the switch engine. "You must get a shove on you."

"I don't shove—I pull," said No. .00007 haughtily.

At this all the other engines laughed. Suddenly the 4:11 "limited" was heard. "Oxygustuf! Pelskychud! Dksgruff! Ram, bam, boozle de boozle de boo! Chug, chug, dammit, oh, chug, chug, go! Oxygustuf! Pelskychud! Dksgruff!"

"Isn't it beautiful?" whispered the switch engine. "Such fine language! Such exquisite meaning! There are only two things in the world that can compose such songs. One is the 'limited' and the other is Woodyard Kindling."

But No. .0007 did not answer. The song had fractured his single brace and given him spinal meningitis of the solar system plexus.—Ellis Parker Butler in New York Journal.

In Siberia.
Count No. 1—So, after all, you didn't go for a holiday before you were banished! Count No. 2—No, but I had a knouting on my arrival here!—Judy.The American Plan.
Stranger—Five dollars a day at this hotel, eh? Well, here's the money. By the way, hadn't I better leave my pocketbook in the safe until I want it? If so, I'll hand it over to you.

Clerk—Um—if you expect to get anything to eat, it would be better to hand your pocketbook to the head waiter.—New York Weekly.

Off the Team.

"That was a shabby trick they played on Haffak to force him off the football team."

"I hadn't heard of it. What did they do?"

"Chloroformed him one night and cut his hair."—Chicago Post.

The Golf Arm.

"It's a shame the way those girls play golf," said the philosophical mosquito. "Take Miss Mollie Jones, for instance. Why, when I tried to bite her arm last night, it was so hard it turned my bill in."—Harper's Bazar.

A Tip.

Wallace—I thought you said Flyaround would put up a stiff race. He didn't run one, two, three. Stiff race indeed! Ferry—Well, he did put up a stiff race. It was absolutely rheumatic.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Terrible Threat.

"John, if you don't quit referring to me as 'the old woman,' I'll make you sorry for it."

"What will you do, dear?"

"I'll be a new woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

Keeping the Faith.

"Has my boy been a little defender and been kind to dumb animals today?"

"Yes, grandma. I let your canary out of the cage, and when my cat caught it I set Fowler on her."—Harlem Life.

Satisfied.

The Female Reporter—I am just dying to be original—and I'm somewhere that no lady reporter has ever gone.

The Editor (musingly)—Well, you might go to heaven.—Yellow Book.

Modern Fiction.

"To make a long story short"—began the professor of literature.

"Leave out the heroine's discussions of the sex problem," interrupted the leader of the class.—Detroit News.

The Distressed Damsel.

She paced her chamber floor, a maiden fair,
Upon her face a look of anxious care.
A sigh she sighed—aye, even groaned—as
Her heaving breast were rent with pangs of woe.Her hands were o'er her solar plexus pressed
As pained she back and forth in wild unrest,
And from her vocal words these words were borne:
"Till never eat another 'pear of corn!'"

—Denver Post.

MUST NOT BE BURNED

THE HUMAN BODY SACRED AND NOT TO BE DESTROYED.

Strong Denunciation of the Practice of Cremation—Let Nature Receive Back Her Own—Science as Well as Religion Opposes the Custom.

The subject of cremation should be studied calmly in the light of history, science and religion if we would see it in all its complexity and favor it or oppose it intelligently. To some persons the question presents no difficulties, but I hope to show that it is far from being as simple and easy of solution as they imagine. The advocates of cremation like to remind us that 1,900 years ago cremation prevailed widely and was exclusively employed by the civilized people of Greece and Rome. This statement is too general to serve any practical purpose, and the inference is unwarranted.

It is admitted that burial in some form was the original manner of disposing of the dead. This method continued unchanged among the Chinese, the Egyptians and the Jews, but in course of time several nations and tribes adopted cremation. When and why the change was made history fails to tell. Pliny tells us that the Romans first burned their dead when waging war with foreign countries, as they had no other means of saving them from foul indignity. It is certain that the old Romans clung to burial as the only ancient and sacred method.

It is a fact established beyond the possibility of question that the first Christians never adopted cremation.

From history we pass on to science. As against earth burial it is contended that cremation will prevent the awful doom of being buried alive. Yes, but at the awful risk of being burned alive. Pliny and Valerius Maximus both tell us that some persons supposed to be dead regained their senses as they were about to be placed on the pyre and others, when actually aflame, too late to be delivered. The danger of being buried alive is offset by the danger of being burned alive.

If cremation became obligatory for all, where, in a great city, would a building be found large enough to contain all the urns that would accumulate in time? Endeavor to picture the fate of the ashes of the dead in the course of 50 years. God has taken the material of our bodies from the mother earth. When we die, perhaps it would be better to be given back to her peaceful bosom than to be consigned to the keeping of the living.

Taking another view, in the interests of justice the dead have often to be exhumed. But fire would destroy all mineral if not vegetable poisons, and thus cremation would foster a species of crime.

From a religious standpoint, in all ages, with all people, the ceremony of burial has been vested with a sacred and religious character. In disposing of the lifeless body religion has a voice as well as science.

Now, with cremation of the body all the noble sentiments die. In the silent city of the dead, for Catholics in particular, the cemetery possesses the most sacred associations. Upon the hearts and souls it has a holy influence. The natural sentiments and affections are quickened into higher life by the grave and are blended and intermingled with the anticipations of eternal hope.

The discipline and laws of the church must be judged in the light of her doctrines. She forbids cremation for those who recognize her authority, and will not give Christian burial to Catholics who, aware of the prohibition, ignore and defy it.—Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast.

A NOBLE STATUE.

Splendid Bronze Image of St. Ignatius Erected in San Francisco.

A magnificent statue of St. Ignatius was recently placed over the main entrance of St. Ignatius' church in San Francisco between the towers, which form a striking architectural feature of that edifice.

The statue represents the saint dressed in the garb of the order which he founded, bearing in his hand an open book on which is inscribed the motto of the society, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam." The figure was designed and executed by Sossleigue of Paris and is cast in bronze and weighs over 5,600 pounds.

While the donor desired her name suppressed and the Jesuit fathers declined to state definitely who she is it is generally understood that Mrs. Andrew Welsh, under whose direction the church was frescoed, and who recently gave the new organ, is the donor and that it is a tribute of her respect for Rev. Aloysius Varsi, whose golden jubilee was recently celebrated.

The figure makes a striking appearance from the street and is one of the most notable, both in size and general effect, upon any church in the city.—Exchange.

A Grand Occasion.

The Catholics of England celebrated the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine in an elaborate manner. On Sept. 14, at Ebbs Fleet, near Ramsgate, a grand and imposing function took place in the field on which St. Augustine and his followers are generally believed to have landed. Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Perraud, bishop of Autun, France, the hierarchy of England, the representatives of all the religious orders, including the lord abbot and 40 of the monks from St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, assembled to commemorate this occasion. A spacious tent was erected capable of accommodating some 1,600 persons. Herein high mass was celebrated and the music rendered by a combined choir of Benedictine monks. The bishop of Newport conducted the services.

THE POPE IS HALE.

The Memory of the Supreme Pontiff Is Also Remarkably Strong.

Leo XIII is now almost 88 years old, but his memory is still remarkable, and he often astonishes those around him by the accuracy with which he gives the details of events that came to his personal knowledge long ago or about which he has read nothing for half a century.

An illustration of this power was given the other day while his holiness was commenting on the entrance into the Catholic Coptic priesthood of Kameel Mikhail Ghali, a member of a wealthy and distinguished Egyptian family and descendant of that great Moslim Ghali who was secretary of state under Mohammed Ali and founded the reigning Egyptian dynasty. The pope remembered these facts and also that the illustrious ancestor of the new priest zealously advocated the unity of the Coptic church, sending to this end, in the name of the whole nation, an Abyssinian churchman named Moses to Pius VII, with a letter dated Nov. 20, 1806.

The pope, it is declared, not only recalled all this to mind without reference, but went on to say that Pius VII answered affectionately from the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, on July 18, 1807, and that for this zeal El-Mohammed Ghali became especially hated by the most fanatical of the disbelievers and was, through their fury, included in the disgrace of his prince. On July 6, 1821, after having assisted at mass, he was murdered by Ibrahim Pasha, eldest son of Mohammed Ali.

Sixty-seven years have passed since the experience of Leo XIII in ecclesiastical politics began and 44 sines his nomination as cardinal. His personal doctor thinks, however, that the pope will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the papacy, which would almost coincide with the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pontificate. Should this anticipation be realized, he and his predecessor will have contradicted the famous prophetic legend, Non videtur dies Petri (You will not see the days of Peter). Pius IX, who reigned over 31 years, was the first pope to reign longer than St. Peter, who was the head of the church for 25 years, 2 months and 7 days.—New York Times.

THE SIN OF DUELING.

It Is an Offense Which the Church Can Never Tolerate.

The formal excommunication by the pope of the Count of Turin and of Prince Henri of Orleans because of their participation in the recent duel, which has challenged the attention of the civilized world, renews interest in one of the great powers of the papal see.

In its broadest sense excommunication is an ecclesiastical censure by which a Christian is separated from the communion of the church. It is a power included in the power of the keys, or of binding and loosening, given by Christ to Peter and the apostles, and deduced from our Saviour's words, "He that will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican" (Matthew xviii, 17), for to treat a man as a heathen and a publican is to repel him from the church and all things sacred—that is, to excommunicate him.

St. Paul put into practice the power of excommunication when he said of the incestuous Corinthian, "I have already judged him that hath so done, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, you being gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus, to deliver such a one to satan" (1 Corinthians v, 3).

St. Augustine comments thus upon this passage: "Because outside the church is the evil, as within it is Christ, and accordingly he who is separated from the communion of the church is, as it were, delivered to the devil."

The attitude of the church toward dueling is an uncompromising one. So early as 855 the council of Valence absolutely prohibited duels, imposing penance for homicide on the man who killed his antagonist and depriving a man slain in a duel of the church's prayers. As the duel lost its judicial character and came under the ban of the secular law the church opposed it with still greater unanimity and vehemence. Julius II published a bull strongly condemning it in 1510, while the council of Trent excommunicated all who engaged in duels and those who counseled or promoted them, besides depriving persons who died in a duel of Christian burial.—Exchange.

Father Jordan's Jubilee.

Recently the Rev. P. Aloysius Jordan, S. J., completed his fiftieth year as a member of the Society of Jesus, and the occasion was celebrated the following day by two special services in St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, Willing's alley, Philadelphia.

Although nearly 70 years of age, Father Jordan has excellent sight and reads without the use of glasses, which he uses only to discern objects at a distance. Until quite recently his hearing was also unimpaired. His memory is marvelous. He readily recalls old faces and names and has an abundant fund of entertaining anecdotes regarding persons and events of half a century ago. Several months ago he was taken, seriously ill with an attack of grip, from which, however, he has apparently wholly recovered.

Well Earned Rest.

Sister Isidore Kenny, who for the last 33 years has been the sister superior of St. Vincent's hospital, Norfolk, has retired to Emmitsburg, Md., where she will spend the rest of her life in rest and quietude. Sister Isidore has three sisters in the order of the Sisters of Charity. She was born in Ireland and came to America when young. In 1855, at the time of the yellow fever scourge in Norfolk, she was one of the Sisters sent to the naval hospital to nurse those stricken with the disease.

The Quincy Monitor.

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SEPTEMBER, 1897.

That appraisership that was coming the way of a Quincy politician seems to have taken the other road at the junction. Just as well!

Senator Lodge should recognize the propriety of allowing the people of Boston to settle their municipal affairs according to their own ideas and convictions. What a pitiable picture he presents when he urges the defeat of Mayor Quincy because of the mayor's friendship for the Chicago idea relative to silver. Better mind your own business, Senator!

The gentleman who stated that the coming year he intended to work not only for Quincy but for the whole Commonwealth, probably intended to include Landlord Whipple in the whole Commonwealth. The ambition of the average member of the Great and General Court generally gets beyond his ability.

The "meaningless fetic of party" is quite descriptive and picturesque, and honestly we believe all that is intended by the words. But is this trait any more dangerous than the senseless idolatry of leaders as manifested at the Faneuil Hall meeting? Why not stand for the present, not for the past that is so full of the memory of sad blunders and slim pocketbooks.

Well, yes, Mr. Barrows has misrepresented this part of his district, but not in the matter of the tariff. That antediluvian plank is not of much consequence in these parts,—other than to a score or two of tariff monomaniacs. The misrepresentation felt most keenly is relative to the pestifereous controversy, but we trust that Mr. Barrows will recall his blunder in this matter when he gets back from Europe.

Governor Wolcott, in his speech before the Middlesex club on October 3, called attention to the extravagance of the State legislature. A good way to reduce the expenses of the State would be to provide for biennial sessions of the legislature, and to compel all members to serve without pay, except allowing for mileage. Many men go to the legislature now for a livelihood, and if this was impossible, men of better qualifications would be the only ones seeking the honor.

The failure of the crops in Ireland, will give the American sympathizers, of that little isle, a chance to again show their generosity. Help will undoubtedly be needed and the money subscribed for this purpose will be more appreciated than the immense sums heretofore given to the Parliamentary fund. Ireland is not a dependent country, but under the economic laws of English origin no opportunity is given to provide for times like the present. The craftiness of man should not be allowed to deny sustenance to any people.

The circumstances and results of the crime in Boston, a few nights ago, are certainly such as to warrant the hope that the offenders may be soon brought to the punishment so richly deserved. The police are to be commended for their zeal in endeavoring to apprehend the guilty parties, but this zeal should not extenuate the act of pointing the finger of suspicion against men who have heretofore borne good reputations, and who up to this time have, perhaps, never suffered the indignity of an arrest. Three men were subjected to this indignity lately, and in each and every case the knowledge gained by the police after the arrest was made could easily have been ascertained before the damaging step was taken.

The Herald admonishes the candidates for the presidency of the Senate not to put too much time into the preparation of elaborate speeches of acceptance, all but one of them will be sure to get left. We remember once of a Wollaston statesman who somehow got the idea into his head that he was going to be made chairman of a political meeting, and who had in consequence prepared a long-winded speech, the manuscript of which he carted to the Boston Journal office a

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,

154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

a couple of days before the convention. The office spent \$10 or \$15 in composition, but through some strange circumstance the convention didn't take kindly to the name of Williamson, and our political literature was consequently so much impoverished.

It is rather amusing to see both of our Quincy papers speaking much and in great gusto about "Hon." John Shaw. Mr. Shaw has been one year in the Quincy City Council, and later was defeated for the Legislature. His only public service, therefore, has been one year in the Council, and unless the rule has been altered one must go a few steps higher before the title of "honorable" can be claimed. The indiscriminate use of this title might be expected from some in the less precise employments of life, but by newspaper men it is unpardonable. If the title continues to be brought into such small repute, as has been the case here, those privileged to be designated as "honorable" will before long be praying for the abolition of the mark of distinction or else applying for the enactment of a prohibitive penalty.

Mr. Newcomb, in his speech of acceptance at the Republican representative convention, informed his auditors that the contrast between the Worcester and Music hall conventions caused him to be thankful that the government of Massachusetts was in the hands of the gentlemen composing the latter convention. We are quite well aware that the meeting in Worcester was not altogether decorous, but still other political parties have acted in the same manner—and much worse—in years gone by. Mr. Newcomb should follow the example of another gentleman in his ward, and get not his arithmetic, but his history "brushed up." Why it is only within the last few years that the Republicans have become such a namby-pamby set, and before that turbulent scenes were always advertised features of their conventions, state and otherwise.

The National Democrats, so-called, are "agin" the long term leases of public franchises to quasi-public corporations. Quite an entertaining and worthy idea, but how about its fulfillment, if unfortunately the National Democrats should get into power. The subway in Boston is a public franchise, but if our memory serves us, when the question of the duration of the lease to the West End Company was under consideration, and while some of the papers of the State were doing their utmost to defeat the long-term lease, many of the men who participated in the Faneuil Hall convention made most strenuous effort to secure to the West End the ninety-nine year lease. And one of the Rapid Transit Commissioners, and one who did much to secure this unreasonable lease, was Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, a district committeeman of the National Democrats. Guess that's a plank that is not nailed down.

QUEER EXPOUNDERS.

"A Catholic Citizen" deserves the thanks of the Catholics of Quincy for his complete and lucid exposition of the Doctrines of the Catholic Church, in answer to a minister, who recently delivered a hackneyed address to the Orangemen of this city. Such cleverness as demonstrated by "A Catholic Citizen" should be pitted against a more substantial opponent, and not in answer to the miserable harangue which called it forth. Catholics have nothing to fear from well-bred Protestants, and well-bred Protestants have but the best wishes and kindest regards from Catholics, but for the contemptible wretches that are continually trying to stir up discord and strife, all classes have but contemptuous feelings. The damnable plotters and traitors from the north of Ireland, and the weaklings from desolate Nova Scotia, are indeed grand expounders of Americanism. Independence they are well grounded in. In their native and crude state the vassals of masters who reward them only with cuffs and kicks, knowing full well that the worms have not the courage or the power to resent the insult.

The Advertiser in publishing the borrowed speech, even though it did come unsolicited to the office, is quite blamable in the matter, and in the future should follow the example of the respectable Patriot and not lend itself to the dissemination of this kind of stuff.

MR. JAMES H. SLADE.

The declination of Mr. Edward J. Parker as a candidate on the Democratic Representative ticket leaves Mr. James H. Slade alone to dispute the success of the Republican candidates. Mr. Slade has been a resident of Quincy for many years, and under our town government when only capable men were brought to the fore he easily took first rank among the active citizens of Quincy. He was elected to the City Council as a Democrat and while a member of that body his work was clearly in advance of that of many privileged to sit in our legislative board. Mr. Slade is erratic in manner and reckless in behavior at times, and his temper toward THE MONITOR has not always been amiable, but in our honest judgment the things for which he stands and for which he speaks with such refreshing candor are so worthy of commendation that we are not disposed to allow the stultification of our judgment because of personal feelings.

Mr. Slade espouses the essential features of the Worcester platform: local autonomy, personal liberty, the proper regulation of enterprises of monopolistic tendencies, retrenchment in State expenditures, and industrial freedom. These things are all dear to the heart of the laboring class, and if they desire the enactment of ordinances guaranteeing these things we cannot see wherein there can be any quavering as to a choice between the three men nominated for the office of Representative. The Republican candidates in their terms have always been recorded on the side of odious legislation, some of which called forth from the respectable press of Boston and elsewhere the sharpest rebuke. It may be that we are harsh in attributing this disposition on the part of the men representing Quincy to act contrary to humane and moral ideas to perverseness; it may be that many of the questions coming before the Legislature are so complex, and in their ramification so replete with detail as to be far beyond the comprehension of the average member, who in his necessity is compelled to seek the advice of an unscrupulous or wily colleague. But if this is the case it should always be our first concern to send men to the Legislature who are intelligent enough to grapple with all the matters coming to the attention of that body.

The work of the Republican candidates does not appeal to any intelligent man save for condemnation, and we deem it extraordinary that thinking men will allow themselves to be hoodwinked by the mediocrity that is so arrogantly claiming recognition at this time.

That Mr. Slade is a Democrat does not concern us here; we must confess to a hatred of party label when we are brought face to face with the slavish reverence in which the token is held by the placemen of this city.

Men who do not care to act with parties only as they meet their ideas of governmental policy, have now an opportunity to rebuke the action of the Republican convention. Mr. Slade, if elected, will care well for the interests of our city, and by his superior intellectual qualities would command for measures affecting us a better hearing than have been accorded such measures in the past.

THE WILLARD JANITORSHIP.

Mr. Walsh, the janitor of the Willard school may well be satisfied at his vindication by the School Board. The charges brought against him were prompted more by pique than by a desire to do the city a service and prompted by this spirit could not but be far distant from the truth. If Mr. Walsh were guilty of the extravagance charged, it would be creditable to him and criminal on the part of the School Board. But happily no censure can be made of either party. The janitor was endorsed by the superintendent of schools and by the principal of the building, and this with his many years of good service, led the majority of the Board to vote for his re-appointment. The causes which led up to this attempt to displace Mr. Walsh are well-known to the people of West Quincy, and they, knowing these things, are disposed to welcome the action of the Board.

(From the Quincy Patriot.)

Mr. W. E. Brown, undertaker on Mechanic street, has just had completed a very large and handsome hearse. He did not go to Boston or any other distant city, but had it made right here in this good city of Quincy; thus leaving the cash at home. If more of our people would do likewise the business in Quincy would be better and money would be more plenty.

The hearse was built by Mr. S. Scammell, our excellent wheelwright on Quincy avenue. It is very attractive and those who have seen it speak of it as a beauty.

CONGRESSMAN BARROWS.

The esteemed *Ledger*, in a recent article concerning Mr. John Shaw's candidacy for the mayoralty of Quincy, urges the selection of the gentleman on the ground that it will give him prestige as a candidate in the skirmish for the congressional nomination next fall. The *Ledger* states that Mr. Barrows, the present Congressman, has not represented the views of his constituents on the tariff, and claims that Mr. Shaw, on account of his supposed help to the granite interests should be in line for the nomination.

Mr. Barrows, it may not be amiss to remark, was not elected to his present position because of his tariff views, and to our knowledge no attention was paid to the tariff, except casually, during the whole congressional campaign. Mr. Barrows was elected simply and solely because he represented the Massachusetts idea in the currency question, and on this question alone he received hundreds of Democratic votes.

During the last session of Congress no legislative action was taken on the question of currency, and in consequence no positive action was taken by our Congressman. The tariff was the one measure that absorbed the attention of the members of Congress and as is tolerably well-known, Mr. Barrows favored the measure submitted by the Ways and Means Committee quite as much as did many of the Republican members from Massachusetts. Mr. Barrows did not demonstrate an inclination to get without the bounds of his party at any time, except in the revolt of nearly the entire Massachusetts delegation at the duties imposed on wool and hides, though this result did not affect his vote when the schedules mentioned came up for passage. We cannot, therefore, see wherein Mr. Barrows has misrepresented his party by his action at Washington, and cannot understand why discontent should be so quickly manifested in a city which gave Mr. Barrows such slim support in the convention and at the polls.

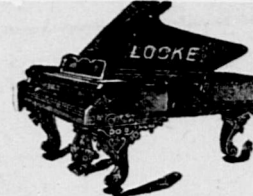
It is not to be expected that the small coterie of politicians here in Quincy will be able to carry out their threat to oust Mr. Barrows and make a substitution that would be, without doubt, below the standard that past history has given to the State and district.

Mr. Barrows has made a very creditable representative to the National Congress, and no small attempt to belittle him will find favor with the great majority of the voters of the Tenth District.

THE WOLLASTON PREDICAMENT.

The people of this city are just now smiling audibly at the frantic efforts of the Wollastons to impress upon the railroad commissioners the necessity and urgency of removing that unsightly fence at the depot. Numerous hearings have been given by the Board and both sides given an opportunity to be heard. The committee chosen to represent the Wollaston people have, with few exceptions, been persistent and thorough in the work delegated to them, and we believe the railroad officials have been equally as zealous in presenting their case, though one would be led to believe that the Wollaston people had it all their way, judging from the published reports of the meetings. The Wollaston people stand only as petitioners, however, and it is generally believed that the Railroad Commissioner will do no more than to suggest certain things to the railroad officials. The claim, foolishly made in the beginning of the controversy, that Wollaston folks would demand the removal of the fence, is little heard of at present, and the sensible folks are beginning to realize that bulldozing tactics will be but of little avail. The whole controversy could have been averted, and in all probability necessary safeguards would have been erected at the depot if the first presentation of the matter had been in competent hands. The railroad officials and the commissioners were first invited to Wollaston by a few obscure residents of the place, who presented such impracticable schemes for the abatement of the danger that the company was of necessity left to its own resources to furnish a measure of protection.

Mr. Henry Faxon seems to be the right kind of a man to send to political conventions. At the Republican senatorial convention held in Wesleyan hall, Boston, when it was proposed to endorse the nominee, James H. Flint, for the presidency of the State Senate, Mr. Faxon strenuously objected, giving as his reason that far more capable and attentive men were in line for the honor. Political conventions are made up of all classes and conditions, and for the most part those made up of members from the rural "deestricks" have no idea of the honor attaching to the office of president of the State Senate. This probably accounts for the foolish attempt to link Mr. Flint's name with such an important office.



SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

REMOVAL SALE.

Boston BARGAIN Store,
ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

PRICES WAY DOWN.
40 pairs Men's Satin Calf Shoes,
\$2.50, at \$1.29.
Men's Winter Shirts and Drawers,
39 cents.

Men's Heavy Fleece Shirts, 48 cents.

Men's Extra Heavy Fleece Shirts, wool line, \$1.00 goods, at 69 cents.

Ladies' Print Wrappers, \$1.25 and \$1.00 goods, now at 69 cents.

Ladies' Dress Skirts, \$2.50 and \$3.00 goods, at \$1.79 and \$2.19.

These Skirts are lined with canvas.

Ladies' Fleece Rib Vests, 25 cent goods, at 12 1-2 cents.

Ladies' Fleece Rib Vests, heavy 37 cent goods, at 25 cents.

Ladies and Children's Fast Black Hosiery, 10 cents.

Men's All Wool Overshirts, 95 cents.

And many bargains in our 5 and 10 cent departments that must be cleaned up. Remember we move October 20th.

Boston Bargain Store.

A. J. RICHARDS & SONS,
Quincy Grain Store.

ALL KINDS
GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
DRAIN PIPE, Etc.

Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:
Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competition. Try them.

Who is . . .
J. P. O'BRIEN,

38 HANCOCK STREET?

Why, oh I know,

HE IS THE

Cigar and Tobacco

DEALER.

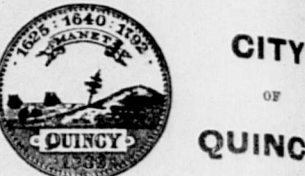
If you relish a glass of GOOD SODA you should call at O'Brien's.

Magazines and Newspapers.

PIANOS TUNED

By FRANK A. LOCKE,

EXPERT PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER and REPAIRER. 21 years' experience. Boston office, Hallett & Sons' Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont street, near South street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden's Jewelry Store, Squares, \$2.00; Upstairs, \$2.50; Grands, \$3.00. All work guaranteed. Best of references.



OFFICE OF
Inspector of Animals and Provision

Attention! Drivers and Owners of Horses

In view of the prevalence of Glanders in the city, the owners and drivers of Horses are hereby cautioned and requested to exercise care in the use of the several watering places in the city.

Per order BOARD OF HEALTH and C. JOHNSON, Inspector of Animals and Provision, Oct. 2.

STATE ELECTION,
CITY OF QUINCY.



City Clerk's Office, Sept. 28, 1897.

In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 417 of the Acts of 1893, notice is hereby given that by a vote of the City Council, passed September 27, 1897, the polling places for election to be held TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1897, in the City of Quincy, were designated as follows:

WARD ONE. Ward Room, City Hall Building.

WARD TWO. Hose House, Water Street.

WARD THREE. Precinct of Doble's Hall, corner Water and Franklin Streets.

WARD THREE. Precinct of Old Hose House, School Street.

WARD FOUR. Precinct of Mary's Hall, Willard Street.

WARD FOUR. Precinct of Hose House, Copeland Street.

WARD FIVE. Sherman's Store, known as the Bazaar, Newport Avenue.

WARD SIX. Engine House, Northbury Avenue.

ATTEST:

HARRISON A. KEITH, City Clerk.

Quincy, Oct. 1, 1897. Oct. 2—28.

Miss Belle Patterson's

Millinery Parlors

You will find a complete stock of all the LATEST STYLES IN FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY. An excellent line of

TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS

From \$2.50 to \$10.00.

Latest shapes in Walking Hats and Suits from 75c. up. Also Austrian and Fancy Feathers at reasonable prices. Orders done promptly.

112 Hancock Street,
Quincy.

Next to Wilson's Market.

Oct. 11. if by

THE
BEST
FLOUR

Perfection

SOLD BY

L. M. Pratt & Co.

25 SCHOOL STREET,
101 WATER STREET,

QUINCY

BOSTON FOOD FAIR

MECHANICS' BUILDING,
Oct. 4 to Oct. 30, 1897.

A Bonnie Scotch



We carry in stock everything that the market

requires, and here are just a few prices.

Only a few years ago the ordinary grocery stores sold oats, and the sale was very limited. We now have varieties of oat preparations, and no breakfast table is complete without Oatmeal and Cream. We recommend Rolled Oats and the large quantity we sell insures fresh goods always.

8 pounds for 25 cents; 35 pounds for \$1.00.
Quaker Rolled Oats, 10 cents per package.
H. O., 15 cents per package.
Rolled Oats, 10 cents per package.

Boston Branch
Durgin & Merrill

Our Line of Corsets

was never

have added

in entirely

lines comprising

Goods, R. & G. P.

Ferri

Misses a

We h

Her Ma

all popular

D. E. WAD

HANCOCK

Largest Dry Goods

Brooklyn.

Grand Opening of our

Fall and Winter Styles of

Men's, Young Men's and

The largest and best selected stock ever shown

Hats, Furnishings and

The Latest Styles. Lowest

GRANITE CLOTHING COMPANY

The Refractor

This most accurate and scientific instrument

corrects errors of refraction in the human eye with

drugs, and is endorsed by the leading oculists

fooled by so-called opticians, who tramp from

eyes tested by this valuable instrument.

WILLIAMS, Refracting

104 HANCOCK STREET,
Member of the New England Association

PIANOS TUNED

By FRANK A. LOCKE,
EXPERT PIANO and ORGAN TUNER and REPAIRER. 24 years' practical experience. Boston office, Hallett & Davis, Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont street, near Boylston street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden, Jewellery Store. Squares, \$2.00; Uprights, \$2.50; Grands, \$3.00. All work guaranteed. Best of references.



CITY OF QUINCY.

OFFICE OF
Inspector of Animals and Provision.

Attention: Drivers and Owners of Horses.

In view of the prevalence of Glanders in the city, the owners and drivers of Horses are hereby cautioned and requested to exercise care in the use of the several watering places in the city.

For order BOARD OF HEALTH and C. E. JOHNSON, Inspector of Animals and Provisions.
Oct. 2.

STATE ELECTION.



CITY OF QUINCY.

City Clerk's Office, Sept. 28, 1897.
In accordance with the provisions of Chapter 417 of the Acts of 1885, notice is hereby given that by a vote of the City Council, passed September 27, 1897, the polling places for the election to be held TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1897, in the City of Quincy, were designated as follows:

WARD ONE. Ward Room, City Hall Building.

WARD TWO. Horse House, Washington Street.

WARD THREE. Precinct One, Double's Hall, corner Water and Franklin Streets.

WARD THREE. Precinct Two, Old Horse House, School Street.

WARD FOUR. Precinct One, Mary's Hall, Willard Street.

WARD FOUR. Precinct Two, New Horse House, Copeland Street.

WARD FIVE. Shegman's Store, known as the Bazaar, Newport Avenue.

WARD SIX. Engine House, Newbury Avenue.

ATTEST:
HARRISON A. KEITH,
City Clerk.
Quincy, Oct. 1, 1897. Oct. 2—20.

Miss Belle Patterson's

Millinery Parlors
You will find a complete stock of all the LATEST STYLES IN FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY. An excellent line of

TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS
From \$2.50 to \$10.00.

Latest shapes in Walking Hats and Suits from 75c. up. Also Ostrich and Fancy Feathers at reasonable prices. Orders done promptly.

112 Hancock Street,
Quincy.

Next to Wilson's Market.
Oct. 11

THE
BEST
FLOUR.

Perfection.

SOLD BY
L. M. Pratt & Co.

25 SCHOOL STREET,
101 WATER STREET,
QUINCY.

GOOD
BOSTON FOOD FAIR.

MECHANICS' BUILDING,
Oct. 4 to Oct. 30, 1897.

A Bonnie Scotch Lassie



or a braw Scotch laddie—ask either of them what oatmeal is and mark the reply you'll get. Of a certainty you'll hear of Burns, and Scott, and Robert Bruce—and well right will the boast of Scottish prominence with either pen or sword be justified by the facts.

Possibly oatmeal hasn't made Scotland what she is, but of a truth the consumption of that grain has been coincident, at least, with Scottish power of brain and brawn.

Oatmeal and other grains are highly desirable food, particularly on the breakfast table.

We carry in stock everything that the market affords in the cereal food line, and here are just a few prices.

Only a few years ago the ordinary grocery store sold one or two preparations of oats, and the sale was very limited. We now carry more than a dozen varieties of oat preparations, and no breakfast table is complete without a dish of Oatmeal and Cream. We recommend Rolled Oats in bulk as economical, and the large quantity we sell insures fresh goods always.

8 pounds for 25 cents; 35 pounds, \$1.00.
Quaker Rolled Oats, 10 cents per package.

11 O. O. 15 cents per package.
Rolled Avena, 10 cents per package, and other kinds.

Boston Branch Grocery.

Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Our Line of Corsets



was never so complete. We have added many new makes in entirely new styles. Our lines comprise Warner Bros.' Goods, Royal Worcester, R. & G., Prima Donna, Newman's P. N. Goods.

Ferris Waists for Children, Misses and Ladies.

We have a complete line of Her Majesty's Corsets and all popular makes.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.

HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton. Branch at East Milton.

Grand Opening of our

Fall and Winter Styles of

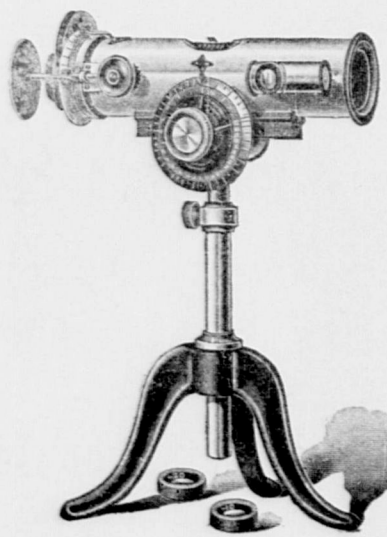
Men's, Young Men's and Children's Suits.

The largest and best selected stock ever shown in Quincy.

Hats, Furnishings and Underwear.

The Latest Styles. Lowest Possible Prices.

GRANITE CLOTHING COMPANY, Durgin & Merrill's Block QUINCY.



The Refractometer.

This most accurate and scientific instrument discovers the most obscure errors of refraction in the human eye without the use of dangerous drugs, and is endorsed by the leading oculists and opticians. Do not be fooled by so-called opticians, who tramp from house to house. Get your eyes tested by this valuable instrument.

WILLIAMS, Refracting Optician,

104 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

Member of the New England Association of Opticians.

RECENT MARRIAGES.

CALLAHAN—HUSSEY.

Mr. William Callahan, one of the young business men of the west part of the city, and Miss Mary C. Hussey, daughter of Mr. John Hussey of Copeland street, were united in marriage on Wednesday evening, September 29, by Rev. John P. Cuffe. A reception followed at the home of the bride, and during the evening the many friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Callahan tendered congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Callahan will reside in West Quincy.

PITTS—DECOSTE.

Mr. Samuel J. Pitts and Miss Minnie DeCoste, were married at St. John's church, South Braintree, on Monday morning, by Rev. J. P. Cuffe, the reception was held at the residence of Mr. David Frazier on South Walnut street, this city. Mr. and Mrs. Pitts will reside in Quincy.

MERCURIO—CIRESI.

Mr. Alfred J. Mercurio and Miss Rosina Ciresi, both of Quincy, were married at St. John's church on Tuesday morning, September 28, by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham. Mr. Giuseppe Purpura was the best man and Mrs. J. Macalini was bridesmaid. A reception was held in the evening at the home of Mr. Antonia Mercurio, the father of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Mercurio will reside on Water street.

THE IRISH EXHIBIT.

The Irish Exposition, held in New York this spring, was attended by 750,000 people. It is expected that the exhibit, in connection with the Boston Food Fair, will excel that in all that is genuinely good. Charles J. Kelly of the New England Grocer was in Ireland for a long time for the special purpose of obtaining exhibits for this department. It is expected that this department will contain Souvenirs of the Irish Rebellion of '98; Pikes and Weapons used in Ancient Warfare; Costumes of Fisher Folks of Island of Arramah, in Galway Bay; Memorials of Grattan, Emmett and O'Connell; Piece of Blarney Stone, Hill of Tara, with Dirt from Tara; Irish Fiddles and Blow-Pipe, with Dancing on Irish Soil; Peat and Moss, with Implements used in Cutting; Soil from Every County in Ireland; Principal Attractions from Fair at Athlone; Laces from Belfast; Irish Spinning Wheel. These exhibits were obtained through the influence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Mayor and Archbishop of Dublin, and the Catholic clergy. It will be a most novel and realistic exhibit of Irish life.

Mr. Edward L. Bean, Quincy's new funeral director, was given a surprise party at his residence on Summer street last evening by a number of his friends from Quincy, Boston and Weymouth. During the evening there was vocal music by Mr. Bean and Miss Nellie Callahan. There was also dancing and refreshments. Mr. Bean was presented with a handsome roll top desk the presentation speech being made by Mr. William J. Deasy of Dorchester. Mr. Bean responded. It was a jolly party and a late hour before they left for home.

Mr. Bean has but recently established himself in business here, his place of business being on Summer street. He comes well recommended and being a young man of engaging manner will, no doubt, be successful in his new field.

The Republicans of this county have demonstrated that they are quite capable and ready at times to act for the general welfare. The disposition of Commissioner Morrell has probably added more to the respectability of the party than any act in our memory, and this respectability is further augmented by the selection of a gentleman having the endorsement of Judge French of Braintree and other equally well-known gentlemen. The conduct of affairs in the county called for correction, and it is gratifying to witness the action of the Republican county convention.

Major Ginter, who died in Richmond on the 2d inst., left a fortune of \$10,000,000.

F. A. SKINNER

ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class Work at Standard Prices.

Having purchased the Photographic business and good will of Mr. F. A. Russell I am prepared to furnish all the latest styles of work in the best possible manner.

Children's Pictures a specialty. All orders will receive prompt and personal attention.

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

ABOUT TOWN.

A social dance for the benefit of Mrs. S. Martell will be held at St. Mary's hall, November 4.

Mr. Christopher Ross, one of the St. John's boys has secured employment on the State Capitol at Albany, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAloon are justly proud over the addition to their household; a bouncing twelve pound boy on Saturday the 25th.

Maurice Cantill has secured a position with Burton Preston, a granite dealer of Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. Cantill left Quincy, October 2, for the scene of his new labors.

Our felicitations are extended to Mr. William J. Welsh of West Quincy and Miss Kittie Horan of Quincy, on their coming marriage on Wednesday, October 27, at St. John's church.

Mr. John W. McAnarney was made a member of the committee appointed to draft by-laws for the contemplated Law Library association, at the meeting held in Dedham on the 4th inst.

Mr. Patrick O'Neil of Main street recently lost his pay envelope while on his way to his home. The money was found by Miss Abbie Phelps, who as soon as the owner was made known to her, promptly returned it to him.

The bazaar of Division 18, A. O. H., which opened in Hancock hall, on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., will continue on Wednesday and Thursday evenings and will close with a dance on Friday evening. The new Division will undoubtedly be very successful in its first venture, as it has the good will of most of the societies in town and the people in general.

The funeral of Mr. James Haley was held from his late home in East Milton, on Sunday afternoon, the 17th inst., and was attended by a large number of the young man's friends. The interment was at St. Mary's. The service at grave was conducted by Rev. Fr. Cuffe. The fellow-employees, of the Quincy and Boston Street Railway Company escorted the body from the house to the grave.

Mayor Adams has stated that he will not again be a candidate for the office he now holds. This declaration will disappoint many, but as His Honor has given the city two years of his time, his wishes now will be respected. He has not, we understand, informed the leaders of his party of his intention, and until he does this must be considered a candidate. Meanwhile we await developments.

Mr. Richard A. Cole, a former president of the St. John's society and Miss Margaret Fihely will be married at St. John's church on Wednesday morning, October 27. Both young folks are well known in this city, and the best wishes of the community are tendered to them. Mr. Cole has been active for many years in the St. John's society, holding many offices therein, and always to the satisfaction of his fellow-members.

Mr. Charles A. Hayes of West Quincy and Miss Alice G. Gavin of Pleasant street and eldest daughter of Mrs. M. M. Gavin are receiving the congratulations of many friends on their coming marriage the last of October. Mr. Hayes is engaged in the granite business in West Quincy and although a young man has demonstrated considerable business foresight. Many will recognize in Miss Gavin a zealous worker for the Young Ladies' Charitable society and other bodies.

The curbing along the sidewalk on School street, from the corner of Hancock street to the store of L. M. Pratt & Co., should be placed in a better condition than at present. It seems peculiar that on one of Quincy's principal streets, and one much travelled to, that the curbing should be in some places toppled over, and in other places be buried out of sight in the gutter, allowing the sidewalk to run in many grades to the street. The street is not any too well lighted and on evenings when the travel is considerable there is always more or less danger to those walking on the outside. We hope the Commissioner will give the matter his immediate attention.

Sousa's band will be at the Boston Food Fair, and to use the words of an Dutchman, the only ones present who will be unhappy will be those who are absent. There will be music in the air at the Fair. Everyone who possibly can should enjoy these concerts. To enjoy good music is part of one's education. You will never have another chance to hear Sousa for a 25 cent admission ticket.

Five hundred souvenir spoons given away at the Boston Food Fair to first five hundred purchasing tickets every morning. Different designs every day.

Mr. John P. Mundy is at present working in Albany, New York.

OBITUARY.

Every now and then there rings across the quiet of the town like a knell from the funeral bell, the tidings that one has gone from among us—one whose life was identified with the struggling energies of the community and whose death recalls the honored names that have preceded. So we thought in years past when the news went abroad that George Cahill had died; such too, were the feelings called up by the funeral notices of Maurice Sheahan, Patrick McDonnell, William Faircloth, Mr. Farrell, Dr. Donovan, and many others like them, all identified with the title of "old citizens of Quincy." In many a case they had already dropped out of public notice sometime before the hand of death came upon them, and we had learned to think of them as dear, good souls, who were bidding their time in the quiet of solitude and prayer, until God should be pleased to gather them to his bosom. Ah, those loved, familiar figures! The hoary head, whose kindly eye was like the smile of youth amidst the furrows of age. They are loved ones of no single family, they are the kindred of all their city, and their going out is the departure from those who will mourn them as vanished brethren.

Such thoughts comes across the mind even now when another familiar figure has just passed into the country of God. The life of Mrs. Catherine Sheahan was far too modest and secluded to afford those ample details with which one would like to embellish the story of her end. She however, was one of those sturdy, kindly souls who have helped to make the greater and better Quincy of the present day, and while we recognize the deep grief which her departure must cause to a loving family, we at the same time will bespeak for her sorrow of a host of friends, many of whom knew her by personal conversation, and many more through the influence which she exerted upon the fortunes of our city.

Other names also recur to us of those who have passed away during the past month, and whose lives have in some way been identified with our city. Such for instance, as Mr. Patrick Carey, who in his seventy-seventh year, departed from this world on October 15th.

Mr. William Mullane's sturdy though slight figure so familiar to the passer-by at Pierce's Corner, in the days when he plied his humble trade in the basement of the house nearby. They too shall be missed by their many friends as landmarks of the city.

The death of Master William Bennett, son of Mr. Simon Bennett, is particularly sad, following as it does other afflictions in the family. After the accident the young man appeared to be doing well, and his injuries were thought to be light, but unfortunately he suffered a greater injury than was at first supposed.

An accident which caused much sorrow to many in the parish was that which on Thursday evening, October 14, befell Mr. William Kelly of Gay street. Mr. Kelly who was a quiet, unassuming man, was known to his friends as one to be loved and revered. He will leave behind him the memory of a kind husband and father, as well as of a friend for whom many will mourn.

Atlantic loses one of its popular young men in the death of Thomas J. Colligan, which occurred at his home on Hunt street Tuesday morning after a lingering illness of consumption. He was the eldest son of David and Bridget Colligan, and was but 20 years of age. He worked in the Tabular Rivet & Stud Factory until last spring when his health began to fail and he had to leave.

Since then he had been failing until Tuesday morning he passed away. His death, although not unexpected was a shock to his many friends. He was buried from the Sacred Heart church Thursday. The flowers were costly and beautiful. A handsome pillow inscribed "Shopmates," another inscribed "C. K. of A.," of which he was a member, also large and handsome bouquets. He leaves a father and mother and several brothers to mourn his absence, besides many friends.

Four-thousand-five-hundred articles distributed to the people daily from the big give away department at the Boston Food Fair. Articles vary in cost from five to twenty-five cents, and include soap, gelatine, confectionery, cocoa, salt, baking powder, etc., etc. Full sized packages, not small samples.

St. John's L. & A. will begin its regular fall meetings next week. The extensive improvements in the hall have necessarily delayed the usual business; but the greater comfort and convenience of the renovated quarter will no doubt give greater zest to the coming events of the association.

FR. FRANCIS' RECEPTION.

Rev. F. A. Friguglietti was warmly greeted by the parishioners of the Quincy parish on his home-coming, being tendered a reception in St. John's church. Fr. Cuffe in behalf of the people presented the Rev. pastor with a purse, and with an address of welcome. Fr. Francis was agreeably surprised at this manifestation of good will and in a few words heartily thanked the people of the parish for their kindly regard and good disposition.

On the following day the children of St. John's Sunday School tendered a reception to the pastor, during which Master Daniel Carey, in the name of the Sunday School presented Fr. Francis with a purse of \$200. Fr. Francis after a feeling response distributed among the children the rosaries and medals blessed for them by the Holy Father.

During the Sunday following the Rev. Pastor administered the Papal blessing to all the faithful of the parish and especially to the children and to the Sodality.

At the Maine exhibit at the Boston Food Fair will be shown a new log cabin, or camp, as it would be called in Maine, and a very attractive lean-to. The cabin is built of peeled logs and chinked with moss from the Maine woods. The cabin was built in September by a well known Rangeley guide. Inside will be shown a fine collection of enlarged photographs of Maine scenery. There will be some grand mounted specimens of Maine trout, and one unfamiliar with the giant trout of Maine will probably be amazed at the sight of those specimens. Adjacent to the cabin will be the lean-to. Outside the cabin will be some grand mounted game heads, the work of an accomplished taxidermist of Bangor. A whole caribou will be exhibited. The sleek, glossy, appearance of the hair shown in life, but seldom seen in mounted specimens, is preserved, and there is a naturalness about the face which is rarely found in mounted caribou heads. A whole deer will be shown mounted. There will be numerous deer and caribou heads very happily arranged out of the conventional way. The scientist will find a rich field for study in the deer heads with abnormal horns. Five guides will accompany Miss Crosby. There will be Indians from Oldtown, Me., and a fine display of Maine's agricultural products.

Rev. Herbert N. Casson, the pastor of the Labor church at Lynn likens Jack the Ripper to Mark Hanna. This comparison puts Jack in bad company.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., Wadling, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family Pills are the best.

BORN.

McALOON—In Quincy, Sept. 25, a son to Mr. and Mrs. John McAloon.

MARRIED.

O'BRIEN—HAMEL—In Quincy, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. P. Cuffe, Mr. Francis T. O'Brien to Miss Georgiana H. Hamel, both of Quincy.
SENERO—CARROLL—In Quincy, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. Johnson, Mr. Frank T. Senero to Miss Mary A. Carroll, both of Quincy.
CALLAHAN—HUSSEY—In Quincy, Sept. 29, by Rev. John P. Cuffe, Mr. William H. Callahan to Miss Mary C. Hussey, both of Quincy.

MERCURIO—CIRESI—In Quincy, Sept. 28, by Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Mr. Alfred J. Mercurio to Miss Rosina Ciresi, both of Quincy.
PITTS—DECOSTE—In Quincy, Sept. 27, by Rev. J. P. Cuffe, Mr. John S. Pitts to Miss Mary DeCoste, both of Quincy.

DUGAN—ROULLARD—In Quincy, Sept. 22, by Rev. F. A. Cunningham, Mr. James H. Dugan to Miss Delia A. Roullard, both of Quincy.

HANNON—COYLE—In Wellesley Farms, Oct. 13, by Rev. P. H. Callahan, Mr. Patrick J. Hannon of Quincy, to Miss Nellie B. Coyle of Wellesley.

DIED.

MULLANE—In Quincy, Sept. 30, Mr. John Mullane, aged 56 years.

CALLAHAN—In Quincy, Sept. 28, Raymond A., son of Mr. Timothy J. and Mrs. Virginia Callahan of South Walnut street, aged 2 years, 11 months and 16 days.

COLLIGAN—In Atlantic, Oct. 12, Thomas J., son of Mr. David and Mrs. Marguerite Colligan of Hunt street, aged 20 years and 10 days.

BENNETT—In Quincy, Oct. 9, Mr. William H., son of Mr. Simon and the late Mrs. Anna Bennett, aged 19 years.

HEATH—In West Quincy, Oct. 9, Mr. John J. Heath, of California avenue, aged 35 years.

KELLEY—In Quincy, Oct. 14, William Kelley, 21, aged 48 years.

SHEAHAN—In Quincy, Oct. 16, Mrs. Catherine, widow of Mr. Maurice Sheahan, aged 79 years and 5 months.

MCCARTHY—In Quincy, Oct. 15, Genevieve, daughter of Mr. Michael and Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, aged 9 months.

CAREY—In West Quincy, Oct. 15, Mr. Patrick Carey, aged 77 years.

SULLIVAN—In Quincy, Oct. 16, Mr. Michael Sullivan, aged 29 years.

SUICIDE CEMETERY.

VICTIMS OF THE MONTE CARLO GAMBLING HALL.

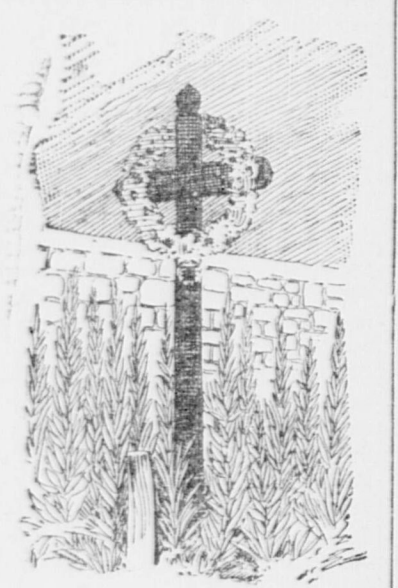
A Lonely Burial Place—The Iron Cross That Marks Grave No. 36—But One Sign For Recognition—Story of the Gravedigger.

[Special Correspondence.]

MONTE CARLO, Monaco, Sept. 25.—The gravedigger, stumbling over a loose stone, vomited forth Italian oaths. I handed him another franc. Then we resumed the steep ascent. Ultimately, when we were very high upon the desolate mountain and when Monte Carlo, at the Mediterranean's blue edge far below, was but a pink and white mass, we reached the graveyard, a weed grown patch of ground surrounded by a high stone wall. This was "suicide cemetery," where Monte Carlo's gambling hall buries its victims.

Within the inclosure there was room for perhaps 40 soldiers to lie outstretched. The ground was level, not one earth mound indicating a grave, yet 39 victims lay beneath the weeds. Rough wooden sticks, numbered from 1 to 39, served as monuments. Not there was one other monument—a cross. From its corner it towered above the weeds, a black cross of iron, fancifully wrought. Employees in Monte Carlo must know nothing, particularly nothing about that graveyard or its victims. Any employee who gives knowledge of that place to visitors to Monte Carlo is forthwith exiled from the principality of Monaco.

At first the gravedigger had denied all knowledge of the graveyard. There, in he was not different from the concierge, or the head waiter, or the porter, or the bell boy, down at the hotel. Nor was he different from certain cabmen



and gendarmes and casino guards to whom I had suggested my desire to visit the cemetery of the suicides. All these had pretended indignation, horror or perplexity. "Suicide in Monte Carlo? Never, monsieur! Suicide cemetery? No such place, monsieur. It is impossible."

But the gravedigger had climbed the steep ascent with a golden louis in his pocket. In Monte Carlo, \$4 is a month's wages. But now came the mystery of the iron cross. While planning a way to learn its story I took the photograph which is reproduced here.

Meanwhile the gravedigger was pushing one of the wooden stakes deeper into the ground. It was stick No. 39, marking a newly made oblong of pebbly earth. Then I remembered that late last night a pistol shot had cracked the stillness—a pistol shot in the casino garden. I had rushed in the direction of the shot, but a gendarme interposed, an unyielding barrier. Hurried footsteps could be heard on the gravel walk beyond. That is all you ever learn concerning a pistol shot in Monte Carlo.

In the same hour self slayers are borne to that place which is high on the desolate mountain and where stick No. 39 marked the grave of last night's victim. Every player at the gaming tables is known to the casino authorities. If, after the pistol shot, he has friends immediately at hand, they are summoned. If not, the victim simply disappears. Relatives or friends outside of the principality are never notified. Every possible trace of a suicide is destroyed.

Very few of the world's population know of the existence of the graveyard on the mountain. Fewer still have ever seen it. In two years only one visitor besides myself had climbed that steep ascent. All this is at the Monte Carlo casino wishes. It might be prejudicial to the bank's fair name if the world knew that it had carried 39 unidentified victims up the desolate mountain within the last seven years. The bank might also prefer the following facts to remain unpublished.

The facts concern the iron cross. While descending the mountain I resorted to a stratagem that compelled the gravedigger to tell the tale—a tale afterward verified by a certain croupier in the Monte Carlo casino.

At first the gravedigger looked at the iron cross blankly—knew nothing. I added another louis to the fund in his pocket. Still he knew nothing. Then I pointed down the mountain to the turrets of the casino. I would go there and report that he had led a stranger without a permit to the graveyard. His ugly face indicated anger, then fright.

"Ah, signor, she was beautiful!" he said. "But she paid well, and, besides, who cares?"

"Who cares for what?" I asked.

"For the two that lie there as one, signor, in No. 36, where the cross stands. Ah, signor, she was beautiful, and she had gold between her front teeth!"

"But the two that are buried as one?" I asked. "Who was the other?"

"He also was beautiful to look upon. He was a youth with a velvet coat and a gold pin in his neck scarf. One night he shot himself, like the others, down

there in the garden. He had lost money—ah, signor, bags and bags of money. The croupier below there will tell you all about it. The dead youth was brought up here, signor, and I gave him a broader stick than the rest, for he was young and should not have been here, and I marked the figures 36, the number on his stick, with great care, signor, more care than I had given to 35 and to 34. The weeds had just begun to grow over the place where he was, signor, and then she came."

"She? Who?"

"Ah, she was so beautiful, signor! But she paid well, and who cared? On her way up she stopped at my poor house at the entrance to the big cemetery and bought that iron cross of me, for I kept a stock of crosses, signor, in iron and in stone, for those in the big cemetery, where my wife and children lie and where I, too, shall lie. The cross was heavy, signor, cruelly heavy, for a beautiful woman. But she paid me a year's wages to stand it outside my door where she could get it, as she said, when she should come for it."

"The next morning the cross was not outside my door. It was gone and in its place a purse full of gold. Then I climbed up to where we have just been and found the cross. And she, too, was there. The cross lay along his grave, No. 36, and there she was, lying outstretched upon it, like an angel of grief, crucified. Ah, signor, you should have seen her, so beautiful and in such fine clothes! And many heavy rings were upon her fingers. By her side lay a letter. I took the letter, signor, down to the croupier, below there, for he is my friend, and he, too, dared not tell. I gave him some of the money, and he read the letter for me. Bury me in his grave, it said. Let the cross simply mark grave No. 36. And forevermore silence!"

"And there they lie, signor, in 36, where the cross stands—she and he, buried as one. May death smite me if this is not the truth and may the Holy Virgin forgive me for breaking silence."

GILSON WILLETTS.

SOME ODD SWINDLES.

There Are Still Ways to Get Money Wrongfully on Checks and Notes.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—"Thanks to the devices by which figures representing the sum for which a check is originally drawn may be cut into the paper composing the check itself," said a veteran detective to the writer yesterday, "swindling by check raising is not nearly so common nowadays as formerly. It was once the favorite form of bank swindling. It is much easier to alter a figure or two than it is to imitate a signature perfectly."

"Still there are many ways by which a clever man may unlawfully get money on checks, notes and other pieces of commercial paper without actual forgery. I met a man only a day or two ago who worked one of the neatest schemes of this sort on record some years ago. He was publishing a newspaper in an interior city at the time. His venture promised well, but had not yet reached the living point, and he had to raise the wind somehow or suspend."

"At that time, however, he had no notion of doing anything crooked, and he succeeded with comparative ease in getting a loan of \$900, in the form of three \$300 promissory notes, signed by a moneyed friend. These notes were indorsed by the publisher himself, after which he had no difficulty in securing the required cash from the bank. The notes were payable in three, six and nine months respectively, and the moneyed friend was very particular that they should be taken up promptly on time, saying that future financial favors would depend entirely upon this. A day or two after the first note fell due the maker received what he supposed was the note, marked 'paid' with a rubber stamp and with the signature torn off. At the end of six months he received the second note, as he supposed, in the same condition, and of course he felt perfectly easy about the third one. Ext before it became due the publisher failed, and in the course of time the moneyed friend was called upon to make good not only the last note, but the other two also. They had never been taken up at all."

"What about the notes received by the moneyed friend, marked 'paid'? Well, the body of the original notes had been filled out by the publisher in his own handwriting, and he had taken the precaution to fill out duplicates, which, however, were not signed at all, but carefully put away, to be used in case of emergency. When the first note fell due, the publisher was unable to meet it, but knowing the bank people very well had no trouble in getting a renewal by paying the interest. But he did not dare let his moneyed friend know the facts, and there was where the duplicate notes came in. The publisher had only to stamp these duplicates 'paid,' tear off the part of each that would have borne the signature and send it to his friend. Of course the publisher had hoped to arrange matters ultimately, but his business didn't prosper as he hoped it would and failure was brought about discovery. He was arrested and kept some time in jail, but was never tried, there being some doubt as to whether he could be convicted of any crime."

"One of the most successful cases of petty 'raising' I ever heard of was discovered not long ago by a well known business house, the swindler being the firm's own office boy, who was sent to the bank every day with the deposit. For some little time he habitually raised the figures of the slips on which the receiving teller marked the small amounts charged for collecting out of town checks and drafts. The firm's bookkeeper trusted the boy implicitly, and as long as the teller made his figures in lead pencil there was no trouble. One day he used ink, and so did the boy, but the inks were not alike, and discovery followed at once."

FRED WILLIS.

BLUFF CITY'S BUNKO.

THE WORK WAS DONE BY THE MAN WITH A YELL.

He Was Over Six Feet Tall and Weighed Two Hundred and Eighty Pounds, and When He Arrived Two Hundred Local Terrorists Took to the Woods.

One day there came into Bluff City a man over 6 feet high and weighing close upon 280 pounds. He loomed up like a giant, and when he uttered a warwhoop the sound was like the rumble of thunder. He had long hair, dressed in buckskins, and his guns numbered three and his knives two. That he was a terror from way back and was three ply and double jointed was realized by all at first glance. There were half a dozen towns in town at the time—Grizzly Pete, One Eyed Sam and Awful Joe among the number—and the rest of the population was made up of bad men who were handy with the gun. When this giant terror was seen coming down the mountain trail, three or four men went out of town at the other end, feeling sure that some one would be killed within an hour, and that they would be black as thunder and feared out."

"My cognomen ar' Blood Red Jim, and I hail from the highest peak of the Rocky mountains. The same convulsion of nature that split the mountain in two at Bridger's pass threw me on earth, ar' I'm good to live 100 years. However, don't nobody run away from me. I'm 6 feet high and weigh a ton, but I ain't dangerous. My fallin' is that I ain't got no sand and I've allus run away from the critter who started to pick a four with me."

Three or four men extended him invitations to drink, and after imbibing a liberal quantity of tanglefoot the newcomer uttered a roar like the noise of a snowslide and said:

"It was me that skinned a hull war party of Apache Indians out of Plum valley, but I didn't do it with my guns. I just belled ar' 'em, and they fled in terror. I've got an awful voice on kilt but I'm as harmless as a young jack rabbit. Don't make no mistake on me."

Three of the terrors eluded out of the



"I JUST BELLED AT 'EM AND THEY FLED IN TERROR!"

crowd, and started for Duck river, feeling that the big fellow might break loose at any moment, and there were other invitations to drink and make himself at home. He drank again, and there was a broad smile on his face as he looked the crowd over and cautioned:

"Grizzly bears flee in terror as they hear my footsteps, and when I whistle the mountain lions hunt his hind and continue to tremble for the next two days. It was me that stopped a snowslide up in Eagle canyon last winter, and it was me that turned back a stampeding herd of 10,000 cattle over in Coeo valley a month ago. Howsumever, don't nobody run away. In size I'm the biggest human critter west of the Mississippi river; but, as far sand, I ain't got a pinch."

The other three terrors made a snick and started for Lone Jack in company, while the bad men walked softly around and made ready to bolt when the critical moment arrived. Two more free drinks warned the stranger up until his smile took in everything for half a mile around, and presently he said:

"If I'm harmless, why do I carry these guns and knives around with me? Just because I met a critter who wanted to trade 'em for my cayuse and git outer the kentry, and I did it to oblige him. It was me that skinned Jim Taylor and his gang over Cow City, but I never pulled a gun to do it. Jest one yell did the business. If any of 'em had stood up to me, I should have run like a wolf. I'm goin to utter one of my yells here purty soon, but nobody need be afraid. It's all noise and no sand to follow it up by killin' half a dozen men. I'd give a heap if I was dangerous, but I can't be."

It was judged that the time was near at hand when the big man would turn loose, and one after another of the crowd skulked away until only a cowboy who was asleep in his chair in the Dead Shot saloon remained behind. The big man helped himself to a drink, and then, standing in the door of the saloon, he yelled a yell which could have been heard three miles away. When the yell echoed and reverberated and rumbled up and down the streets, the bad men tumbled over each other to get farther away. It brought the sleeping cowboy to his feet with a jump, and after rubbing his eyes he demanded of the stranger:

"Who's a-doin of this yellin, and what's the object?"

"It was my yell," replied the big un, "and that wasn't no pertickler object except to make a noise."

"I'm ag'in yer yell, stranger?"

"Then I'll stop it."

"And I reckon I'm ag'in you as well!"

"I'm sorry for it."

"Durn a man who'll spit out a sound like that to make another man up!" continued the cowboy as he reached for his guns. "Stranger, hev you got sand?"

"Not a bit."

"Don't want no shootin'!"

"No."

"You look to be a reg'lar terror."

"I know it, but I'm as harmless as a

child. You hain't drawn no gun on me yet, but I'm tremblin' all over."

"What's Grizzly Pete, One Eyed Sam and the rest of the shooters?" asked the cowboy as he looked out into the street.

"Gone hence for fear of me," replied the giant.

"And the bad men?"

"Hidin among the shanties. I'm powerful sorry this thing occurred. I told 'em I was harmless and ready to run, but they wouldn't believe me. I wish you'd do me a powerful favor."

"Let 'em go."

"Take me by the ear and lead me as far as the bridge, and then I'll make a run for it. If I kin git outer this town alive, I'll be the most thankful man in the kentry."

"I'm down on you fur yellin," said the cowboy as he took a free drink from the deatner on the bar, "but I'm allus willin to favor a man who hain't wicked all through. Come along."

And 300 bad men who were dodging about and expecting a fusillade every moment looked up to see the little cowboy leading the big man along in all humility, and when they reached the rude bridge over the gully the little man gave the big man two or three hearty kicks and yelled at him, and five minutes later the man who was harmless was out of sight up the trail.

M. QUAD.

A Noble Man.

A careless mason dropped a brick from the second story of a building which he was at work. Leaning over the wall and glancing downward, he discovered a respectable citizen, with his silk hat jammed over his eyes and ears, rising from a recumbent posture. The mason, in tones of apprehension, inquired, "Did that brick hit any one down there?" The citizen, with great difficulty extricating himself from the "extricating" into which his hat had been converted, replied, with considerable wrath, "Yes, sir, it did. It hit me."

"That's right," exclaimed the mason, in tones of undisguised admiration. "Noble man! I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than have you tell me a lie about it."—Argonaut.

One Happy Result.

"I'm sorry you have such a severe case of hay fever," said a Pittsburgher to an Allegheny friend.

"Oh, it has its compensations," replied the sufferer, who is a philosopher.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I can't smell that cigarette you are smoking."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Crank With the Funeral Urn—Refused a Permit—A Tree That Goes to Sleep Each Night.

[Special Correspondence.]

All sorts of cranks come to Washington. General John M. Wilson, chief of engineers, U. S. A., was sitting in his office in the war department the other day when a person of very dubious aspect appeared in the doorway. It was a man, with clothing tattered and torn, a two weeks' beard, and carrying an ordinary tomato can in his hand—a tramp obviously.

"I'm in hard luck," said the man, sitting down on the edge of a chair. As he did so he placed the tomato can on a corner of General Wilson's desk.

"I've been carrying this here can around for two weeks," added the stranger, indicating the receptacle with his thumb.

"It contains the remains of my deceased wife," the man continued, wiping one eye with the frayed tail of his coat. "She was cremated a fortnight back."

"It would never do."

"You don't say so," said the general, this time really surprised, and looking thoughtfully at the tomato can as if he wished it somewhere else than on his desk.

"Fact, sir," replied the stranger, "and her last request was that the remains should be disposed of in some genteel manner. I couldn't afford an urn. You know, one can hire an urn at the crematory, but it's awfully expensive. So I brought 'em away in this can, and I've been carryin' 'em around for two weeks for want of knowin what to do with 'em. Now I've decided, and I've come to ask for a permit."

"A permit for what?" asked the general.

"To chuck 'em from the top of the Washington monument," said the man, "and scatter 'em to the four winds of heaven. That would be rather genteel, don't you think?"

"I suppose it would," assented the general, with a gasp.

"They told me I'd have to come to you for a permit," explained the stranger.

"No, sir," responded General Wilson decidedly. "You can get no such permit here. The Washington monument is not intended for burial purposes. Good day, sir."

The general said afterward: "Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent the man from scattering a bucketful of ashes from the monument if he wanted to do so, but if I granted a permit for such a thing cranks from all over the country would be coming here to distribute the remains of their relatives from the top of the marble shaft. It would never do, indeed."

Insuring Chinese Officials.

Consul Read of Tien-tsin, China, has written the state department that a prominent life insurance company of the United States has lately begun to insure the Chinese, which is a departure in the right direction, as the Chinese higher classes and officials take readily to the endowment policies as a means of making investments which cannot be touched and upon which "squeezes" cannot be levied. J. P. Grant, Esq., the representative of the company, is now in Tien-tsin. "I introduced Mr. Grant to the local, who was much interested in the explanations of modern forms of life insurance," said the consul. "Within a few days after his arrival Mr. Grant insured Chang Yen-mow, the managing director of the Chinese Engineering and Mining company, for 100,000 taels (about \$65,000) and has written in other quarters 160,000 taels. Mr. Grant states that before the closing of the port for the winter he is confident of writing 1,500,000 taels in Tien-tsin. That China is a rich field for insurance is shown by the fact that, with but intermittent canvassing for several months, the company has issued to the Chinese between 2,500 and 3,000 policies."

Horsepower in Cycling.

In relation to the horsepower exerted by a bicycle rider Mr. Joseph S. McCoy, the government actuary of the treasury department, who is regarded as one of the highest known authorities on the subject, said to me recently: "The horsepower developed by a person riding a bicycle varies with the speed at which he rides, the condition of the wheel, the condition and inclination of the road and the speed and direction of the wind. Considered as a machine, the bicycle has quite a high efficiency. Even the much maligned chain, when in good condition, absorbs less than 2 per cent of the power transmitted to it. A person mounted upon a wheel in good condition, riding at about four miles per hour on a smooth, level track, develops less than 1-100 of a horsepower, while a racer riding at a two minute gate develops nearly one-half of a horsepower, the air being still in both cases."

A Tree That Goes to Sleep.

Near the western border of Dupont circle stands a tree that has a privilege not accorded other shade trees of Washington. Nature has endowed it with what we mortals consider a very happy faculty—namely, to enjoy a peaceful slumber every night. It is called Albizia julibrissis and was christened so by an Italian botanist named Durazzo in honor of a member of the most noble family of the Albizzi of Florence, who probably had also been a botanist. The tree, however, is an original of Japan and known there as the Japanese silk tree.

Soon after 7 o'clock in the evening a general motion is noticed in the foliage. A quiver or trembling of the bipinnate leaves. Each leaflet begins to stand up on edge and pairs with the one opposite. They clasp each other tightly and then close up with the other on the petiole, so that each becomes a covert over half of the preceding one. The entire transformation takes place in about 20 minutes.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

HUMOR OF THE

Poor fellow! He was Tears poured down cheeks, and he would say of us. "Come," said one, "brace up, old man!"

"The banquet was a night and that's his snake's head!"

"Of course you needn't worry if they do fine you get out of it all right."

"Oh," cried the other, "I'll never be able to do it. It's awfully nice of you to help me out, but what can't be undone."

"Pshaw! Others may by mistake before you all right. Why can't you?"

"It isn't the arrest, don't care for that, o'clock in the morning my dress suit on."

"Then he buried his and the others were sl that he was ruined for Leader."

The Grate.

Once upon a time in Hyderabad from death. The and a beautiful between the regu When Mr. Blat time in India, snake back with established him his back of his house a great noise and, snake's private apart the animal had caught folds of its body and tail out of a window man. "Ah," said one gravely, "I don't think be true, because the snakes in that part of could not think who statement broke up the don Queen."

The Angel.

Two venerable traveling in an day noticed a b the typical ang them with his claimed one of as pure and inn as that dear companion was suitable reply was broke out as the could be heard all "Mamma, if I had those two old crows New York Tribune."

Illustrious P.

"I'll spank you Tommy," said his hear of your climbing again. Some day you off, and then you will life with only two backs out as the could be heard all "Mamma, if I had those two old crows New York Tribune."

Manhattan-

southern gold ruined during able for the heads above Col. E. (tion)—Above say so, said—N

Of No A.

After trying for ride his new bicyc bookkeeper carried it thrust it in among to up to profit and loss disburse sigh. "I no dance!"—Chicago Tr

The Cares of

Hicks—After all, misfortune to be wicks—What he head?

Hicks—Wh that the ma more he kicld—Boston Tr

Tommy—B

Nurse—Yes Tommy—Then finds it isn't so nice up there that he d and kicking—New

His Accom

Askins—They sn an accomplished him Grimshaw—Yes, ent languages—Endi cety gable, basel fare French and L—New York Sund

Ice Cr

"Mike

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A Tree That Goes to Sleep.

Near the western border of Dupont circle stands a tree that has a privilege not accorded other shade trees of Washington. Nature has endowed it with what we mortals consider a very happy faculty—namely, to enjoy a peaceful slumber every night. It is called Albizia julibrissin and was christened so by an Italian botanist named Durazzo in honor of a member of the most noble family of the Albizzi of Florence, who probably had also been a botanist. The tree, however, is an original of Japan and known there as the Japanese silk tree.

Soon after 7 o'clock in the evening a general motion is noticed in the foliage, a quiver or trembling of the bipinnate leaves. Each leaflet begins to stand up on edge and pairs with the one opposite. They clasp each other tightly and then close up with the other on the petiole, so that each becomes a coverlet over half of the preceding one. The entire transformation takes place in about 20 minutes.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Poor fellow! He was "all broke up." Tears coursed down his red, puffed cheeks, and he would not be comforted.

"Come," said one of his friends, "brace up, old man. It's too bad that the banquet was too much for you last night and that you fell by the wayside, but that's liable to happen to almost any of us. Of course they'll discharge you when they find out how it was, and you needn't worry about the money if they do fine you. We'll see that you get out of it all right."

"Oh," cried the disconsolate one, "I'll never be able to live this down. It's awfully nice of you, boys, to try to help me out, but what has been done can't be undone."

"Pshaw! Others have been arrested by mistake before you and got out of it all right. Why can't you do the same?"

"It isn't that arrest," he sobbed. "I don't care for that, but here it's 9 o'clock in the morning, and I've got my dress suit on."

Then he buried his face in his hands, and the others were silent. They knew that he was ruined forever.—Cleveland Leader.

The Grateful Rattlesnake.

Once upon a time a gentleman resident in Hyderabad saved a rattlesnake from death. The snake was grateful, and a beautiful friendship grew up between the reptile and his preserver.

When Mr. Blank had completed his time in India, he brought the rattlesnake back with him to London and established him in a spare room at the back of his house. One night he heard a great noise, and, rushing into the snake's private apartment, found that the animal had caught a burglar in the folds of its body and was rattling its tail out of a window to call a policeman.

"Ah," said one of the listeners gravely, "I don't think that story can be true, because there are no rattlesnakes in that part of India." And he could not think why this conclusive statement broke up the meeting.—London Queen.

The Angelic Boy.

Two venerable clergymen who were traveling in an elevated train the other day noticed a beautiful little boy, with the typical angelic face, seated opposite them with his mother. "Ah, me," exclaimed one of them, "will we ever be as pure and innocent in the next world as that dear little boy opposite?" His companion was just going to make a suitable reply when the dear little boy broke out as follows in a voice that could be heard all through the car.

"Mamma, if I had a pistol, I'd shoot those two old crows across the aisle."—New York Tribune.

Illustrious Precedent.

"I'll spank you harder than this, Tommy," said his mother, "if I ever hear of your climbing on freight trains again. Some day you'll get a leg cut off, and then you will have to go through life with only one leg to stand on."

"That's all the letter Y has," blubbered Tommy, rubbing himself, "and it gets along all right 'nough."—Chicago Tribune.

Despised.

Manhattan—No doubt many of you southern gentlemen were financially ruined during the war, but you've been able for the most part to keep your heads above water, haven't you?

Colonel Blundiggrowne (with agitation)—Above what, sah? Well, I should say so, sah!—New York Sunday World.

Of No Account.

After trying for half a day to learn to ride his new bicycle the slim legged bookkeeper carried it up to the attic and thrust it in among the cobwebs.

"I shall have to charge that machine up to profit and loss," he said, with a dismal sigh. "I never can make it balance."—Chicago Tribune.

The Cares of the Wealthy.

Hicks—After all, it must be a great misfortune to be wealthy.

Wicks—What put that idea into your head?

Hicks—Why, didn't you ever notice that the more money a man has the more he kicks against paying his taxes?—Boston Transcript.

His Guess.

Tommy—Baby came from heaven, didn't he?

Nurse—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—Then I guess it's because he finds it isn't so nice down here as it is up there that he does so much crying and kicking.—New York Journal.

His Accomplishments.

Askins—They say that Broadhead is an accomplished linguist.

Grinshaw—Yes, he speaks six different languages—English, baby talk, society gabble, baseball dialect, bill of fare French and Ian Maclaren Scotch.—New York Sunday World.

Ice Cream.

"Mike, an is it yerself that will be after tollin me how they make ice cream?"

"In truth I can. Don't they bake them in cowlid ovens, to be sure?"—Nuggets.

Klondike.

'Twas not so very long ago When good old friends would meet us, Stop and tell about that strange disorder Called appendicitis.

And sudden like 'twas boomed along, And every one would greet us With the cheering information That They had appendicitis.

It grew to be a perfect fad, And friends began to treat us With all the latest details Of The fad—appendicitis.

Another fad now stares at us, It's just about to greet us, It's not a malformation, but Gold fever—Klondike.

'Tis safe to say that ere a year Does of our warm youth chest us We all will have, or will have had, The new fad—Klondike.

—New York Truth.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Leading Features in Autumn Millinery. The Toreador Hats—Women as Versatile Musicians.

There is a redundancy of ornament in the autumn millinery, but principally directed in the way of feathers. Too many could hardly be crowded on to the sides of hats, toques or bonnets.

Strangely enough, on the very latest and most chic hats from Paris, no less than on the creations of the leading London milliners, long, graceful ostrich plumes are to be seen, plumes which

follow the lines and curves of the wide boat shaped brims, exactly as they were wont to do who shall say how many years ago? One cannot deny that there is a great charm about this form of trimming, for the soft feathers seem to fall of themselves into graceful positions. They soften every harsh and unbecoming outline and help to form the prettiest of all settings for a pretty face.

Given four or five long ostrich feathers of good quality, and you have ample trimming for almost any kind of hat. It seems very probable that these long ostrich feathers will play a most important part in the millinery of the immediate future.

Hats which do not have plumes have wings or an occasional white bird. White wings are much worn. One of the favorite novelties of the moment are quills with an applique of lace upon them. Trimmings under the brim are still placed on the most dressy form of hat.

Bonnets have gained in favor since the jubilee, as the ladies of the royalty appeared at the public functions in bonnets, not hats. Still it is believed that hats will hold their own, although the bonnet is asserting its power.

White felt hats, with a new form of brim, trimmed with brown velvet and a quill, are counted with novelties. A white felt hat trimmed with bronze ribbons is quite a new departure. The to-

readers hats are well to the front, with full trimmings at the side and ribbons of various kinds, oriental patterned. A toreador hat with feather trimmings congregated on the top of the crown is yet another style.

Women as Musicians. Some years ago it was thought entirely out of the question for a girl to play on any other instrument than the piano, but this idea is fast passing away. It is no unusual thing now to see lady pipe organists, violinists, harpists, etc., and it has even gone so far that there are in this country today several very creditable female orchestras.

This is a move in the right direction, says a writer in Etude, who adds: "We have long had too many piano 'pounders.' The violin, harp, cello, flute, oboe and bassoon—in fact, any of the orchestral instruments, with the exception of the heavier brass and the double bass—are suitable for a woman to play, and there is no reason why she should not show her musical abilities on one of them just as well as on the piano. In fact, some writers on this subject claim the fair sex can excel upon some instruments. Take the flute for example. It is said that a woman can produce a finer and more velvety tone upon this instrument than a man owing to the more delicate formation of her lips. The same is true to some extent of the oboe and clarinet.

We already have several women conductors in this country, and no doubt within a few years we shall have a complete female orchestra—conductors and performers.

Ill Bred and Disagreeable. The practice of dressing for the street in the theater and church before the play or service is over is growing. In the theater women put on their hats—big ones—at the beginning of the last act. It is almost impossible to hear the closing words of a play, and if the curtain goes up at the close the actors looking down upon the auditorium must see something which looks very much like a panic stricken crowd. A writer in the New York Times, commenting on this practice, says: "No one is in a hurry after the outer door is reached, and this mad haste inside is as strange as it is ill bred and disagreeable. In church the rush is not so mad, but the sentiment is even more objectionable."

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Mechanics head the list of inventors, clergymen next. Ushers in the queen's household receive £200 per annum.

Seventy pounds' worth of coin is dropped in London daily. The music halls of London regularly employ over 12,000 people.

The eggs of the Bahama cuckoo are said to be worth £20 per set. The average person is supposed to speak about 12,000 words a day.

It is said that the Greenland whale sometimes attains the age of 400 years. In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to the population than in any other country.

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The judges of the supreme court of Florida draw straws for the position of chief justice, the constitution of the state providing that that official shall be chosen by lot. It is said that if the earth's atmosphere should be suddenly increased in thickness to 700 miles the sun could not penetrate it, and the earth would soon be wrapped in ice.

Since the beginning of this century no fewer than 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen of that number have since disappeared, and ten are now inhabited. According to our last census, 3,981 persons over 100 years were found, and of these 2,583 were women. In France in 1895 there were only 66 men and 147 women over the 100 mark.

It is roughly estimated that Africa cannot contain more than 200,000 elephants, so that at the present rate of annihilation we are within easy view of the extinction of the entire species. The insectivorous bats are truly cosmopolitan, occurring on every large land area in the world and in most of the islands. They are among the few placental mammals which Australia has.

About the year B. C. 220 edible serpents were sold at the rate of 20 for 40 cents in the Egyptian markets. They were shipped to Rome. Italian vipers were cheaper, 20 being sold for 15 cents.

Queen Margherita of Italy wears a necklace of numerous rows of pearls, which is increased by a row presented to her by the king on her birthday every year. The necklace is rather too large to be pretty.

A quart of oysters contains on the average about the same quantity of active nutritive substances as a quart of milk, or a pound of very lean beef, or a pound and a half of fresh codfish, or two-thirds of a pound of bread.

Of his "Penny Novels" Mr. Stead has printed up to date 7,274,000. Among all the other authors, old and new, Mr. Rider Haggard tops the list. The sale of "She," an abridgment of which was the first of the series, ran up to nearly 500,000 copies.

The shoe and leather trade of Baltimore has an invested capital of nearly \$7,000,000, and the amount of the wholesale and manufacturing trade of the city in this line is estimated at \$16,000,000 annually, the retail and custom trade adding \$4,000,000 more.

Insectivora are exceedingly useful to farmers. They are almost all nocturnal animals, a great many of them living underground. Moles are confined entirely to subterranean life. Others keep in burrows and holes and crevices of the rocks, coming out only at twilight or night.

The herd of European bison protected by the czars of Russia in the forests of Bjelowski, Lithuania, numbers 1,900 in 1896, but is now reduced to 500 and shows no sign of increase. The dwindling of the herd is ascribed to inbreeding, due to the confined area of the reservation.

An old lady who in the great Napoleon's time unconsciously saved a French flag from the enemy has just died in Paris. Her father was an officer at Toul during the cent jours, and when the place capitulated managed to save the colors of the Twenty-seventh infantry by using them as a swaddling band for his baby girl. They were afterward restored to the regiment.

British government experts have just completed their valuation of the pictures and art treasures bequeathed to the English nation by Lady Wallace. Their estimate is set down officially at the enormous sum of \$22,000,000. The authorities have decided to keep the collection where it is—that is to say, in Hertford House, which the government is now about to acquire for the purpose.

FACTS IN A FEW LINES.

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SHORT NEWS STORIES.

How the Yankee Lost the Girl—The Drows in Cohoes—Turkey Buzzards as Garbage Collectors.

Some one had just read a story of two men who had played a game of cards for the hand of a girl. "I never believe such yarns," declared one of the listeners. "Some fellow just imagines and then writes them up."

This was the cue for the man who had seen much of the world before settling down. "I saw two men play for a bride once. I was down south as a sort of companion and bodyguard for an invalid who was traveling through the mountains on horseback. A storm kept us for three days at one place where the daughter of the house was one of those stately beauties who occasionally find among the mountaineers. One of her own people wanted to marry her, and her affections were centered on a shrewd young Yankee who was down there for some purpose he kept to himself. Both the suitors happening there one evening during our presence, the young native called the girl's father aside, and after he had declined to let the two fight for his daughter it was decided that a game of old sledge must determine her fate. I sat behind the Yankee while the father was at the shoulder of the man he favored. One game of seven points was to settle the fateful controversy."

"I noticed that my man played indifferently, but luck was with him, and he had six points to his opponent's five. On the deal my man got the ace and deuce, which made him a winner, and I was about to congratulate him when he gave my leg a squeeze that went to the bone."

"What have you for high?" he asked. "King."

"What for low?" "Four spot."

"She's yours," and the voice was said. Nervously shifting the deck, he congratulated the beaming young mountaineer. "Not a word now," he said when he got me alone. "I didn't want her. Had I said so the old man would have taken it as an insult. Had I wanted her and won her I would never have lived to marry any one."—Detroit Free Press.

The Drows in Cohoes. While Mr. John Drew was in town recently he related one of the funniest of his old time experiences. When he and his brother were playing in Troy, the company had an evening off here for some cause or other, and the manager decided to send it to Cohoes for an experiment. He hired a hall, advertised the attraction, placed seats on sale at the usual place and sent a young man there to take up the tickets at the door. As he was unable to go personally he told Frank to look after matters and see that everything was all right. A little after 7 o'clock Frank went to the hall and asked the door tender if anybody had gone in yet.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "There are 50 or 60 inside."

"But where are the tickets?" asked Frank.

"They didn't give me any," was the reply. "Each one came to the door, said 'Catact,' and walked past me. It must be raining dreadfully outside."

"Raining?" replied Frank. "It's not raining at all. What does this mean?"

As he was talking a young man walked up to the door, looked at Mr. Drew, exclaimed "Catact!" walked in, and took a seat. Neither a ticket nor a cent had been received, yet it looked as though there would be a good house if the "catact" expedient continued. Mr. Drew stepped inside and said to the audience:

"Gentlemen, you must excuse my ignorance, as I am a stranger in town, but will somebody inform me what is the meaning of the word 'catact,' which you have all used here tonight."

"Why, that's the name of our newspaper," somebody spoke up.

"Oh," said Mr. Drew, "I see now. I am sorry to disappoint you, but as there is nobody here but 'catact's' there will be no show tonight. Good evening."

And the company returned to Troy without any cash for the manager.—Troy Press.

New York Cable Cars. Rapid transit in New York is still only a dimly realized dream. The much vaunted cable cars crawl along lower Broadway and even up town do not attain a speed that would be remarked anywhere else. It's the narrow streets and the dense throng of traffic that make them seem swift and terrible Juggernauts, but even this semblance is sometimes lacking. A cable car was creeping and changing along lower Broadway, making a terrific racket, but very little progress. By its side wended a pathetic little funeral procession, for life is never so slow or swift that death cannot overtake it. Sometimes the cable car would forge ahead for a minute, but its grewsome running mate would soon overtake it again.

"Call this rapid transit?" grunted a passenger. "Why, we're running a dead beat with a funeral procession!"—Washington Post.

Buzzards as Garbage Collectors. "Turkey buzzards are the garbage collectors of Charleston," says a traveling man. "Now, if you know anything of the nature of a turkey buzzard you must know that ordinarily it's a very shy sort of creature and generally avoids civilization, particularly as represented in the large cities. These birds, however, are tame, and they strut about the heels of the people in the markets, picking up bits of refuse meat and vegetables. The buzzard has a voracious appetite, and there always seems to be room inside of him for a choice bit of tainted beef or decayed cabbage. There is a \$5 fine for any man molesting one of these birds. I understand that Charleston is the only city in the country that has this unique system of garbage collecting."—Philadelphia Record.

OF PRESENT INTEREST.

The latest ocean greyhound, the North German Lloyd steamer, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, made the trip from Southampton to New York in five days, twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes. The tonnage of the new steamer is 14,000, and the displacement 20,000 tons.

James E. Cotter, Esquire, the well known Hyde Park lawyer, and recently President of the Irish Charitable society, is the candidate for the lieutenant governor on the Gold Democratic ticket.

The contemplated dry dock for the Navy Yard at Charlestown, a project of Hon. John D. Long the Secretary of the Navy, would cost \$1,500,000. This sum would build a dock large enough to accommodate vessels of the dimensions of the Indiana, recently dry-docked at Halifax.

Charles Anderson Dana, the editor and principal proprietor of the New York Sun, died on Sunday, the 15th inst., at his summer home, Glen Cove, Long Island. The newspaper, which he created and managed subsequently for thirty years, now passes into the hands of his son, Paul A. Dana.

President McKinley and Atty.-Gen. McKenna gave the people of Massachusetts a good example on the Sunday spent in the town of Adams. The President with Mrs. McKinley and his niece attended the Methodist church, and Mr. McKenna with Mrs. McKenna and Miss McKenna attended the Holy sacrifice of the mass in St. Thomas' church.

Thomas A. Watson of Braintree, the nominee of the Silver Democrats for State Treasurer, was at one time a member of the school board of that town. He resides in East Braintree, is possessed of considerable wealth and has assisted the schools of his town in a most substantial way at different times. The kindergarten system was instituted and is now maintained in the Jonas Perkins school at his expense.

Hon. Joseph McKenna, at present the attorney-general of the United States, will probably be appointed by President McKinley a member of the Supreme Court. Mr. McKenna will be the third Catholic to be elevated to this high dignity, Justices Taney and White being the others. Justice Taney was further honored by the chief justice-ship of the Court, and as spokesman of the majority of that body rendered the famous decision in the Dred Scott case. Mr. Justice White was, previous to his appointment to the bench, a Senator from Alabama.

Senator Cook, who is spoken of in connection with the presidency of the State Senate, is a resident of the town of Milford, where with his father and brother he is interested in the Milford Daily Journal and other newspaper enterprises. He is one of the best known editors hereabouts, and has been honored with many positions in the press organizations of the State. As a member of the last Senate he won praise from all quarters for his manly stand on many questions. The Senator is a good partisan, but never allows his partisanship to blind his eyes to the worth of a measure, whether it be espoused by Republican or Democrat. He is a fairly good talker, a good parliamentarian, but above all a gentleman gifted with the aptitude of dealing with public questions in the light of perspicacity and liberality.

The nomination of Dr. Everett for governor by the Democrats, recalls to mind that Quincy has once before furnished a gubernatorial candidate. The late John Quincy Adams, the father of the present mayor, was the Democratic candidate for governor in 1879. Though Mr. Adams was badly beaten, and Dr. Everett is destined to receive similar treatment, no word of disparagement can be truthfully spoken of the ability of the gentlemen chosen to represent their respective parties.

Atty.-Gen. Knowlton, when he told the members of the Republican Editorial association that he was pleased at the independence of the country papers of the State, said something of course very pleasant, but hardly precise.

"The ragged regiment." Well, the wearers of rags, in this land of ours, have made more and better history than the wearers of finer and more complete raiment.

The Hospital fete will depend a great deal on fate for success this year. Bad management has been evidenced many a commendable enterprise.

Frank A. Locke, our well known piano tuner, has taken the tuning business of the late E. P. Hayward of Braintree. We know he will give perfect satisfaction. Years of service in Quincy have proven his skill.

DID HE SELL THE DOG?

A Story That Rivals In Interest "The Lady or the Tiger?" Problem.

They had not been on particularly good terms since the man in the corner house bought the dog. The man who lived next door didn't think much of dogs anyway—especially city dogs—and he had not hesitated to say as much on two or three occasions. Consequently when he called and suggested to the man in the corner house that he would like to buy the dog it occasioned considerable surprise.

"But I thought you didn't like dogs," said the man in the corner house.

"I don't," admitted the man who lived next door.

"And that you considered city dogs a little bit worse than any other kind," persisted the man in the corner house.

"Quite right," returned the man who lived next door.

"And that in the line of city dogs you regarded this one of mine as just a little the worst that ever came under your notice."

"Right again. I don't mind saying, now that you call my attention to it, that your dog is the meanest, ugliest yelping cur that ever kept a neighborhood awake at night. That's why I want to buy him from you."

"Well, I won't sell," announced the man in the corner house decidedly. "I know you now for just the kind of a man you are, and I have too much regard for the dog. Even if I didn't care anything for him I wouldn't humiliate him by compelling him to acknowledge such a man as you for a master. I wouldn't be as cruel as that to any dog."

"As you please," said the man who lived next door. "I thought it no more than fair to make the offer to you first."

"To me first!"

"Certainly. I'd just as soon pay you as pay any one else, and I sort of felt that you were entitled to the first chance. However, my conscience is clear now and tomorrow I shall let the report be circulated among the boys of the neighborhood that I am willing to pay a reasonable price for that dog and that it doesn't make any difference whether he is delivered alive or dead. Of course, it will be easier to deliver him dead, and it's likely."

"Do you mean to say that you will make an offer for my dog?"

"I have already done so, but you said you didn't want to sell. However, I am quite willing to give you a little time to think it over. We'll let the matter rest until tomorrow. Of course, you understand it's perfectly immaterial to me whether I buy the dog from you or from one of the boys or from some passing tramp who temporarily acquires possession."

"Talk about the problem of the lady or the tiger! It's nothing compared to the problems that confront many of us in the everyday affairs of life."

Did he sell the dog?—Chicago Post.

"Fly at Once."

Conan Doyle tells a story of a friend of his who had often been told that there is a skeleton in the cupboard of every household, no matter how respectable that household may be, and he determined to put this opinion to a practical test. Selecting for the subject of his experiment a venerable archdeacon of the church against whom the most censorious critic had never breathed a word, he went to the nearest postoffice and dispatched this telegram to the reverend gentleman: "All is discovered! Fly at once!" The archdeacon disappeared and has never been heard of since.

A Selfish Woman.

Grimm—Women are such selfish creatures! There was an odd chop at breakfast, and my wife insisted upon my eating it. It was all because she wanted to revel in the satisfaction of self denial. A case of pure selfishness!

Filmm—And what did you do?

Grimm—Oh, I let her have her way and I ate the chop. There are few husbands so indulgent as I am.—Boston Transcript.

Few Independents.

Independent Citizen—The party bosses have thwarted the will of the people again. Just think of it! The very ones we support do not allow us to call our souls our own. Does it not make your blood boil?

Ordinary Citizen—Oh, no. I'm used to that. I'm married.—New York Weekly.

More Than He Could Stand.

"How about that walking delegate walking out of the church Sunday right in the middle of the sermon? Had he got so in the habit of walking that he did it automatically?"

"Nah! The preacher happened to say something about observing the Biblical injunctions."—Indianapolis Journal.

In a Higher Class.

Reporter (whipping out his notebook)—The amount he stole, you say, was \$9.—

Officer of Company—I didn't say \$9. I said \$9,000.

Reporter (promptly correcting himself)—He embezzled \$9,000. Go ahead.—Chicago Tribune.

The Law Invoked.

First Doctor—Say, there's an unlicensed physician in town curing people right and left.

Second Doctor—Curing people? Good gracious! We must have him arrested.—New York Weekly.

The Evidence.

First Boy—I say, Tommy, do you work for Robinson?

Second Boy—I guess he thinks I do. T'ny rate, he pays me every week.—Boston Transcript.

Making Both Ends Meet.

The sandwich man makes both ends meet by making both ends bread and putting the meat in the middle.—Somerville Journal.

Precoity.

Young America—Look a here, old man! I loves yer darter an we're goin' t' git married. The salary ain't big yet, but de boss is givin' t' raise me t' t'ree dollars a week nex' year. Any opposition yer make wor't go. See!—New York Journal.

YOSEMITE WONDERS.

WITHIN THE GRANITE WALLS OF A NATIONAL PARK.

California's Pride and Nature's Masterpiece. Cliffs, Canyons, Waterfalls and Other Attractions—A Cascade 2,600 Feet High. Shooting and Fishing.

(Special Correspondence.)

YOSEMITE VALLEY, Cal., Sept. 29.—"God never made another stretch of coast like this," said a well known preacher of Boston, speaking of the north shore of Massachusetts, "and I'm going to invest right here."

He did so and became enormously rich from the rise in real estate.

God never made one Yosemite, but you can't buy any of it and so speculate on the bounties of Providence, like the reverend gentleman of Boston.

Some people aren't satisfied with a corner lot in heaven; they want to corral everything beautiful in sight before they get there. But they can't corner a single rod of this valley, for the wisdom of our national legislators once rose to the greatness of an occasion and decided it in trust to the state of California for a perpetual park and pleasure ground everlastingly for the use and benefit of the people. This was done by an act of the 30th of June, 1864.

The state accepted the trust, and that is how for the past 33 years this wondrous work of nature has become part and parcel of our national recreation grounds.

I do not think that the state of California has risen to the occasion as it should have done and made this spot accessible or so habitable as it could. Years ago it was estimated that the state derived, directly and indirectly, an income from visitors to the Yosemite of not less than \$500,000. And yet there is no steam or electric road nearer than 60 miles away, no first class and fire-proof hotel—nothing, in fact, to indicate an outlay of more than a few thousands yearly. It keeps a commissioner there to answer questions and prevent the destruction of the forests, and it allows perfect freedom within reasonable restraint to all visitors.

You can go there and camp all summer through; you can have use of wood

There were two hotels in the valley

until August of last year, but the larger of the two, the Stoneman House, was burned, and the Sentinel has to harbor all who come. The commissioners fixed the highest hotel rate at \$9 per day, but this does not prevent your paying \$4 it a better room is desired than goes with the regular price. There are more ways of killing a cat, you know, than by dashing out its brains. But still it costs something to get provisions into the valley, and one feels that rates ought to be a little higher than outside; they are, at any rate, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

But who can quibble about hotel and transportation bills when all around are beauties beyond estimate and scenes beyond all price? In the morning, before the sun rises, say at 7 o'clock, you form one of the innumerable caravan which wends its way to Mirror lake to witness the beautiful reflection of Mount Watkins, 4,200 feet high; Cloud's Rest, 6,000, and the Half Dome, 5,000 feet, in its bosom, as the sun-climbs above the notch, and on horseback or mule-back you climb the trails to the Vernal falls, 336 feet high, and still beyond to Nevada falls, 617, or the Tullulawick, 600 feet. There are trails to the summits of all the prominent mountains, such as to Eagle peak and Cloud's Rest, to the top of the Yosemite waterfall, Nevada, the North Dome and to the Little Yosemite. Besides these there are the incomparable drives around the valley, the foot trails to the Happy isles, to the various pools for trout and scores of others. But by no means omit the trail up to Glacier point, where, perched upon one of the great rocks that shoot out from the summit of the perpendicular cliffs, you can look down a sheer descent of 3,250 feet. By all means stay to view the sunset shadows creep over the vast valley beneath, and in the morning rise betimes to see the sunrise.

If it were not so late in the season, I might tell of trout that could be caught in the streams that drop over the mountain wall around Yosemite. At all events, you can, if you will hunt persistently, get within view if not within shot of a grizzly bear now and later.

It is not necessary to return to the valley to get out, for a new stage road leads direct to Wawona, 25 miles distant, whence the return journey to Raymond and the railroad is made in a day. Five days will suffice to see the chief attractions, but ten are better, and if you go away within a week you will surely be haunted by the thought that you have left many sights unseen, the 17 I am well aware I have left all too many undescribed.

FRED A. OBER.

MIRROR LAKE.

and water, trails and paths without any outlay whatever, but the getting there is altogether another matter. Still there are some advantages in staying it, even though the roads be narrow, dusty and wholly inadequate. Some time, perhaps, there will be an electric road as far away as Wawona, and electric plants, worked by the immeasurable water power now running to waste, will light the valley throughout its length and breadth. With granite enough lying around loose sufficient to build a city, the few buildings here are entirely of wood, mean and despicable.

Now, having paid my compliments to the management of this national gift to California, perhaps it may be expected that I shall find fault with the valley itself. Oh, dear, no! The trouble is that I cannot find words in which to express my delight at its beauties, my admiration of its grandeur. It seems perfectly absurd for a mere man to come here and even attempt to describe the glories, the sublimities, of this gift of God to mortals. I cannot more than enumerate its attractions, but that will be sufficient to show that they are peerless; that were the difficulties of reaching the Yosemite increased a thousandfold yet would it be worth the greatest effort to reach and look upon them. In a short letter one must descend to plain statistics and leave to the imagination the exclamations of admiration, the elevation of the soul, the awe and the rapture. After a week of wandering hither and thither, after scaling cliffs, wading streams, gazing upon waterfalls that seem to drop out of the sky and into lakes that mirror majestic mountains in their bosoms, I would that I could stay yet another week, a month, a year, and possess this beautiful valley through the varying seasons of a twelvemonth.

It is seven miles long, with a breadth of half a mile to a mile, sunk between towering cliffs and granite walls from 3,000 to 6,000 feet in height.

As you gaze, spellbound, from Artists' or Inspiration point, before the stage descends to the valley floor, 5,000 feet below, you realize that life holds many things in store worth living for. It is difficult to believe that this divine view never came within the range of white man's vision until less than 50 years ago; that until the year 1851 the Indian possessed this valley unmolested except by others of his kind and civilization knew it not.

Descending by a narrow and zigzag carriage road, you reach the bottom of the valley, level as a floor, through its center running a swift flowing river,

the Merced, and between the high, perpendicular cliffs spreads a diversity of forest, composed of majestic trees and fragrant shrubs and green meadow lands embossed with bright colored flowers.

At your right, before you and above you, rise the Cathedral rocks, their summits 6,600 feet above level, and over their breastworks pouring the fleecy waters of the Bridal Veil. This waterfall is 860 feet in height, and the volume of water it pours over the rocks is tremendous, yet it appears as tenuous and filmy as a bit of lace. Come back some time between 4 and 6 in the afternoon and watch the changing colors of the rainbow which at that time spans the lower fall. Over opposite, forming the massive buttress of the western portal, rises El Capitan, that sheer precipice of granite, pearly pink and gray in color, and with an almost perpendicular face 3,300 feet in height. The valley floor itself is 4,000 feet above sea level, and thus El Capitan's bald head is thrust over 7,000 feet up into the clouds.

The stage bows over the soft sandy road, through a forest of oak and pine, the river and El Capitan on its left, and, having rounded the bold shoulder of the Cathedral group, you see shooting up the tall Cathedral spires, two of them, with an average height of 2,600 feet above the valley. Then the triple profile of Fissure mountain is outlined against the sky, recalling the Old Man of Profile Notch, New Hampshire, only here there are three faces. Across the river again rise the Three Brothers, the highest 3,820 feet, crowding upon each other like boys at a game of leapfrog.

On the right as we progress the isolated month known as the Sentinel, a combined castle and cathedral tower, rises 3,100 feet.

Over behind El Capitan trickles a thread of water over 2,000 feet in length, known as the Ribbon fall, noiselessly descending, but as we near the Sentinel hotel on the bank of the Merced we are saluted by the roar of the mighty Yosemite, a triple cascade, shooting over a mountain wall of dark gray granite 2,600 feet from the hollow in the cloud seeking cliff to the emerald pool at its base. From the back or river veranda of the Sentinel you can watch the play of the silvery, aqueous rockets as they dart downward and at night be lulled to sleep by the roaring of its waters.

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THE BETTER HALF AWHEEL.

The supper hour is long delayed, and dinner is unknown.

I breakfast on a crust of bread and coffee cold as stone.

The lady is disconsolate, the beds remain unmade, shirt button holes are unrepaired and cuffs and collars are frayed.

My slippers never can be found, my pipe is hid from sight.

And whirling wheels now haunt my dreams through all the hours of night.

We sit alone, the babe and I—and the little tyke—

For mamma must have "exercise" since she has bought a bike.

Where I once heard her voice in song I hear it now in sobs.

That "holding tight to handle bar will strain the stoutest wrist."

Where once she played the light guitar she now proclaims in ire

That only dingbat wheels are good and snobs at "single tire."

Where once she spoke with charming grace of her way to build a cake

She oozes on the charming ease she boasts without a crumb.

Of spokes and bloomers, sprockets, chains, of pedals and the like

My better half will talk for hours since she has

Thomas Crane Public Library

Quincy Monitor.

VOLUME XI. NUMBER 11.

QUINCY, MASS, NOVEMBER, 1897.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

HEEL. THE YOUNG VIOLINIST.
A Story For the Encouragement of Industry and Industry in the Young.
On the outskirts of a great city in Germany there lived a poor widow and her little son. Mrs. Aurlich earned a scanty livelihood with her needle, and Berthold made himself useful by gathering wood, running errands and working in their small garden during the summer. The warm weather was a pleasant time, but in the winter season, when work was scarce, they were often hungry.
Mrs. Aurlich's health began to fail, and she was finally obliged to give up the little work she already had. One day when Berthold was absent in the forest gathering wood he was detained until nightfall. He groped his way across the room through the darkness and stumbled over her, where she lay unconscious on the cold, earthen floor.
Very much alarmed, the lad knelt down and clasped her hands and then he sprinkled some water on her face. After awhile Mrs. Aurlich opened her eyes and endeavored to rise, but could not. Assisted by Berthold, she managed to reach the bed, and for several days the lad was her only nurse.
Berthold sat on a low stool before the fire in deep thought for some time. Suddenly he arose and went over to the little cupboard. He took from it something covered with an old cloth. This he unrolled and disclosed a violin. Small and yellow with age.
He examined the strings carefully, and then placed it at his shoulder and drew the bow noiselessly across the strings. Suddenly he heard a soft tap at the door, and without waiting to lay aside the instrument he went and opened it.
"Good morning, Gretchen," he exclaimed in a low voice. "Come in and do not make any noise. My mother is asleep."
Gretchen was the daughter of their nearest neighbor. She was about the same age as Berthold. Her eyes were blue as the sky and her hair yellow, like gold.
"Gretchen, I am going to ask a favor of you," said the boy.
"A favor of me?"
"Yes," answered the lad, "and it is this: I am going away for a few hours, and I want you to stay with my mother until I return."
"But where are you going?"
"Do not ask me, please. Will you stay here until I return?"
"Why, of course, but—"
"Thank you, dear Gretchen." And Berthold hastily wrapped the violin again in the old cloth and then put on his fur cap and thick jacket.
"When my mother wakes up, tell her that I have gone out and that you expect me back again soon. It may be late before I get home, and I will stop at your house now and tell them that you will remain here until tomorrow if they are willing."
A windstorm raged violently, so that the lad could scarcely see his way, and the drifts of snow were often above his head. On either hand the fields stretched white with snow. The pine and fir trees which skirted the road presented curious and fantastic forms, and the bushes were like goblins with white sheets wrapped around them.
It was quite dark when he reached the city, although the hour was still early. At first the lad was fairly bewildered with the unaccustomed noise and bustle, the crowds of people and thousands of brilliant lights which he had never seen before, but in order to carry out his plans successfully and reach home that night if possible Berthold knew that he had no time to spare. He selected a place near a public square and took the cloth from the violin. With trembling fingers he tightened and tuned the strings and then began to play. Two men, tall and distinguished, attracted by the strange sight, stopped to listen.
"What have we here, Hans?" said one.
"A wandering minstrel, Ole. Let us approach and have a peep."
They crossed over and pushed their way through the crowd. The stranger called Ole went over to the lad and, smiling kindly, asked where he lived and why he was out so late upon the street.
In a few words the lad told his simple but touching story. The tall stranger stooped, lifted the lad up into his arms and kissed him.
"You must come with me," he said, and his face and voice were so kind that Berthold was not at all alarmed.
But suddenly the lad thought of his sick mother at home, and the tears came to his eyes. His tall friend, seeing this, questioned him, and he told him, begging at the same time to be allowed to return home, as his mother might be anxious.
The tall stranger bade his friend farewell and at the same time hailed a passing sleigh. Berthold gave the driver the directions, and he and his friend got in, and the great city was soon left far behind. During the ride the lad told his story to the stranger, who seemed to be much affected.
When they arrived at the cottage, it was quite late. There was a light in the window, and Berthold opened the door very softly. His mother was awake, and Gretchen was sitting beside her. She sprang up with a glad cry when she saw him.
"My dear child, where have you been?" said the mother, kissing him, "and who is this gentleman?"
"I am his friend, madam," said the stranger. "I have come to help you." They had a long and earnest conversation, and the gentleman promised to return again the next day with a physician. On the table he left a letter, and when he had taken his departure the widow opened it and found a bank note for a large sum. The letter begged her to accept the gift and promised to give Berthold opportunities to educate his musical talents in the future, and the signature read, "Ole Bull."—Henry Coyle in Weekly Boquet.

THEY ARE HERE

Ready and Waiting for You,
Those Fashionable New Winter

Overcoats

which we had made especially for us.

The material is an extra fine all-wool Kersey, collar of fine Silk Velvet, buttonholes worked by hand. We have them in Black or Blue.

\$10, \$12 and \$15
Is the Price.

And they are EXCELLENT VALUES

Our Broad Invitation—COME IN AND SEE.

Granite Clothing Co.,

Durgin & Merrill's Block.

GRAND OPENING

OF

STAMPED GOODS,

New Designs.

WATCH OUR WINDOW.

A competent teacher will be at the store Saturday to explain the work and to form classes to begin Monday.
Call and see the plan as laid out.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

Hancock Street, Quincy.

LARGEST DRY GOODS STORE BETWEEN BOSTON AND BROCKTON.

Biggest Bargains!

Biggest Stock!

Biggest Store!

WILLIAMS' JEWELRY STORE,

Established 1877.

Modern Goods

—AT—

Popular Prices.

Ordinary American and Swiss Watches Cleaned, or New Mainspring, \$1.00.

104 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

WALTER H. RIPLEY

Guarantees Satisfaction to Purchasers of

Granite Tools of All Kinds.

JOBGING OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Works, Cross Street, West Quincy.

N. B. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. P. O. address, Box 16.

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Prayer Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries, Photo Medallions, Books of Devotion, Gold and Silver Medals, Statuettes, Framed Pictures, etc.

FLYNN & MAHONY, 18 and 20 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.

Agents for all the European Steamship Lines.

NEW CHURCH ORDER.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY'S MANDATE ON FUNERALS AND MARRIAGES.

He Prohibits Communicants Attending Either Ceremony in Non-Catholic Churches—Archbishop Corrigan's Secretary Says the Church Is Firm on These Matters.

Archbishop Cleary caused a sensation in Kingston, Ont., recently by his promulgation of a mandate from the pulpit of St. Mary's cathedral, in which he said:

"We hereby declare, with all the authority of the church vested in us as archbishop of Kingston and your chief pastor, that any Catholic in our metropolitan city or diocese who shall hereafter presume to enter any non-Catholic edifice to assist at what is termed a marriage ceremony or a service for the dead, even though he should not take an active part in the performance, renders himself guilty of mortal sin by dishonoring the religion of his baptism and defying the laws of the holy church and giving public scandal before society, and we furthermore reserve to ourselves the power to absolve from this heinous sin."

The only apparent reason for this mandate was a recent marriage in a Congregational church. Catholics were present as witnesses at this ceremony, and what is still more deplorable, according to the archbishop, and more heinously criminal, a Catholic woman, not content as a spectator of the marriage, was one of the "actresses" in the drama and paraded herself on the platform as one of the "principal performers." Their conduct he termed an insult to the only faith they profess.

The archbishop also reprehended those Catholics who attend a service for the dead in a non-Catholic church because of the fact that the "performance" is known and proclaimed by its participants as of no service to the dead. It was because of the lukewarmness of Catholics in regard to these things that the mandate was promulgated.

Archbishop Corrigan's secretary expressed surprise at the mandate of Archbishop Cleary, for he said that it was a rather strict exercise of power, even for a country like Canada, where the lines are drawn more sharply between Catholics and Protestants than they are in the United States.

"We consider it highly reprehensible," he said, "for a Catholic to witness a marriage ceremony in a non-Catholic church or elsewhere or to take part in a service of the dead in a Protestant church. Such an act would call forth the severest censure of the church."

"I think the language employed by Archbishop Cleary of Kingston is strong, but I am not surprised at such things in Canada. What is perhaps more surprising to New Yorkers is that he forbids Catholics to enter other churches at all, even as spectators, although they may take no part in the service. I do not think any special objection would be made here to mere attendance in non-Catholic churches unless it became a matter of scandal. Then, of course, the bishop would be called upon to issue a mandate against it."

"In the case of persons witnessing marriage ceremonies in non-Catholic churches the bishop would probably content himself with merely speaking personally to the offender unless the offense should become so common that it were necessary to warn the church as a whole against such practices. But if a member did not abstain after he was once warned no doubt he would receive severe censure from the pulpit."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that if a prominent member of the cathedral here stood up as a witness at a Protestant marriage he would be called to account by the bishop as doing something heinously criminal and so forth, that he was defying the laws of the church?"

"There would be no other course to take," replied the secretary, "but I think the bishop would first speak to the member privately. If, however, it became a public scandal, as it very likely would if he were a public man, more extreme measures might have to be taken. The extent of the scandal would determine this."

"But many Catholics go to other church services," I suggested.

"Yes," was the reply, "Americans are more free in this respect than the Catholics in any other country. We tolerate this. As for attending services of the dead, it isn't often that a Catholic would take part, except as a mourner, and to this I cannot see much objection."

Father Mooney, chancellor of the diocese of Chicago, said Archbishop Cleary's mandate could not have been promulgated from Rome, as nothing whatever had been heard of it here. It was evidently the archbishop's own and applied only to the diocese.

I also saw three of the officiating priests at the Holy Name cathedral. One of them said: "Many Catholics sing in Protestant churches in Chicago and synagogues as well, so you can see the liberal policy that obtains here."

LOSING HIS PRESTIGE.

Bulldog Bill Was Proud of It, and There Was a Retraction.

The editor of the Badtown Breeze was clipping from some exchanges in his sanctum the other day when a typical western cattle drover stalked in and said as he shoved a gun under the editor's nose:

"Mr. Editor, ye've ruined a reputation that's taken me ten years to git, an I order here ye whar ye sot."

"But how's that, Bill?" stammered the editor as he looked down the barrel of the revolver and shivered.

"It's all through that durned libelous article in yer sheet yesterday."

"E-b-but, hang it all, Bill, what was there libelous in that? Why, it was a puff fur ye, and a thing a man don't get very often."

"Waal," growled the other, with a scowl, "if ye call that a 'puff' I don't want any more o' it mine. Ye called me a gent, an a mild mannered, good natured cuss, an a fellow who never looks fur trouble, but tends strictly to his own business, an go on to say I'm one o' the most respectable citizens in the town. Am I a gent, I'd like to know? Am I, Bulldog Bill, the great Texas fighter, a mild mannered cuss, I'd like to be informed? Waal, I reckon not."

"But—but if it's hurt yer reputation any, Bill, of—"

"Hurt my reputation any? Waal, I should say it had. Why, when the boys read it, some o' 'em waltzed over to me an kicked my shins, a thing they never dared do afore, an one o' the crowd pulled my nose. Hurt my reputation any? Now, ye give me a column tomorrow a-shovin me up decently, or thar'll be a dead editor in this town."

And next day an article appeared in The Breeze referring to Bill as "a dangerous man," "the worst character in town," "a desperado whom it wasn't safe to meet after dark," etc., and that night Bill swaggered in to see the editor again and said as he handed him a cigar:

"Mr. Editor, ye've saved my reputation and yer a daisy! Whoop! Some o' the boys hev begged my pardon an the others tremble when they meet me, an I kin go along the streets ag'in a hold-in in my head an feelin I'm somebody! Come out an name yer pizen, but let this be a warnin that ye can't be too keertful when yer foolin with a man's good name!"—A. B. Lewis in New York Sunday World.

Very Much In Doubt.

"Say, pa," said the little boy, who was working on one of those missing letter puzzle advertisements, "I'm stuck."

"What is it?" carefully asked the father.

"Listen, 'C-L-I-E-N, something very disagreeable on a railroad journey.'"

"M-m—well," said the old man, with a vivid recollection of having traveled 40 miles with a college glee club, "I'll be dinged if I know whether that stands for 'collisions' or 'collegian.'"

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Complaint.

"It's a shame," said Mr. Faraway as he borrowed a lead pencil from his wife, "that people have so little compunction about wasting a man's time."

"What is the matter?"

"A man has just insisted on interrupting me in the midst of a game of chess in order to pay some money he owed."—Washington Star.

Cause For Gratitude.

Mr. Benedict—I'm glad you got everything without trouble, Mr. Burglar, and beg that you take this bunch of certified checks as a token of my appreciation for your kindness and civility. It's not often you'll meet a burglar who'll rob a house without waking the baby.—New York Journal.

Why He Objected.

Adolphus Duddington (pleadingly)—Don't be cruel and hard hearted, Colonel! Give me your daughter's hand, and I promise she shall never be separated from her family.

Colonel Bluntly—That's precisely why I object to the marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

A TALENTED WOMAN.

Mrs. Cadwallader Guild, Who Has Just Completed a Bust of Princess Helene.

It is indeed difficult to find a branch of art or industry in which women are not experts. Constantly they are achieving honors in the line of sculpture. Word comes from Berlin that Mrs. Cadwallader Guild has just completed an important bust of Princess Helene of Sachsen-Altenburg. The bust is to stand in the hall of a castle, and it is fashioned in the Hermes style. The proud head arises from a lofty pedestal, the graceful arrangement of lines displaying a woman's hand. The figure and the



POURTRAIT BUST OF PRINCESS HELENE.

grown in marble, the cloak in dark green bronze. Mrs. Guild has a strong predilection for painting and in her leisure time she delights to wield the brush, which she does with no small degree of success. Her feeling for color explains her thoroughly personal style in sculpture. For example, she imparts to the eye the most intense expression by deep grooving of the pupil, until it seems to sparkle and really to become "the mirror of the soul." One of Mrs. Guild's most successful works is a bust of the painter Watts. The portrait of the Princess Helene of Sachsen-Altenburg illustrated was taken from the studio.

Ties of All Kinds.

There is hardly anything that may not be worn now for ties for women. There are black satin ties, one thickness of the satin about four inches wide and hemmed all around with a narrow hem; ties of the same style in plaids or almost any plain color, all to be worn passing either once or twice around the neck and then tying with an ordinary bow and ends in front. There are the stocks of all kinds and descriptions, with the four-in-hand tie front or the immensely long and wide ties which receive the anathemas of the men as they are worn by women, with uncovered ends; there are ribbons of all descriptions—plaids, plain red, plain green, any color—passing twice around the collar and tied in a bow or like a four-in-hand; there are the null lace ties of all descriptions, and there are the riding ties of flannel. These last are very pretty, and because they are called riding ties it does not follow that they may not be worn for any kind of street wear. The bright scarlet is the most stylish, but the lighter colors of those soft flannel shades of blue and pink are very becoming. Red takes the lead in all kinds of neckwear, and it is hard pressed by green.—New York Times.

Miss Kilbourne's Success.

Miss Harriet L. Kilbourne, who recently passed the stringent examination for admittance to the Berkshire bar, is the first woman to apply for and gain entrance to the legal circle in that section of Massachusetts. Her success is the more notable in view of the fact that the two other candidates from Great Barrington, men, were unable to pass. Miss Kilbourne is a native and resident of Great Barrington and has been in the law office of Herbert C. Joyner for about four years, although she has been reading Blackstone only about two. She is an expert stenographer and typewriter. She is well read in law, has a winning personality and is likely to score a success in her chosen profession. She will remain for the present in Mr. Joyner's office.—Boston Letter.

An Energetic Girl.

A Cleveland girl has started a new industry. She has rented a window in a small shop and displays in it a few pairs of neatly repaired shoes. On her sign in the window one reads that shoes will be blacked for 5 cents, repaired, pressed and made to look almost new for another nickel, buttons sewed on for an additional 5 cents, rubbers will be mended and varnished until they are like new ones for still another 5 cents. She mends the rubbers as she would a bicycle tire. She has all the necessary appliances for repairing and reshaping shoes and is said to be turning "a pretty penny."

The British government are the owners of over 25,000 camels. Several thousands are used in India to carry stores and equipment when companies are changing quarters by line of march.

AN OBLATE SISTER.

MOTHER MAGDALEN OF A COLORED ORDER OF NUNS.

She Is the Superior General of the Sisterhood of Providence—She Speaks Hopefully on the Future of Her Race in the United States.

Mother Mary Magdalen, the superior general of the order of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, is a decidedly interesting individual, on account of the fact that she is at the head of the only colored Catholic female organization in the world—that is, of any organization that exercises any considerable influence. There is one other colored order of nuns—the Sisters of the Holy Family in New Orleans—but it is only of local character.

Aside from this, however, the Oblate superior is a woman worthy of study. She is about the medium height, gaunt in form, and intellectually is far above the average negro or negress. Her manners are in keeping with the life she has chosen, calm and unassuming, but she has a keen eye and is thoroughly familiar with every little detail in the various houses of the order. She has but one object in life—she hopes to see the members of her race more enlightened than they are at present and further desires that they should embrace the true faith, which, she is firmly convinced, is the one in which she has made the vows of her profession.

"I have been on a tour of inspection," she recently said, "and am now returning to the mother house in Baltimore. The order of the Oblate Sisters of Providence was established in 1839, and since then our growth has been slow but substantial.

"We have 49 sisters in St. Francis' academy, our Baltimore house, one of whom is 105 years of age. Her name is Sister Helen Joseph and her mind is still comparatively perfect. Then we have a house in Leavenworth, a orphan asylum for boys, presided over by Sister Victoria. Thirty-three orphans are quartered at that place and they are all nice and intelligent boys. There is also a day school at that place.

"Then we have a house in Normandy, with which you are no doubt acquainted. It is also an orphanage and 25 little ones deprived of parents are cared for there, where they are being taught the greater honor and glory of God. Here in St. Elizabeth's parish we have a parochial and boarding school, conducted by six of our nuns.

"We also have a splendid institution in Washington near Capitol hill. Eight Oblate sisters are assigned there and the parochial school has a membership of 180. Recently we have begun taking boarders at that place, and the results are very encouraging.

"Our order is in good condition, but it is hardly as flourishing as a number of others. Most of our people are living in poverty and cannot support an institution of this kind as well as their more fortunate white brethren. As a consequence, the attendance at our schools is not what it would be if circumstances were different. But we live in hope. We desire to have the colored race more enlightened. No, I do not know the ratio of colored Catholics in the United States in proportion to other religious denominations and have no opportunity of finding out.

"We are not a cloistered order. We make visits to sick people, especially to the members of our own race, but we do not confine ourselves to them alone. If we have other friends who are afflicted, we do not hesitate to give them all the assistance and comfort that is in our power.

"Our order was founded by a French priest from the West Indies. At the time he conceived and executed the idea he was a member of the Sulpician order in St. Mary's seminary at Baltimore. It is said that his parents were killed in a revolution in the West Indies, and that his revenge was a holy one—that of establishing a religious order. The authenticity of this story has been questioned, but I think it is correct.

"We have 75 members in our order now and at the present time have 14 postulants in the novitiate. They are all very zealous in their work and seem determined to consecrate their lives to the service of their Maker. We have lost about 15 members in the last 12 years by death, mostly from consumption. Our vows are renewed annually and any one can go back to the world at the expiration of the year if she so desire, no matter how long she has been in here. Very few, however, avail themselves of this chance."

Mother Magdalen does not know her exact age, as she was born in slavery and the records have been lost. She thinks, however, that she is about 55 years old. She was born and raised a Catholic, belonging, as she did, to a French Catholic family in Maryland. At the end of the war her mother died and her grandparents passed away soon after. She went to live with the Sisters of St. Joseph and was so impressed with their gentle manners that she soon resolved to don the habit herself.—St. Louis Republic.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When Tom and Bill were baby boys,
Infant Bill—
Was fretful, squally, full of noise—
Homely Bill—
Red-headed, and it was a fact
From morn till night his parents railed
To keep his neck from being cracked—
Troublesome Bill.

As he grew older folks would say
Lazy Bill—
But naught he'd care; it was his way—
Shiftless Bill—
He'd spend his time in idle joys
And put his nose on other boys,
Poor folks that followed his decoys—
Scheming Bill.

And when the boys to college went
Foolish Bill—
To grinding work no interest lent—
Hopeless Bill—
While Tom was quick and apt to learn
And read bright things with every turn
That made the slow with envy burn—
Sluggish Bill.

School life was done, with all its joys—
Thankful Bill—
And business life claimed both the boys—
A chance for Bill—
Tom made a stir, a stir, you know—
But somehow it ne'er seemed to go,
While close-mouthed Bill raked in the dough—
Knowing Bill.

The years have come and gone away
For Tom and Bill—
Tom keeps a set of books each day,
And Bill—
Has office hours from ten till two,
He's looking for new worlds to do,
He owns a block, a bank or two—
Incomprehensible Bill—
—Al Dunlap in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

Well, gentlemen (the great tragedian's voice shook a little as he put down his glass in the silence), you little know perhaps what a string you touched upon when you coupled my name with that of the great dead and gone actor, Franklin Hyde. If I closed my eyes for a moment, I could easily believe that this was all a dream. When I think of the strange and unexpected incident that sent me up the golden ladder at a bound and of the man—well, there, gentlemen, I suppose few of you would credit that one night, only 15 years ago, I was upon the verge of suicide.

It was about as black as it could be—partly, I own, because my ambition stood in my way. But when a man has studied and dreamed of a telling part in Drury Lane autumn drama his soul not unnaturally sickens at the thought of reverting to minor roles in second rate touring companies. That was it. I had been promised the part of Julian Armstrong in that immortal piece, "Exiled," and then, when it came to rehearsal, it turned out that by some strange mistake the part had already been allocated to another man. That man was Franklin Hyde, and I am not sure that I did not hate him on the spot. True, I received a check as a set-off, but it seemed that my life chance had been snatched away, and my debts had mounted up again before I set to work to shake off the stupor of that disappointment. And then I found that I had let many other chances slip.

Somehow—many of you who saw it played and recollect the great possibilities it gave will understand why—that part of Julian Armstrong had put a spell over me. I got in at a rehearsal. Standing by, sick with jealousy and longing, I watched Hyde's conception, and great as it was, I believed my own was greater, and a forlorn hope took possession of me. I determined to "understudy" him. Who knew? The drama was down to run until December. Might not some chance come in the interval? I felt—I knew—that I could play that part to the life. When, swallowing my pride, I spoke to Hyde of it, he laughed of course.

"Waste of time and talent, I'm afraid, Mr. Lorrimer. Still I would not check ambition. If anything unforeseen should occur, and you are still anxious—well, we might think of you."

And for weeks I was crazy enough to go dreaming of that great possibility. I studied the part until I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would wake up in the night and shout out my lines. I would go to the theater just to watch him and sit filled with a hunger of longing that I could never put into words. I would wait hours outside just to see him step into his carriage, for "Exiled" had taken the town by storm, and he had a reputation now to live up to.

And here—here was mid-November, and my young wife and I living—no, starving—on dreams. We sat there in the dingy room that night, and perhaps there was something in my face, in my laugh, that told her what had been in my mind. For she did a thing she had not done all through that black time—came suddenly behind me to put her arm round my neck and burst into a passion of sobs—sobs that would have frightened me at another time.

"Wilfred—don't! I'll work—I'll do anything, but don't look so! Wilfred, it's no use—they will never send you to play Julian, and you know it. Put it out of your mind and think of something else. Yes, I know—I know what you could do and what it might mean for us in the future, but the people go now to see Franklin Hyde, not Julian

alone. Oh, if he knew! I don't wish it, nor do you, but if—if!" She stopped short there, as with a sudden instinct. "Wilfred!" she breathed.

Why? Well, queer ideas had been flitting in and out of my overtaxed brain that night. I know I got to my feet and held Maggie away by the arm and stood staring past her. "Aye," I whispered, "to think that there's only the one 'if' in the way! I'm not—I mean nothing. But suppose a little something happened to him one of these last nights—suppose he slipped or his horse took fright! Suppose!"

Perhaps I had taken a step unconsciously, I don't know, but Maggie gave a little cry and a rush and stood there against the door, white and trembling.

"Stand still!" I recollect her whispering. "You are mad—you will not go out again tonight. There, there, now you are calmer. Why, Wilfred, whatever were you thinking of?"

That night I did not close my eyes. I lay staring up at the ceiling. Did I hate him? No, no! But that dreadful thought had come into my head, and it would not go. To think that, should the little accident happen, I might be able to take his place, if only for the once! The once! It made my poor brain reel. I felt I must get up and rush away from it or something would happen. I could see the blazing footlights and the blurred row upon row of pale faces, hear the shouts, feel myself drunk with the triumph, so great the play had proved. You see, so long I had dwelt on the thought I could not realize it was not a possible reality. And Maggie—in her sleep she seemed to know. Several times I heard her sob.

All that next day, too, she hung by me like my own shadow. The least movement on my part seemed to frighten her. But I did not realize that day's doings till afterward. He lived at Hampstead, in a big, lonely house. I had been to look at it. There was a garden sweep from the door between two rows of tall evergreens down to the gate. He always stepped into his brougham, they said, at about a quarter to 7. Supposing that this very evening a man ran out from between the evergreens—a man with a knife or other thing! Who would be able to play Julian then?

I dared not look into Maggie's eyes. I knew vaguely, although I tried to disbelieve it, that I only waited for her to turn her back one moment. I was mad. Four o'clock came—5 o'clock. It had grown dusk. She had been sewing while I lay on the couch.

Presently she put aside her work, tiptoed across and looked down at me. My eyes were closed, but I knew—I breathed hard.

"He's asleep," I heard her whisper. "Thank heaven!" and she crept out of the room.

Was it to be? It seemed so. I remember that I sat up, both hands to my head, afraid of myself. Next minute, holding my breath, I had taken my hat and slipped out of the house. To do what? I did not know. Afterward it all seemed like a dream. "Hampstead!" A hand seemed drawing me on, and that one word beat in and out of my brain. I must have obeyed both without attempting to realize. Hampstead was two miles away, but just before the clock struck 6 I found myself standing outside Franklin Hyde's house.

His house! All silent, but soon his carriage would drive out to carry him to the scene of his nightly triumph. Measured steps—a policeman coming. Hot all over, I crouched back among those evergreens. What was I doing? God knows. I tried to drag myself away from the fascination, but suddenly a light shot out from a window on the left. Ah, there was a balcony running along that wall of the house, and a shadow kept wavering across the patch of light. Never pausing to think, I went up the steps, tiptoed along and was peering between some ivy boughs into the room. The shadow—

It was Hyde himself—and alone. A billiard table ran the length of the room, and he was leaning over the far end, his cue tip feeling the way for some stroke. Ah, that was a minute! As if it were only yesterday, I can see that picture now—the green baize, the pointed stick, and Hyde's impassive face craned forward, his wide eyes unconsciously staring straight toward me. Spell-bound, without knowing why, I hung breathlessly on the stroke of his cue—and it never came.

He turned suddenly half round, then straightened up. The door behind him had opened, and a servant was saying something. Next moment a woman was standing in the doorway, one hand put out as if she were frightened. She pulled the door to, took one step, and then lifted her veil. My heart gave one never-forgotten jump. It was—it was my wife!

"Oh, forgive my coming! I heard her say faintly. She had a hand to her breast. "I—I was afraid some-

thing might—I—my husband!" She broke off there and stood staring at him, as if afraid for what she might have done.

"Your husband?" Hyde repeated slowly. "You will pardon me, but I really don't understand."

"No," she began. Even at such a moment my heart went out to her—she looked so white and imploring. I could see it all—what she had feared, why she had come. I felt a mad longing to crash through that window and confront him, but mastered myself by a great effort. She had taken another step and put a hand on his arm. "Oh, don't ask me what or why," I just caught.

"I thought perhaps—nothing, nothing! Only be careful of yourself, sir, going to and from the theater!" That was it. I saw him start and look slowly round.

"What do you mean?" he said, looking down into her poor eyes. "Careful of myself? Your husband, you said. Do I know him? Yes, I insist. You come here—what did you fear? What is his name?"

"Lorrimer!" she must have whispered. "Lorrimer—ah!" I shall not forget soon the way he turned round, his finger to his lips, as if intensely struck. "Why, that's the man!" he turned back to her—"and you thought he was—here! Why?"

He was interrupted by a choking gasp. She had seen me—seen my face pressing close against the glass—and stood with dilated eyes. There was no time to run, or even to realize. The window was thrown up, and Hyde had me—yes, by the throat. Into the light he dragged me like a thief, had his stare, and then his grip relaxed.

"Oh!" he breathed, with half a sneer. "So this is how you understudy me, is it? You—what were you doing there? Shall I send for the police?"

I neither spoke nor moved. I could not. He stepped back. I suppose that the turn of my whole life, for better or worse, hung in the balance at that moment, and it was Maggie who turned the scale. Her woman's quickness saved me for this moment. There were two outstretched arms between him and that door. Maggie!

"Oh, Mr. Hyde, if you knew but the half, you would weep for him!" She said that, and he, who had seen so many women play a part to him, seemed held to listen in spite of himself. "Think! he was to have played the part. It seemed that his ambition was to be suddenly crowned—he believed he could idealize it. And then all his hopes to be crushed in a moment! Yes, think! Go back to your own struggling days; stand where he stands now. Night and day he has been tortured by the thought of what he might be today—by the foolish hope that he might be able to take your place for one night. Oh, no, it was not professional spite. It was only a human longing to do himself justice. If that is not to be, at least you will let him go as he came, and I will answer for the rest. One day—one day my husband will succeed. I know it—and then he will thank you!"

And Hyde, stupefied, looked from one to the other of us, hesitated and closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight of her close, imploring face. Then, drawing a breath, he turned to me, without the sneer, but incredulously.

"And so you think that you could play Julian—such a Julian, I mean, as would stir that crowd hurrying west at this moment?"

"Try him!" she put in in a thrilling whisper. Unconsciously she had said the cleverest thing she could have done, if only because it spurred his curiosity.

"Quick!" he said suddenly, glancing at his watch. "I have barely half an hour. For the moment you shall be Julian, with an audience of two. Now, without a pause, and the lines at the mine. Enter Sabroff, cracking his whip. His wife! Is he mad! Tell him sentiment dies a natural death here in Siberia!"

As if it had been a challenge—as if my personality had been transformed while the words were on his lips—I took him up. It was the telling speech of the play—the part in which Hyde obtained his greatest triumph night by night.

How I delivered it I cannot say. I only know that my whole soul seemed to go out in the words, and that when I had finished my wife stood there like a statue, and Hyde's own lips were parted. There was a queer silence in the room for what seemed minutes. Then—then I looked and saw his hand put out.

"Mr. Lorrimer," he said, "I take back that word. You have not understood me—you have created your own conception."

He stood awhile, his hand to his forehead. Then he sat down, tore a slip of paper from his notebook and wrote something off impetuously.

"There," he said, "I'm not going to ask why you came here—I know. And I'm doing something for you that not many men would do in the circumstances. Take that note to

my dresser and play Julian. It's quite right, Mr. Lorrimer, or will be, I hope. You want your chance. You shall have it. I am indisposed for this one night. You—it lies in your hands to give the public their money's worth. Take my brougham and be off, and I'll telegraph to the manager. You will find all you require in my room there, and, one word, if ever you kept your head, keep it now."

I knew that my wife had kissed me, and that a few minutes later I was being rattled along the streets, but that was about all. It was not until the very moment when I stepped on to that stage as Julian that I made the effort of my life and realized fully how my destiny as an actor was in my own hands. And then—well, I need say no more. Some of you here will recollect that night and know better than I what it was that made my audience rise at me, and why I have never looked back. As for me, the one thing I remember clearly is that as I left the theater like one in a dream a man gripped my hand and said—something that I shall never forget. That man was Franklin Hyde. Gentlemen, here's to his memory—God bless him!—London Tit-Bits.

Excessive Precision.
Accuracy is a most desirable thing on ordinary occasions, but there are times when it fails. It is soothing to hear the English language spoken with the easy confidence and unerring grammar which betoken intelligence and good breeding, and especially so when it is uttered in public places by uniformed persons from whom you ordinarily hear such remarks as "Hi!" "Get a move on yer!" and "Can't you look where yer goin'?"

A middle aged man who had made his way through the mob of depot employees who use this style of vocabulary was happy to find the conductor on the sleeping car a young man with a gentle voice and a deliberate and refined manner. He was more than gratified when he saw him later on the journey take a copy of one of the Latin classics from his pocket and begin to read. His pleasure at the spectacle alone almost forgot that in his haste to catch the train he had neglected to eat any lunch. Approaching the conductor, he endeavored to mingle knowledge getting with agreeable intercourse.

"Have you been on this road long?" he inquired.

"No," the conductor answered without looking up. "This is my first week."

"Do you like the work?"

"All labor is distasteful, but I endeavor not to allow my mind to dwell on the irksome phases of my duty."

The conductor had not taken his eyes from the book, and his questioner abandoned all idea of sociability and proceeded with the matter that was nearest his heart.

"Will you tell me," he asked, "when and for how long this train stops for dinner?"

"Not at all."

"Are you sure of that?" came the inquiry in tones of protesting anguish.

"Yes," the gentle voiced conductor replied as he leisurely turned a leaf. "I am quite sure. The train does not eat."

Telling Evidence.
Long chamber, one of the dormitories in Eton college, furnished some 50 years ago a Spartan training which it is now almost impossible to imagine. It was a chamber of horrors, and the toughest boy might easily break down under the tortures there inflicted.

Fagging was a commonplace of the day, and the large boys even assumed a careless right to flog the younger ones if they chose. But of all the evidence against this battlefield of youthful life nothing was more telling than an indirect bit of testimony quoted by one of the "old boys."

He says that when he was about to be married he applied to a life insurance company for a policy in favor of his wife. He went before the board, 16 men sitting in deliberation at the table.

"You are a fellow of King's college, I see," said the chairman. "I believe that is so stated in your papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"I infer, then, that you were in Eton college?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long were you in college?"

"Eight years."

"Where did you sleep?"

"In long chamber, sir."

"All that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"We needn't ask Mr. Oakes any more questions," said the chairman significantly, and no more were asked. In plain English, the interpretation seemed to be—

"If you passed the last eight years of your early youth in long chamber and are alive at the age of 29, you have a robust constitution."—Youth's Companion.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Very Lively Experience Following a Visit to a Farmhouse.

"As a general thing," said the retired burglar, "I stuck close to my legitimate line of work and never took anything but what I could carry off myself and dispose of easily, and do the best I could with them. But it never paid, and something happened once that made me give up that sort of thing for good."

"A farmhouse that I was looking over one night had nobody in it, not a soul. They hadn't gone for long; that was plain enough. Everything was left just as it was. They'd just gone off for the night some where, maybe to a party or something of that sort, but they'd been in as far away now as they'd been in China, and I might have carried the house off and they not know it, and that's what I did pretty near."

"There was scarcely any small stuff worth carrying off, and after I'd looked around a little I thought I might as well take a load. I could dispose of it for something. I got together in the hall a wagon load of stuff, trunks and one thing and another, all ready to load. I had been around to the barn previously to see if there was a horse left, because I didn't know but what they might have taken the only one, but there was a horse there. He was a big, solid looking horse, nothing particular about him one way or the other, except he looked like a strong horse that could pull almost anything. I got the harness on him and hooked him into a farm wagon and got him around to the side of the house. I suppose I might just as well have taken him to the front, but there was no use of being reckless about it."

"Well, I loaded the wagon with the trunks and things till I'd got a pretty fair load, about all I thought I could carry and make time with, and then I started, and we jogged along the road comfortable as could be for a quarter of a mile or so, when there was a squirrel or a chipmunk or something run across the road, and I'm blessed if it didn't scare the old horse, and in about a second and a quarter he was running away. And I sat there, hanging on to the reins and yanking and saving and trying to hold him up and having just about as much effect on him as though I'd been a baby."

"About a quarter of a mile farther on—I knew it because I had made that way—there was a bridge over a brook that ran across the road, just a common little bridge with barked poles on each side for a railing. There was a road on one side of the bridge, too, through the water. There was a horse just the other side of this brook, and I was afraid if the old horse went across the bridge hammering in that still night he'd wake up the folks and rouse the neighborhood maybe, so I tried to steer him off through the brook. I thought he'd make less noise going through the water, and I thought maybe the cold water would sober him, too, and make him stop, and I got a twist on the reins and a brace on the dashboard and pulled, and I did get him turned off a little at the fork toward the brook, and I thought I had got him started for it all right, but he sheered again for the bridge, and I couldn't begin to stop him."

"The bridge railings were supported in crooked sticks, and from these railings there were poles along the little approach on each side of the bridge, the ends of these poles being in lower crooked sticks. When the old horse sheered back from the ford road to the bridge road, he got the approach to the bridge all right himself, but he swung the wagon just enough to throw the hind axle over the end of the pole protecting the approach, and it jammed in some way between the pole and the crooked stick supporting it and busted the reach of the wagon and tore off the hind axle and wheels before you could think, and the old horse went pounding across the bridge and half a mile farther yet with the tail end of the wagon trailing on the ground and scattering trunks and comfortables and I don't know what not all along the road. When I finally got him held up, I was sitting in an empty wagon with the dashboard up in the air and the floor sloping down to the ground."

"I might have got another wagon and gone back and gathered up the goods, but there was too much risk in that. Maybe I could have taken the horse along and got something for him, but I might have been taken up for horse stealing, and I didn't fancy that, so I just turned the old horse round and started him for home and then I started myself, and that's the last I made on bulk goods."—New York Sun.

His Speech Betrayed Him.

He—My friend is opposed to everything English.

She—Yes. I noticed that in his conversation.—Yonkers Statesman.

CAUSE FOR REFORM.

Experience of a Clubman Who Lied to His Wife.

"I'll never try to fool my wife by telling her that I have been sitting up with a sick friend when I want to stay out late at night again," said a gentleman from the metropolis at one of the up town hotels to a reporter recently.

"I got cured of that most effectually," he continued, "and it came out in such a natural manner that I look back at it and think it a sort of dispensation of Providence to keep me home at night. I ought to have been ashamed of myself for doing such a thing, as we had been married very long. As a matter of fact, however, I had been something of a rouser before my marriage. I was introduced one night into a social club on the west side. No matter what the name of it was—you can call it the Bachelors club, for nobody but that unfortunate class should have belonged to it. I am something of a slight of hand performer and made myself agreeable that night that I was given a ticket of membership for 30 days."

"Rather late we got into a game of poker, which I found so fascinating I staid in it until the early morning hours. I framed a number of excuses when I got home to give my wife for being out so late. Some of them were very plausible. When I saw her, however, I got slightly rattled and sprung the same old chestnut on her of 'sitting up with a sick friend.' I had heard, by the way, that this friend, whom I mentioned and whom my wife knew whose name was or was not Mr. Sportiboy, was really sick."

"The next night, in spite of the opposition of my conscience, I drifted around to the club again and almost unconsciously sat down to a little round table with four other and again succumbed to the appropriately named 'draw' poker. The thing continued for several nights. I telling my wife when I went home that poor Mr. Sportiboy was very sick indeed. She seemed to believe me, although I felt like a sheep killing dog."

"After about a week of this had passed at the breakfast table one morning my wife, who was reading a paper, gave a sudden exclamation, dropped the paper, pushed the chair back from the table and looked at me with an expression of horror and her countenance."

"'What's that the matter, darling?' I asked in consternation. 'Are you ill?' Her face was pale, and I noticed that she seemed to be much agitated. She rose and started for the door. Not knowing what was the matter, I rose and followed her. She turned on me tragically, saying: 'Don't come near me; don't touch me! To think that you have been visiting that sick man who has the scarlet fever and then come and have the audacity to come home and associate with me! I am surprised that you thought more of him than you do of your wife or yourself by exposing both of us to such a horribly malignant disease!' And she swept out of the room."

"Here I was in a pickle. I hardly knew what to make of it. I had got hold of the paper she was reading, having some suspicion of what was the matter, and looked in the death notices. Among them I read with raising hair that Mr. Willie Sportiboy had died the day before of scarlet fever. To say that I was shocked was putting it mildly. I was shocked at his death, and also at the manner in which I had been exposed, literally speaking, as far as truthfulness was concerned, and theoretically to the scarlet fever."

"When I went to find my wife, I discovered a hastily written note in which she said she had gone home."

"I knew it was no use to follow her, remembering her terrible fear of all such diseases as scarlet fever, and I knew if I wrote her she would not open the letter, owing to the same fear of contagion. I thought awhile and finally did the only thing I knew would bring her back, I visited a lady who knew us both well, made a clean breast of the matter and sent her to my wife's home as an intermediary."

"I fixed the matter up all right finally. She had been teasing me to bring her a certain piece of jewelry, to which she had taken a fancy. It took all of my poker winnings and more to pay for it, but I was satisfied."

"That was the last time I ever lied to my wife. I tell you, honesty is not only the best policy, but the best policeman where your better half is concerned. If I have occasion to stay out late now, I come like a man and tell why it happens."—Washington Star.

Good Scheme.

"Shall I write out Jimson's bill?" asked the clerk.

"No; I think you'd better get printed. Get about 100 copies of it. It'll need that number before it pays it, and time and money will be saved in the end."—Pick Me Up.

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He Stirred Up the Pennsylvania Political, and Although Convicted of Criminal Libel, Received Over 100,000 Votes for State Treasurer.

One of the many interesting features of the recent state elections was the jump into national prominence which the Rev. Dr. Elias C. Swallow of Harrisburg took when he was found to have received more than 100,000 votes for the office of state treasurer on the Prohibition ticket, and the normal vote of his party in the state is about 25,000. He even ran ahead of the Democratic candidate. Now he announces that he will be a candidate for the governorship next year.

Dr. Swallow is the superintendent of the Methodist Book Concern and the editor of the Pennsylvania Methodist, the recognized organ of the Methodists of central Pennsylvania. It was not solely as a Prohibitionist that Dr. Swallow made his recent campaign, but as a reformer and an opponent of what he terms "the bosses," meaning Senator Quay and the other Republican leaders.

His fight, and the result was a genuine surprise not only to his opponents, but to many of Dr. Swallow's supporters as well.

As a reformer Dr. Swallow seems to be right in his element, for he is an aggressive spirit and dearly loves a controversy. He is a firm believer in the church militant. About a year ago he began his crusade against "the bosses." Through the medium of the Pennsylvania Methodist he made many charges against state officials, alleging corruption of various kinds. When the state capital was destroyed by fire last winter, Dr. Swallow asserted that it had been set on fire in order to conceal evidences of official wrongdoing.

When the committee of the state senate began its investigation, Dr. Swallow was summoned as a witness. At first he refused to appear and was adjudged in contempt, but later he did appear at the bar of the senate and promised to produce witnesses and evidence. At the same time he continued his attacks on Governor Hastings and other officials. Just here the state officials made what they have since recognized as a mistake. Dr. Swallow was indicted for criminal libel on at least a dozen counts. The trial was a sensational and dramatic one. Dr. Swallow held the center of the stage. He took notes of the proceedings and at the same time directed the defense. He filled the editorial columns of his paper during this time with scorching articles, in which he scored all his antagonists from the judge down.

Dr. Swallow varied the sessions of the senate investigating committee by insisting on beginning the proceedings with prayer, making long and fervent appeals for divine guidance and calling for power to punish evildoers. Some of his prayers made the senators squirm. He declared his paper dramatic action in the action that he was not making a move in his crusade without first consulting God and his wife. The latter sat beside him during the whole trial of the libel suits.

The trials lasted on several counts, and he was fined \$500 and costs. From that moment his popularity among the opponents of the dominant party began to increase. Thousands of persons who would never have heard of Dr. Swallow or his attacks on the state officials if his utterances had been ignored came to recognize him as a reform leader. His conviction not only increased his fame, but it failed to silence him. On the contrary, he spoke often and ever increasing audiences. He reiterated his charges concerning official corruption and repeated his intimations that the statehouse fire was incendiary.

Then came his campaign for state treasurer. Dr. Swallow stamped the state, making red-hot speeches in every section. He did not mince his words when talking about the state government. Another method which he adopted was to write open letters to various public officials. He was ready to give a peppery interview to reporters at any moment, and he figured largely in the headlines.

Just when he was busiest he discovered what seemed like an enemy in his own camp. He was accused of neglecting the interests of the church intrusted to him by spending so much time on politics, and it was suggested that he was being paid for duties which he was not performing. Dr. Swallow promptly came back at his critics by stating that he had relinquished his salary while stumping the state, and was therefore not subject to criticism on that score.

One of Dr. Swallow's most remarkable characteristics is his superb mental poise. He has been placed in some of the most trying situations and has never seemed to lose his nerve for an instant. When the jury in the libel cases brought in the verdict, not a muscle of his face moved. Apparently he did not care a rap which way the case went.

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THE GOOD L...
I sing to you about a man...
should last...
His name was...
in Nottingham...
And though to...
drew a secret...
he was what all...
line landlady...
Where or a tenan...
two of glass...
He never used to...
out "Alas!"...
But he would ge...
shine or in rain...
Or if it was at z...
No matter if in room...
get torn...
He would not, as some...
from night till m...
And if the point g...
first thing he w...
Was sent and have the...
the house away...
No matter if a fa...
drain...
It made no difference to...
complain...
And if a tenant sh...
cellar stairs...
He always thought it...
such small requir...
And if a tenant sl...
ing blind...
And it should be...
three windows...
And tumbled t...
ing "would...
He would not se...
pay the bill...
And ere the m...
from his...
And not with th...
his eyes...
But with a rosy sh...
face...
Would the tenan...
the place...
—Thomas F. Por...
No Flats...
Young Man—I...
about a month...
and home. What is the...
Janitor—Hum...
tended to marry ev...
"A mother? Ce...
"A grandmother?...
"Of course...
"Hem! Let me...
mother have a...
"Why, yes...
"And did...
ter?"...
"Great sir...
"Very sorry...
of those kind...
I'm afraid I...
family."—N...
The...
George—Pa, it...
that the snow is 20...
dike. Is that so?...
Pa—I guess it is...
George—Jimmy...
don't live there!...
Pa—Why?...
George—Just t...
the mornin and cle...
Cleveland Leader...
Always a J...
Many stories of...
illegibility of the...
Choate, the fact...
that he once...
self on the...
a living at...
China and...
that is, by o...
gonaut...
She...
Mr. Van...
maid who has...

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ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

THE GOOD LANDLORD.

I sing to you about a man whose memory long should last. His name was Hiram Morethangood, he lived in Nottowood.

And though to save his native land he never drew a sword
He was what all his tenants called a mighty fine landlord.

When'er a tenant chanced to break a pane or two of glass
He never used to storm and rave or murmur out "Alas!"
But he would go and buy some more in sunshine or in rain.
Or if it was at zero, and have them set again.

No matter if in room or hall the paper should get torn
He would not, as some landlords do, complain from night till morn.
And if the paint got scuffed and soiled, the first thing he would do
Was send and have the painter come and paint the house anew.

No matter if a faucet froze or if it got clogged with a drain,
It made no difference to him. He never would complain.
And if a tenant short of wood should burn the cellar stairs,
He always thought it sweet delight to make such small repairs.

And if a tenant should neglect to close a swinging blind
And it should be thrown from its place by the fierce winter wind,
And tumbling to the walk below some passer-by would kill,
He would not say one unkind word, but go and pay the bill.

And ere the morning light broke forth he from his bed would rise,
And not with thunder in his tone nor anger in his eyes.
But with a rosy shade of joy upon his manly face
Would to the tenant go and give a full deed of the place.

—Thomas F. Porter in New York Sun.

No Flats For Rent.

Young Man—I am to be married in about a month, and I'm looking for a home. What is the rent of these flats?

Janitor—Huh! Did the girl you intended to marry ever have a mother?

"A mother? Certainly."

"A grandmother?"

"Of course."

"Hem! Let me see. Did that grandmother have a daughter?"

"Why, yes."

"And did the daughter have a daughter?"

"Very sorry, sir, but I can't rent one of these fine flats to people like that. I'm afraid having children runs in the family."—New York Weekly.

The Glad Child.

George—Pa, it says in the papers that the snow is 20 feet deep at Klondike. Is that so?

Pa—I guess it is.

George—Jimmy, but I'm glad we don't live there!

Pa—Why?

George—Just think of gettin' up in the mornin' and clemmin' the sidewalk.—Cleveland Leader.

Always a Job For Choate.

Many stories are told relative to the illegibility of the penmanship of Rufus Choate, the famous lawyer. It is said that he once openly congratulated himself on the fact that "if he failed to get a living at the bar, he could still go to China and support himself by his pen—that is, by decorating tea chests!"—Argonaut.

She Was Not Particular.

Mr. Van Skyter (to newly imported maid who has seated herself at the table)—Bridget, how dare you? Do you know with whom you are sitting down to eat?

Bridget (sweetly)—I don't make no difference to me, sir, so as the victuals is clean.—Brooklyn Life.

Making the Most of It.

"What on earth is that, old man?"
"Little invention of my own. My wife has made me swear off smoking except for 15 minutes each day, so I work those 15 minutes for all they're worth."—New York Journal.

Precaution.

"What makes Dicky Dodd take that girl to the theater so constantly?"
"The one who wears the enormous hat?"
"Yes."
"He wants to make sure that he won't by any possibility have to sit behind it."—Washington Star.

The Bloomer Question.

"Our society," said the young woman who belongs, "has decided that bloomers shall be barred."
"How vulgar!" said the girl who does not belong. "They ought never to be in other than solid colors."—Indianapolis Journal.

Easily Accounted For.

Diggs—Glumly spends nearly all his time in solitary meditation.
Biggs—That may account for the poor opinion he has of mankind.—Chicago News.

Unsociable.

Clancy—Casey, phwat's a reclusé?
Casey—Oh dunno for shure, but it's phwat yez wed call a man wid no pigs round his house.—New York Journal.

Planned On.

"It would be just like a woman," remarked the observer of men and things, "to go around with the chip pinned on her shoulder."—Detroit Journal.

THE MILITIA IN WAR.

HOW ABOUT THE NATIONAL GUARD IF WE FIGHT SPAIN?

The "Tin Soldiers" That Are Scoffed at In Time of Peace Would Prove a Tower of Strength in Our Hour of Need—Our Great Military Reserve.

In case of a war with Spain the United States could put a military strength of quite respectable proportions into the field in a very short time. Compared with European nations the size of our regular army is, of course, insignificant. We have only an aggregate of 25,000 men. But that does not represent our real military strength. Lying around in sections throughout the country we have a big, well drilled and well equipped army. In the event of war we would see this big army put together.

It is something as if Uncle Sam, with a view to the possible use of a big office building, should have prepared and stored away in different parts of the country the various sections of such a structure. The regular army, scattered here and there at different posts, would correspond to the iron framework. The stone blocks for the walls would be the national guard. West Point would supply the ornamental trimmings, and such things in the shape of officers skilled in the art of war. So the regular troops are the skeleton of our dismembered military giant. Our militia constitute the flesh and muscle.

Three lines of activity, offensive and defensive, would be the normal plan in case of a campaign against Spain resulting from difficulties concerning Cuba—first, the defense of our principal Atlantic seaports; second, the establishment of a base of supplies and operations at some southern port; third, an invasion of Cuba with the largest possible force in order to confine the operations to the enemy's country and keep the Spanish troops busy on Spanish soil.

The first movement toward putting our military giant together would be the mobilization of the national guard. In other words, the president would "call out the militia." He would probably do this through the governors of the various states. Locally the effect would be a mustering of the amateur soldiers at the various armories. General orders of this sort, having determined upon points of mobilization, would send out their orders, and in a few hours after the call special trains crowded with soldier boys would go tearing across the country, carrying regiments to various points.

At the same time the emptied armories would be quickly refilled by recruits. It



THE SOLDIER OF 1898.

is estimated that 20 per cent of the militia is retired each year, and that there are as many ex-militiamen as there are guardsmen in active service. Many of these men would return to the ranks at once. They are all well drilled and lack only equipment. Probably the war department would immediately take possession of all gun and cartridge factories and run them night and day. The other supplies could be secured without trouble.

The national guard numbers at present 114,000. These men are by no means the "tin soldiers" which they have been slightly dubbed. It is true that they are not held in high esteem by some army officers, but this count for nothing. They know how to handle their arms and obey orders. That their valor has never been demonstrated is no sign that it is lacking. They have not shown their mettle because they have not had a chance, but for this reason they are most anxious to do so. When the civil war broke out, the militia was sneered at just as it is today, yet the national guard regiments were noted for gallantry all through the war.

New York and Pennsylvania's national guard would be the first to be called upon, as they can be more readily concentrated than those of any other states. With the recruits which would naturally come from the former militiamen these two commonwealths would furnish nearly 40,000 troops. The invading force would be hurried to the waiting transports, and the embarkation would proceed with all possible swiftness. In their equipment a new feature of modern warfare would be put in evidence for the first time. Along with the heavy field artillery would go bicycles and light machine guns. Both of these General Miles looks upon as most valuable additions to an army, and the many bicycle squads which have been organized in the various militia companies would probably be collected and formed into a regiment of flying infantry, which could be moved across the country with amazing swiftness.

While the invading force was getting under way there would be a simultaneous movement of the national guard from the interior to the coast. The troops in the New England states, for instance, would be massed at Portland, Portsmouth, Boston and New London. To New York and Philadelphia would be sent the troops from the upper tier of western states, and to the defense of the Potomac, the Chesapeake and Hampton Roads those of the southern states.

The young men who had never indulged in anything more martial than an annual week at the state camp or an occasional parade would soon be doing the real work of soldiers. Those who sailed in the troopships would probably smell gunpowder quickly, for the plan would probably be to join forces with the insurgents and march on Havana. Those who were sent to the seaboard would be detailed to man the coast fortifications and would receive training in the handling of big guns. The naval part of the plan would be pressed into service on the mosquito torpedo fleet. Altogether it would be a busy and exciting period for everybody, and Spain might not find us as unprepared for war as we apparently are. When the dons take Uncle Sam's measure, they should not forget that he has the national guard up his sleeve.

S. R. MACDONALD.

TO COMPETE IN PARIS.

General Kadeski Will Organize a Catholic Regiment For the Military Contests.

General L. J. Kadeski, commander in chief of the Uniformed Catholic Knights in America, is trying to organize a regiment to go to Paris in 1900 and to represent American Catholics in the great international Catholic and military prize contests.

The military order of Catholic Knights of America is less than three years old. In securing the official recognition of church and pope it has succeeded, however, in doing more than the old conservative Knights of St. John. It is aggressive and is now established in almost every state as far west as Colorado, and the crusade will be carried beyond the Rocky mountains this winter. So strong is the order and so much more progressive that they are forcing the Knights of St. John into recognition, and negotiations are now on for a consolidation of the two great military orders of the American Catholic church. Though the Knights of St. John are somewhat disorganized, it is said that they could be brought under the invigorating laws of the young order and the amalgamated body be one of the greatest military organizations in America. It is understood that the church desires to see such a consolidation. Kadeski is really the originator of the order. He is yet a very young man, a devout Catholic, and to his efforts the phenomenal success of the order largely may be attributed.

The movement to make a showing among other great Catholic nations at the Paris exposition, to enter drill for the pontifical prize and to compete for the prizes that will be offered for the best drilled military organizations also is Kadeski's idea. He expects to have at least 150 well drilled knights, and if the consolidation of the two orders is effected the number may go to 500. He proposes to take one company from each state. The funds are to be raised through many channels, and those agreeing to go will pay in part of the money in weekly or monthly payments, beginning on Jan. 1 next. Each one will take so much stock in "the Paris association" and will pay in the stipulated sum. If by any unforeseen accident or cause the stockholder withdraws or fails to keep up his payment, he forfeits the money which he has paid in.

America has never been represented in any of the great European international contests of Catholic bodies. In the Paris drills they will have to meet not only the many zouave companies, but the famous and ancient Knights of Malta and the pope's own guards. Kadeski proposes to pick a crack company of 50 from all that go and drill them night and day while en route. He says that Chicago will furnish one company. It is figured that the expense of the trip will foot less than \$250.—Chicago Record.

CATHOLICS IN BOSTON.

Rev. J. P. Bodish Relates the History of Their First Church.

The first meeting of the Bostonian society this season was held recently in the council chamber of the old statehouse. After the transaction of routine business the Rev. J. P. Bodish addressed the society on "The Old Franklin Street Church and Its First Pastors."

"Over 100 years ago the Catholics of Boston were assembled for a time in the little church on School street," he said. "The lease, however, expired, and the property was devoted to other purposes. About 1792 Dr. Martignon, a Catholic clergyman, who had been exiled from France during the Protestant revolution, was sent by Bishop Carroll to Boston. The talents of the first pastor were of the highest order. His mission included all New England, and his labors were greater than the strength of a single individual could sustain. He succeeded in winning the confidence of his fellow citizens."

"In 1795 Dr. Chevrons, another French exile, was sent by Bishop Carroll to assist Dr. Martignon. The two pastors continued to hold service in private houses, having no suitable church until 1799. Dr. Chevrons then opened a subscription fund, to which John Adams was the first subscriber. The Protestants of Boston subscribed in all \$3,433. The builders' plans were furnished by James Bulfinch, the architect of the statehouse, who superintended, gratis, the erection of the building. The entire cost, \$20,000, was a large sum in those days. The structure fronted on old Franklin square. The church was enlarged by Bishop Fenwick in 1827."

"The edifice was consecrated under the name Holy Cross and served as the cathedral of Boston under the episcopates of Dr. Chevrons, Dr. Fenwick and Dr. Fitzpatrick. In 1860 the structure was sold to Isaac Rich and devoted to business purposes."—Boston Herald.

Father Fitzgerald's Appointment.

The president recently appointed Rev. Father Fitzgerald of St. Joseph, Mo., to a chaplaincy in the United States army. This makes the third Catholic priest now holding a commission in the army, the remainder of the corps being made up of 8 Protestant Episcopalians, 9 Methodists, 4 Presbyterians, 3 Baptists, 3 colored Methodists, 1 Congregationalist, 1 colored Baptist and 1 Christian. At present there is but one vacancy. Rev. Father Fitzgerald's appointment was strongly urged by Archbishops Keane and Ireland. He has had considerable experience in mission work among the Indians.

Catholic College For Women.

One hundred Catholic women of Chicago have been the first to send money for the purpose of establishing a Catholic college for the higher education of women. One hundred dollars was the amount raised. These 100 women have voluntarily pledged themselves to send a similar sum every year for nine years, thus making a total contribution of \$1,000.

About Parlor Stoves.

All homes are not blessed with a furnace, and its better so, for the amount of coal it takes to run some furnaces, will keep a man poor for life.

For genuine comfort and economy, nothing can approach a good PARLOR STOVE, and the beautiful new fall creations are works of art and science.

They beautify your home and make your rooms as comfortable as though they were fleece lined.

There isn't a store in Boston that can show the assortment of Parlor Stoves that we have here. 50 patterns to choose from, \$2.98 to \$25.00. Economical coal consumers and wonderful heaters. What isn't here isn't worth talking about or worth looking at. That's not all, for our prices, without question, are acknowledged by shrewdest buyers to be the lowest.

HENRY L. KINCAIDE & CO.,

Hancock Street, Quincy.

George F. Wilson & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Teas, Coffees, Tobaccos, Cigars, Imported and Fancy Groceries.

WILSON BLOCK, HANCOCK STREET.

Burn Our Dirtless

COAL.

IT DOES NOT COST ANY MORE.

C. PATCH & SON.

Quincy, Nov. 10.

JAMES M. FITZ-GERALD,

16 and 18 HANCOCK STREET.

Stoves, - Ranges, - Furnaces,

HOT WATER HEATING.

Tin Roofing and Jobbing. Stove and Furnace Repairing.

GEORGE H. BROWN & CO.,

Offices, 22 and 23 Adams Building, Quincy.

Telephone No. 227-2.

CARE, SALE AND LEASING OF REAL ESTATE

MONEY TO LOAN on first mortgages of Real Estate. Insurance of every description promptly effected.

GEORGE H. BROWN, Conveyancer and Notary Public.

J. F. Sheppard & Sons,

— DEALERS IN —

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red and White Ash and Cumberland

COAL,

PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD AND SPLIT KINDLINGS.

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point. Yard, Granite Street, Quincy.

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The Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

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Lock Box, 161.

Rates Made Known Upon Application.

All articles and correspondence intended for the Quincy Monitor should be addressed to the Editor of the Quincy Monitor, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to Quincy readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

It is the opinion of many that the Sewer Commissioners are laying a very small pipe for lateral sewers. The cost of labor in opening the streets is a considerable item, and as the cost of pipe varies but little with the different sizes, a much larger pipe should have been laid. The pipe now being laid may do for a few years, but we hardly think that it will answer the purpose ten years from now. The cost of opening the streets and the cost of placing them in proper condition after the work is done should cause the commissioners to reckon well with the future needs of the city. If the present six-inch pipe will do the work for the next twenty-five years, no objection will be made, but if at the end of ten years the city is compelled to undo the present work, the money now being expended is but simply thrown away.

We are disposed to think that if Kelley, the Somersworth murderer, had not withdrawn his plea of "not guilty" he would now be under the sentence of death. Even the evidence of experts would be powerless to turn the prejudices of the jury, which, feeling the public pulse, would be sure to return a verdict of murder in the first degree against him.

Kelley richly deserved the punishment which the law has decreed for his crime, but as long as doubt existed, the extreme penalty must be held in abeyance. His counsel were undoubtedly shrewd in taking his case from the jury, and placing it in the hands of two judges, who were without bias or prejudice.

At a recent hearing in the council chamber on the petition of the Quincy and Boston Street Railway company for an extension of privileges, Mr. James H. Slade appeared as a remonstrant. Mr. Slade in his argument, was citing the conditions existing in other cities, when he was brusquely informed by the pro tem prore chair-man, Councilman Field, that his remarks were irrelevant. Mr. Slade, though not satisfied with the chairman's ignorant ruling, withdrew from the hearing, and the position of street railway was allowed to be presented with perfect freedom by the president of the road, Mr. John R. Graham. On the merits of the question at issue we are in agreement with Mr. Slade, and we acknowledge in candor that we believe that the insolence of the railway officials, backed by such members of the Council as Mr. Field, will do much to turn public sentiment against the road. The matter that here concerns us is the right of any citizen to appear before the Council and be respectfully heard. Free expression of thought or feeling must not be prevented, and this attempt on the part of Mr. Field to suppress Mr. Slade is the most aggravating symptom that has been demonstrated in many days. The Council can regulate the conduct of all appearing before it, but we dispute the position assumed by Mr. Field. Mr. Graham was allowed to make ridiculous statements, but Mr. Slade was not allowed to state indisputable facts.

Mr. Slade was treated meanly by the Council, and still more by a stupid press, which distorted the few remarks which he was allowed to make.

Mr. Henry H. French, the candidate for the School Committee in Ward One, is a graduate of the Quincy schools and the Bridgewater Normal School. He received the regular nomination from the Democrats and has an independent endorsement. We sincerely hope that Mr. French will be elected, as to our mind a change should be made in the School Board.

LORD WOLSELEY.

Lord Wolseley, field marshal of the English army, is sixty-five years of age. He attained his present rank at an earlier age than any man outside royalty since the accession of George III in 1760, with the single exception of Wellington, who attained the honor at forty-four. Like the Iron Duke, Wolseley claims the Emerald Isle as a birthplace.

THE MAYORALTY.

In the coming municipal election the impression seems to be gaining ground that only one bona fide candidate is in the contest, and that candidate is Mr. William A. Hodges. Mr. Hodges is well known in every ward in Quincy; has been a resident of Quincy over thirty years, and during that time has served his town and city in important capacities. The gentleman has also received other honors from our people, and in return for this appreciation has given a full measure of meritorious service. Mr. Hodges' acts have not at all times pleased our people, but at all times all were ready to acknowledge that he acted in his best judgment. Mr. Hodges is deemed a capable man, an experienced man, and a prudent man, and in view of these qualities we cannot believe that he will be rejected, and a young man, almost a stranger in our city, and with no recommendation for the place he seeks, chosen to an office of greatest importance. Mr. Sears has been denied favor at the hands of his own party on two former occasions, and if his own associates did not think him fit for almost insignificant places, how can his election be seriously urged now.

Mr. Hodges represents good government, economical government, carried out under his eye by faithful and capable officials. Mr. Sears, on the other hand, represent the spoils element in his own party; and it is also feared that if he is elected mayor he will be dictated to by a gentleman who labored hard for his nomination. THE MONITOR need not call names; the developments of the past few days have certainly furnished evidence that Mr. Sears is under a great obligation to a former city official, and if the rumors that reach us be correct Mr. Sears would be but the servant of one who has no business in meddling with the affairs of the people of Quincy. Mr. Hodges is certainly a safe man to charge with the administration of affairs here, and we cannot see by what reason any man of property or of permanent interest in Quincy can be led to cast a vote in favor of another.

A NONSENSICAL PROPOSITION.

One of the amusing signs of the times is the position now taken by Major-General Nelson A. Miles. Gen. Miles was sent to Thessaly by the McKinley administration that he might glean some instruction from the methods of handling large armies in actual war. His arrival however, was too late to witness anything but the homecoming of the Turkish troops. His stay was mostly in the home office of the Turkish minister of war, but it is not imagined that that clever Turk allowed the bumptious American to partake of anything but Turkish cordiality. From there Gen. Miles went to England and witnessed the mobilization of England's home guards at Aldershot. The immensity of England's army was too much for the general, and on his return to the United States he sought the columns of a metropolitan journal to give vent to his pent-up feelings. The United States must have a larger army, a greater host must be supported in illness and usefulness, a greater burden must be put upon the productive class that this peace-deceiving host might be maintained. Gen. Miles is indebted to the historian for his knowledge of war since in the Civil War he was but an obscure subaltern, an errand boy for those who bore the burden and responsibilities of war. The American general is but a superficial student, and looks only at one side of the proposition which he advances. He does not see that a standing army is a menace to the peace of any nation, and that for its existence there must be a justification. Such a justification may exist elsewhere, due to the fatuity of European statesmen, but in the United States, among a thrifty and intelligent people there can never be a justification for a large army. Since Gen. Miles was appointed to his present billet by President Cleveland he has given much evidence of his unfitness for his post, and time and time again has given more permanency to the feeling that a place once filled by true greatness is now held by a mediocre up-start.

The Board of Trustees of the Quincy Savings bank is certainly not caring well for the interests of that institution in allowing some of its servants to engage so conspicuously in political affairs. Bank officers are certainly to do as their judgment determines, but it is not the shrewd bank official who uses his business prominence to help his political friends. The depositors of the bank, on the other hand, have a right to demand that the officials should hold aloof from political strife, and if the demand is not respected the recourse left to customers will hardly be satisfactory to those charged with the management of the institution.

QUINCY SCHOOLS.

The Quincy system of education has heretofore been the subject of much discussion, and at times much criticism has been bestowed upon the schools and upon those responsible for their conduct. Much that has been said in praise of the schools has been of the fulsome kind and much of the criticism has been made in a carping spirit. Those who were familiar with the practices of the schools a dozen years ago, are quite sensible of the retrogressive tendencies of the past few years; and while they are adverse to find fault with the results of our school system, are yet restless under the charges that are so frequently made against the system. We are quite free to admit that the Quincy schools are not doing as a whole as much for a good basic education as the enormous outlay of money should warrant and this is due to causes which can easily be remedied. The old system, founded upon the necessities of the time, has been replaced by the follies of common-place educators, by hobbies which gather their greatest interest from the fact that some faded specialist draws a salary from the city for a most infinitesimal service. A system of education, no matter how meritorious, will be successful only in the measure that the expounder enthralls the pupil. The meaneast system will gain prestige and strength at the hands of a capable teacher, and likewise the best system will give inadequate results if intrusted to incapable hands.

The system of selecting members of the School Committee is radically wrong; and the system of selecting teachers is also radically wrong. The School Committee, in Quincy as in other places, is a partisan and narrow body, and incapable of going beyond the recommendations contained in the city book. The Quincy schools are extravagantly conducted and, it will not long before some means will be devised to place the schools upon a more economical basis.

We must take issue with Supt. Lull upon the question of salaries. In his report each year he deprecates the fact that many teachers are being occasionally taken by other places at an increase in salary. The withdrawals on this account are we believe quite small, and we cannot see wherein the ground can be taken that because a few teachers have been fortunate enough to receive larger salaries elsewhere can be urged as a justification for an increase in salaries all along the line. Salaries here are ample, compared with many other places of similar resources, and to our mind a curtailment rather than an increase would be more acceptable to our people.

Then again the manner of selecting teachers is wrong. Applicants should be compelled to undergo an examination and their rating and eligibility should be determined by the results. As it is now the choice rests almost solely with the superintendent, and the recommendation of some backwood's committeeman is more acceptable than a diploma from a college or normal school of repute. We do not charge partiality in the selection of teachers, but we are aware of certain incidents of late that give color to the impression that all are not given equal opportunity to prove their capability.

The promptness which foppish Americans demonstrate in lionizing unknown foreigners has long been the cause of a quiet chuckle on the part of sedate Europeans, and to the more sober and thoughtful of us here a most discomforting affliction, has been again shown in the manner in which Dr. Nansen was received in Boston. Dr. Nansen's achievement may have been noteworthy, but when we remember that although he may have reached a few points further north than other explorers, the fact still remains that his expedition had none of the intense interest which attended other expeditions. It is quite apparent why Norwegians should feel a bit proud of the doctor, since but few of them ever emerge from the delightful fastnesses of fjords of old Norway, but that is no reason why the American public should go into ecstasies over this gentleman, who may or may not have done all that his own lips have vouched for. It is pitiful to behold the inane fetichness of our smart set, when a shrewd foreigner strikes our shores, and it is more exasperating to see this same foreigner depart from our shores with his grip bulging with American gold.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.
Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN.
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

LOCAL TINTS.

Dr. Joseph M. Sheahan has resigned the presidency of the Alumni association.

Rev. Fr. Jonstone enjoyed a two week's vacation during the first half of the month.

Miss Bertha Trepanier, has been appointed as assistant organist of the Sunday School choir.

The children of St. John's Sunday School will present "Golden Hair" during Christmas week.

Rev. Fr. Francis, who has been confined to his bed with severe illness for some weeks, is improving.

Mrs. P. H. Gavin of Pleasant street was elected a member of the board of directors of the High School Alumni association at a recent meeting.

In the marriages of the present month the contracting parties are Peter Mullin and Frances Agnes O'Callaghan at St. John's church, and Martin W. Cunniff and Ellen R. Deneen at St. Mary's, West Quincy.

Oct. 27 was a day of unusual events at St. John's church. After the two brilliant marriages of the morning, the parish was honored by a visit from His Grace, Archbishop Williams, accompanied by many prominent pastors from Boston and vicinity, who desired thereby to tender their felicitations to Rev. Fr. Francis upon the recurrence of his birthday.

A feature which added much to the attractiveness of the dramatic entertainment of the St. John's society, was the appearance of the hall on School street. The new proscenium, painted by Mr. Renato Albionati, is a work of art. The entire walls inside have been softened to a deep olive green. An entirely new set of scenery has been painted for the stage. The whole appearance of the little hall makes it now one of the prettiest and cosiest of its kind in the city.

CITY ELECTION.



CITY
OF
QUINCY.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, Nov. 26, 1897.

IN accordance with the provisions of Chapter 417 of the Acts of 1893, notice is hereby given that meetings of the citizens of Quincy qualified to vote will be held on

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1897,

in the following places, namely:

WARD ONE. Ward Room, City Hall Building.

WARD TWO. Hose House, Washington Street.

WARD THREE. Precinct One, Doble's hall, corner of Water and Franklin Streets.

WARD THREE. Precinct Two, Old Hose House, School Street.

WARD FOUR. Precinct One, St. Mary's Hall, Willard Street.

WARD FOUR. Precinct Two, New Hose House, Copeland Street.

WARD FIVE. Store, Newport Avenue, formerly known as the Boston Bazaar.

WARD SIX. Engine House, Newbury Avenue.

The polls will be opened at 6 o'clock in the morning and will be closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several precincts in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes for a Mayor, Five Councilmen at large, Three Councilmen from Wards, One member of the School Committee at large for three years, One member of the School Committee for Ward One for three years, and One member of the School Committee for Ward Five for three years.

They will also give in their votes "Yes" or "No" in answer to the following question: "Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city?"

ATTEST:

HARRISON A. KEITH, City Clerk.

Quincy, Nov. 26, 1897.

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THE HIBERNIAN BAZAAR.

The bazaar of Division 18, A. O. H., which closed on October 21 was very successful, a good sum being earned. The winners of the articles are as follows:

Pair of gentleman's shoes, Edward Monahan.
Doll, Helen Goodhue.
Set of books, John R. Ross.
Checker board, D. Belan.
Clock, Michael Minihan.
Picture, D. Coleman, Braintree.
Barrel of potatoes, John Walsh.
Shaving set, Thomas Mullin.
Ton of coal, Thomas Joyce.
Picture and easel, Jeremiah Dineen.
Piano lamp, Mrs. Mary Cahill.
Ton of coal, Mrs. A. Gouley.
Range, P. J. Finnegan, Dorchester.
Doric, P. J. Ferguson.
Boy's suit, Thomas J. McGrath.
Fancy rug, Hannah Doherty.
Books, Annie Shine.
Silver spoon, Frank Driscoll.
Barrel of crackers, May F. Dunn.
Ten shaves and haircut, D. J. Ford.
Tidy, Wm. Kelly.
Merschaum pipe, Mrs. M. F. King.
Fancy plate, Alice Ryan.
China cups and saucers, Margaret Gregory.
Willow rocker, Mrs. Richards.
Parlor lamp, Parker Southon, North Weymouth.
Box of cigars, Norm Leary, Boston.
Cream pie, P. J. Ferguson.
Boiled dinner, Edward Walsh.
Silk umbrella, Thomas Burke, Clinton.
Boiled dinner, M. Haggerty, Weymouth.
Ham, James O'Neil.
Ladies' slippers, E. J. Powers.
Picture, Jeremiah Murphy.
Landscape picture, James McDermott.
Five pounds of tea, Mrs. Mary Joyce.
One-half cord of wood, Annie T. O'Brien.
Bush hammer, Patrick Dillon.
Cake, Mr. Hayes.
China cup and saucer, J. S. Finnegan, Boston.
Brush and case, M. Daly.
Rose jar, Mr. Donovan.
12 pillow cases, Mrs. Mullaney.
Lamp, Maurice Kerins.
Box of cigars, John O'Brien.
Pair of shoes, Dennis H. Lade.
Boy's suit, Walter E. Ogle.
Box of cigars, Mrs. Shea.
Pair of shoes, John Fallon.
Clock, Patrick Cunniff.
Onyx table, J. Singleton, East Milton.
Bear-skin rug, Mary J. Sullivan.
10 gallons of molasses, J. F. Burke, Hingham.
Oil heater, John Mattison.
Silk umbrella, Cassie Delaney, Weymouth.
Pair of shoes, Wm. T. Shea.
Clock, Annie Drinan.
Box of cigars, Margaret E. Kent.
Curtain, Larry Tracy.
Fancy rocker, Margaret Walsh.
Picture, John B. O'Reilly.
Picture, Mrs. M. Dwyer, North Weymouth.

ST. MARY'S OFFICERS.

The St. Mary's Catholic Total Abstinence society has elected these officers:

John J. Reardon, president.
Edward Finn, vice president.
James J. Kelly, financial secretary.
John A. Boyd, recording secretary.
Philip T. Egan, corresponding secretary.

Wilford B. Dalpke, treasurer.
Jeremiah Curtin, chairman of the entertainment committee.
Board of Directors, Dennis Shea, (chairman), John J. Reardon, Wm. Tisdale, Thomas Joyce, Thomas Keating, Daniel B. Reardon.

Board of Trustees, John J. Reardon, Patrick Malone, Patrick Dillon, Thomas Shortle.
Auditing Committee, Martin King, (chairman), David Ballou, J. C. Dorgan.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

As to Fuel.

You are particular about the coal which you put into your furnace of course.

You impress it upon your coal dealer that you want clean coal—coal that's free from impurities—coal that won't burn too freely, but just freely enough—coal that will throw out heat—and all at the lowest possible price. Then you use all the skill you have in running your furnace, so as to get the steadiest heat with the least trouble and expense.

But how about the far more important furnace which you carry about with you always—your stomach? Do you always insist on putting into it the most wholesome articles of food-fuel? Do you never permit it to be supplied from the "bargain counter?"

We assure you that the furnace in your cellar is of vastly less consequence than the furnace in your body. See that the latter has proper fuel at proper times if you wish to be "healthy, wealthy and wise."

One thing we always insist upon in placing our orders with manufacturers and packers of the many goods we handle, that is, Absolute Purity and High Quality before considering price. Here experience comes in and we claim that we know where we can get such quality. Don't you think it safer to buy goods where you get absolute guarantee of purity?

Everything in our store which is handled by largest Boston retailers.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

Boston Prices.

Don't Need a Fire Now.

How About Next Winter?

We buy the BEST COAL and prepare it thoroughly. It is delivered promptly by courteous drivers, who are careful and will not damage your lawn or house.

Yes, you can get all of the above in your own city of Quincy, from a taxpayer who helps to support your schools, public buildings, and highways.

All this at BOSTON PRICES. Why not invest your money in Quincy?

C. PATCH & SON.

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2w 27-8t

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F. A. SKINNER,
ARTIST
PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class Work at Standard Prices.

Having purchased the Photographic business and good will of Mr. F. A. Russell I am prepared to furnish all the latest styles of work in the best possible manner.

Children's Pictures a specialty. All orders will receive prompt and personal attention.

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

Who is

J. P. O'BRIEN,

38 HANCOCK STREET?

Why, oh I know,

HE IS THE

**Cigar and Tobacco
DEALER.**

Magazines and Newspapers.

**SWITHIN BROS.,
REAL ESTATE**

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in the city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,

Cranch Hill,

Dell Estate,

WEST QUINCY

Hillside Terrace,

GROVE STREET

Wollaston,

BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

As to Fuel.

You are particular about the coal which you put into your furnace of course.

You impress it upon your coal dealer that you want clean coal—coal that's free from impurities—coal that won't burn too freely, but just freely enough—coal that will throw out heat—and all at the lowest possible price. Then you use all the skill you have in running your furnace, so as to get the steadiest heat with the least trouble and expense.

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which is handled by largest Boston retailers.

BRANCH GROCERY,

A Merrill's Block, Quincy.



& SON.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE,

Music Hall Building, Quincy.

The Originators of Low Prices.

GIGANTIC BARGAINS IN OUR BIG STORE FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS, TO
MAKE ROOM FOR OUR DISPLAY OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

GREAT SALE OF UNDERWEAR.

Manufacturers' Seconds Jersey Vests and Pants.

2 cases ladies' jersey VESTS and PANTS, made from red Egyptian yarn; very heavy and fine; with silk front and silk ribbon; these are the best of the mill; we sell the best for 50c.; price for this sale 19c.

MEN'S WOOL FLEECE SHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

2 cases men's WOOL FLEECE SHIRTS and DRAWERS; these goods were made by mill to retail for \$1; there were a few oil spots on them; do not hurt the wear a particle; we sell them for this sale for 69c.

Grand Sacrifice Sale of Dry Goods.

PRINTS.

200 cases of elegant new light SHEETING PRINTS and new dark prints; 3c. yd.

CRASH.

100 cases heavy bleached CRASH; 3c. yd.

DOMET FLANNELS.

one case heavy white Domet Flannel, cut at the mill 7c.; for this great sale 5c.

FLANNELS.

200 cases extra heavy double twilled OUTING FLANNEL, sold everywhere for 12c.; our price for this great sale only 8c.

FLANNELS.

one case FANCY OUTING FLANNEL, in blue and pink, stripes and checks; our price only 6c.

BROWN SHEETING.

Two cases extra heavy thread BROWN SHEETING; price for this sale only 4c.

QUILTS.

100 cases heavy double twilled CRASH; 3c. yd.

PILLOW SLIPS.

50 cases heavy bleached PILLOW SLIPS, cut at the mill 12c.; our price only 10c.

SHEETS.

50 cases heavy bleached SHEETS; 45c. each.

DAMASK.

10 cases fine 58-inch Damask; regular price 25c.; our price for this sale, 25c.

FLANNELS.

10 cases heavy bleached FLANNELS; regular price 25c.; our price for this sale, 25c.

TOWELS.

100 cases heavy bleached TOWELS; regular price 25c.; our price for this sale, 25c.

WRAPPERS.

100 cases heavy bleached WRAPPERS; regular price 25c.; our price for this sale, 25c.

FLANNELS.

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FLANNELS.

GREAT SALE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

We bought 500 dozen of ladies' fine embroidered Swiss HANDKERCHIEFS to sell for 25c.; we shall put these on sale for 12c.

50 dozen ladies' fine embroidered HANDKERCHIEFS, greatest value ever shown; 5c. each.

Also 3c. and 1c. each. Ladies' all linen, 5c.

COTTON UNDERWEAR.

50c. ladies' umbrella DRAWERS with lace at 25c.

75c. umbrella SKIRTS with lace, at 59c.

We have just received ten dozen ladies' NIGHT ROBES, they retail for 75c.; we shall sell them for only 59c.

CORSET COVERS, all sizes, 10, 15, 25 cts.

APRONS.

200 elegant MUSLIN LAWN APRONS made full 60 inches in length; bought these at 10c. for this sale at 10c.

35c. at 17c. for this sale at 10c.

Tremendous Sale of BLANKETS and COMFORTERS.

We made a spot cash purchase of 20 cases of Blankets and Comforters at 50c. on the dollar; this is positively the greatest purchase of blankets ever made in this city; our customers will reap the benefit of this great purchase.

FIRST—Five cases 11-4 PURE WHITE BLANKETS, positively worth \$1; for this great sale, per pair only 59c.

Five cases 11-4 FINE WHITE BLANKETS, with rainbow borders, worth \$1; for this sale, per pair only 45c.

COMFORTERS—50 cases of large size Comforters, actually worth \$1, for this sale, each only 50c.

Bargains in GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Very Heavy Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, 25c. each.

25-cent Leather End Suspenders, 10c.

50-cent Leather Mittens, 25c.

\$2.00 Men's Sweaters, \$1.00.

Boys' Sweaters, 45c.

75-cent Men's Laundered Shirts, 45c.

Men's Overalls, best goods, 35c.

Men's Jumpers, best goods, 50c.

Men's Canvas Coats, flannel-lined, \$1.00.

Policemen or Firemen's Coats, 1.99.

Gents' Kid Gloves, 1.00 and 1.50.

Art Department.

Stamped Goods. The greatest values ever shown.

12 inch Doyley, 5 cents, at 3 cents.

9 inch Doyley, 10 cents, at 5 cents.

12 inch Doyley, 15 cents, at 8 cents.

15 inch Doyley, 20 cents, at 10 cents.

18 inch Doyley, 25 cents, at 15 cents.

Crochet Embroidered Silk, 5 cents.

Filo, Wash Embroidered, Sicilian, Persian, Houdini, Floss and Rope Silk, all at 4 cents per skein.

100 yard Best Silk, black and colors, 8 cents.

50 yard Best Silk, black and colors, 4 cents.

10 yard Button Hole Twist, colors, 4 cents.

For this Sale.

We make a specialty of Dress Linings of all kinds.

Agateware, 5 cents and 10 cents.

Tinware of all kinds, 5 and 10 cents.

A full line of Useful Articles at bottom prices.

No need to go to Boston. You can save more than your car fare by purchasing at our store we are selling goods from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent. less than was ever sold before. We do not give any presents of Chromos or cards, but we give you the biggest cut on prices you ever saw. This sale will continue for TEN DAYS. We MUST HAVE THE ROOM. We shall show the largest line of HOLIDAY GOODS ever displayed in Quincy.

We have two floors; plenty of clerks, no waiting. Come in the morning. Come early and get the benefit of this sale. We have a LADIES' WAITING ROOM, open at all times.

West Quincy, Braintree, Holbrook, Atlantic, and Wollaston Electric pass our door.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city FREE.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

Special Prices for this Week, COMMENCING NOV. 29th.

We bought a large quantity of Canned Goods before the rise, and will make special inducements to move some of them next week. Call and get our prices.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

25 School Street, 105 Water Street, QUINCY.

We are selling our Perfection Flour very low.

GUYS COLISEUM.

Great Housekeeping Outfit for \$100,

or \$10.00 cash and \$10.00 per month will soon pay for it. A suitable discount allowed for spot cash or cash in four months. A fine hard wood Chamber Set, 10 pieces, large Mirror, Spring Bed, nice Mattress, Pillows, Toilet Set, pair Blankets and a Bed Quilt. A large size Range with all the latest improvements. A hard wood Dining Table, 4 high Dining Chairs, a fine Decorated Gold Lined Dinner Set. A set of plated Knives and Forks, set of Tumblers, 2 nice Lamps, set plated Spoons, Dish Pan, Flour Sifter, Nutmeg Grater, large Iron Spoons, Wash Basin, Oil Can, Egg Beater, Flat Iron and Stand, Tea Can, Coffee Pot, Dust Pan and Brush, Sink Cleaner, 8-quart Pan, Coal Hod and Shovel, Spider, Handle Dipper, Poker and Cover, Lifter, Dinner Pot and Cover, Ash Scraper, Broiler, Meat Pan and Round Pan, Cake Tin, Bread Tin and large Copper Bottom Boiler, Tin Pail and Wash Tubs, 5 dozen Clothes Pins, Line with Reel and Basket, Chop Bowl, Scrub Brush, Stove Brush, Water Pail, Clothes Horse, Rolling Pin and Pastry Board, Brooms, etc.

The above lot is sold complete and the price for the outfit is so very low that everyone now boarding ought at once to have two rooms and commence housekeeping and have a home.

229 Come and look at the goods; they are as good and new, no trash or second-hand stuff.

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GUYS COLISEUM.

SHOE DEPT.

1 lot Men's Satin Calf Heavy Double Sole Shoes; worth \$2.00 per pair, \$1.29.

1 lot Ladies' Box Calf winter weight Shoes; worth \$2.00 per pair, \$1.29.

1 lot Boys' Satin Calf extra heavy Shoes; worth \$2.00 per pair, \$1.29.

1 lot Children's School Shoes, sizes 6 to 8; worth \$1.25 per pair, 90c.

LADIES' SLIPPERS, 50 CTS.

MEN'S SLIPPERS, 50 CTS.

Men's Slippers for Holidays, \$1.25 and \$1.35.

CHILDREN'S SHOES our specialty.

25, 50, 60, 80c., 1.00, 1.15, 1.25

RUBBERS.

The Largest Line Ever Shown in Quincy.

Ladies' Sandals, Boston Rubber Co. goods, all sizes, new goods, 35c.

One lot Ladies' Rubbers, while they last at 10c.

BOYS' HIP RUBBER BOOTS, \$2.50

BOYS' SHORT RUBBER BOOTS, 1.50

MEN'S BUCKLE ARCTICS, 1.19

Drapery Department.

Silkoline with gilt and plain, 36 inches wide, a large assortment.

Very wide Fish net for curtains, 25 cents, at 15c.

Curtains, big values, 7c, 10c, 15c.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Three Great Specials.

Ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hose, Children's Fast Black Double Knee Stockings, Children's Fast Black Seamless Hose.

All worth 19c. per pair, 10c. per pair.

Ladies' Fleeced, 19c. at 10c.

50c. Men's Black Cashmere Wool, 25c.

Our line of Hosiery is the largest in Quincy.

Wool Gloves and Mittens.

BROOM AND GRAMMAR

THEY ARE INTELLIGENTLY ASSOCIATED AT MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

The Comprehensive Scheme on Which Mary Lyon Founded the First Woman's College—Alumnae Now Working to Secure the Parsons Endowment.

Holyoke, Holyoke, tried and true,
We will love her ever.
Alma mater and the blue
We'll forsake—no, never!

This is a favorite song of the Mount Holyoke girls. They mean every word of it, too, and that is why they are now rallying all over the country, bent on collecting the \$50,000 which is needed to secure the permanent endowment fund to which Dr. D. K. Parsons of Chicago has promised to



MARY LYON, FOUNDER OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

add \$50,000 as soon as the alumnae can raise \$150,000. Two-thirds of this sum has already been given by various Holyoke graduates, and the rest of the alumnae have recently been stirred up to complete the sum.

They will do it without doubt, for Mount Holyoke women are noted for their intense loyalty to the institution, which has the proud title of "mother of women's colleges." Founded in 1837 at South Hadley, Mass., it began its existence as a girls' seminary at a period when the higher education of girls was looked upon as a sort of foolish luxury. But Mary Lyon, the noble woman whose broad mentality and splendid courage prompted her to defy all such Puritan prejudices, founded on solid principles of common sense an educational monument which marks the date of the emancipation of the American woman.

It is somewhat remarkable that the lines along which Mary Lyon began to work 60 years ago should have been so closely followed. Mount Holyoke college is today just what she intended it should be, "a permanent institution consecrated to the work of training young women to the work of greatest usefulness; designed to be furnished with every advantage that the state of education in this country will allow; to put within the reach of students of moderate means such opportunities that none can find better ones." These were the words in which Mary Lyon expressed her purposes concerning Mount Holyoke, and they fit the college just as well now as they did when they were spoken.

Not that Mount Holyoke has not progressed, for it is anything it is progressive. The words, "with every advantage that the state of education in this country will allow," provides for that and demands it. So as the state of education has been bettered the advantages of Mount Holyoke have been increased. Another idea in Miss Lyon's policy, the retention of which has given to the college a distinctive character, was to divide the household work among the students. Her design was not to teach domestic work to young women. Home was the place to learn that, she said. But it cut down the expense bills of the students, added a certain dignity to labor and acted as a constant check on any attempt to establish lines of caste within the college walls.

It is this feature of Mount Holyoke which makes its graduates respected among sensible people. The young woman who knows how to make a bed as well as a synthetic analysis, who is capable of managing a fire as well as calculating the time of an eclipse is the sort of young woman whom you meet in Mount Holyoke, and just the sort of young woman Mary Lyon planned to send into the world from the doors of her seminary.

This feature of the college life has been much misunderstood, and there are many people, even in New England, who think today that the students are largely engaged in learning domestic accomplishments. Even in Mary Lyon's day the students were required to give only 70 minutes of their time each day to household work. By the use of modern appliances and the employment of hired help to do the heavy



PRESIDENT ELIZABETH STORRS MEAD, best and less agreeable part of the work, the time has gradually been reduced until each student accomplishes her share in 30 minutes.

From the simple curriculum which Miss Lyon devised and started to the bounds of the day has grown the extensive and complete system of education now in force there. Little by little a fine group of buildings has grown up around the original structure which was destroyed by fire not many months ago, until today the 400 students are well housed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, who has been president since the institution entered upon full college work, is not merely the executive head of the college faculty, but the foster mother of a large and interesting family.

DOROTHY DENCK.

THINK GOD'S THOUGHTS.

It Will Increase Your Love For Nature and For God.

When I was a little child, my father used to tell me that I should think God's thoughts over after him. I was too full of wonder to ask many questions, so for a long time I puzzled over what he meant.

One day I came in from a ramble with my arms full of wild flowers—goldenrod, purple gentian, white and purple asters, etc. Going to my father, I showed him my treasures.

"Who made them?" he asked.

"God made them, but I think Father Coakley made them blow out. He loves them so," I replied.

Father Coakley was our parish priest. We children loved him so much we thought he could create.

"Father Coakley does love the flowers," said my father, "but no power of his can unfold their delicate petals. They are God's thoughts, every one. Come with me!"

I took his hand confidently. Now, I thought, this question will be settled. He led me to a beautiful spring not far from our house. The spring seemed to bubble almost from the very roots of a great elm tree—an old elm, so old, that no one could tell its age when the country was new. There it stood, a monarch sure enough, rising a stately and symmetrical column 30 feet without a branch; then, as though with line and rule, the graceful canopy spread uniformly, its long, leafy fingers reaching nearly down to the grassy carpet. The great roots reached far under the stream, thus constantly drawing life into its strong branches and sending it quivering to every leaf.

"What is it?" my father asked.

My reply was ready.

"One of God's thoughts."

This was the beginning of a great delight. For many years I have never looked into a flower cup but that I think it a thought of him who said, "Consider the lilies." Or if I break open a geode and see the rainbow imprisoned in its crystals I know it is a thought of him "who laid the foundations of the earth," and "who spanned the heavens with stars." Try it and see how it will increase your love for nature and for God, the Creator of all.

—Weekly Bonquet.

POPE LEO'S SUCCESSOR.

Opinion of a Distinguished Romanist in Regard to Mr. Martinielli.

Since the precarious condition of the pope has become known it has been stated by those badly informed that Mr. Martinielli might possibly be the choice of the sacred college. As a matter of fact Cardinal Gibbons is the only member of the Roman Catholic clergy in America eligible to be voted for. Not since the thirteenth century has a pope been chosen from among the archbishops, and the last one so elevated, finding himself inadequate for the office, resigned.

A distinguished Romanist in speaking of this matter recently said: "There is one way, and only one way, in which his grace could be chosen pope—for the holy father to make him a cardinal, and it is, of course, extremely improbable that this will be done, but if the pope has announced his intention of making a new cardinal and after his death there should be found among his official papers a sealed memorandum naming Father Martinielli for the office, he would at once take the rank of cardinal and become a member of the sacred college."

Father Martinielli is a charming man in appearance, manners and character, and it is impossible to be in his presence without falling under the charm of his personality. In manner his grace is frank and cordial, and he speaks with the deep knowledge of the student, the easy grace of a man of the world, but modestly and with so little pretension that one is prone to forget that he is a high dignitary of the Roman church and one of the profoundest scholars among her clergy.—New York Tribune.

WOMEN'S CATHOLIC ORDER.

They Take Care of the Sick in Hospitals and Educate the Youth.

The Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ is a Roman Catholic order of sisterhood which originated at Dernbach, near Coblenz, Germany, in 1849. Its objects are to care for the sick in hospitals and homes and to educate the youth in orphanages and academies.

The order grew from a nucleus of six members. During the Franco-Prussian war it had 300 sisters in the field and hospitals. The order was established in America at Fort Wayne in 1869. One year later it took charge of the Holy Angel's Orphan asylum at Rosehill. In 1877 it built a convent in connection with St. Michael's church, with five sisters in charge, and later established another in Newberry avenue. The small-pox hospital of Chicago has been in charge of this order for many years.

St. Elizabeth's hospital was built in 1885 and has been steadily enlarged and improved. Besides nursing the sick at their own homes the order cares for at St. Elizabeth's between 1,500 and 2,000 patients every year, most of whom are free patients.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Stout Heart.

There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. Even if a man fail in his efforts it will be a great satisfaction to him to enjoy the consciousness of having done his best. In humble life nothing can be more cheering and beautiful than to see a man combating suffering by patience, triumphing in his integrity, and who, when his feet are bleeding and his limbs failing him, still walks upon his courage.

Hope Changes the Character.

Nothing can compensate for the loss of hope in a man. It entirely changes the character. Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of burden behind us.

WOMAN ARGONAUTS.

Plans of a Shipload of Feminine Gold Seekers.

Sixty women, who are described by their leader as "widows and bachelor maids," will on Dec. 1 set sail from New York for Dawson City. They are going to make the whole trip on the steamer Columbia, which has been purchased by a New York syndicate that intends to establish a steamboat line from Seattle to St. Michael's and from St. Michael's to Dawson City.

At the head of this female Klondike expedition is Mrs. Hannah Gould of New



MRS. HANNAH GOULD.

York, a widow who is quite a successful business woman. She is in knickerbockers, short skirts and top boots, the members of her band intend to step ashore at Dawson City as early in the spring as possible and begin operations. Their efforts will be partly commercial and partly missionary. They all expect to make money and at the same time exert a civilizing and Christianizing influence on Klondike society.

Only a few of them expect to engage in actual mining. The majority will launch various enterprises, for which they have concluded that there is a demand in Dawson City. In the hold of the steamer is packed a portable hospital, which will be erected in Dawson City. Four of the bachelor maids in the party are trained nurses and one of the widows is a doctor, and these will man the hospital when it is put together. Some of the other women are going to open a hotel, and a number of others will run a boarding house. There are milliners and dressmakers, too, and one woman who means to open a circulating library.

Collectively the women are going to establish a club, which they expect will enable them to exert a beneficial and moral influence on the social life of the Yukon metropolis. No woman under the age of 24 and none over 50 has been allowed to join the expedition and each member has had to satisfy Mrs. Gould that she is of good character. Each woman has paid in \$500, or else given her note for a part of that amount, for which she will be landed in Dawson City and be given a start in her particular line of undertaking without further expense. It is expected that the voyage will occupy about five months. The members of the expedition have engaged passage on the Columbia, among them being two bartenders, who expect to step into high salaried positions the moment they land.

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.

No Monument Marks the Resting Place of the Statesman and Philosopher.

It does not speak very well for American patriotism that the grave of Benjamin Franklin has for years been neglected, but such is the fact. The last resting place of the great statesman and philosopher might, for all the care that is taken of it, be the grave of some obscure and friendless mortal whose common clay was held as cheaply as his common mind had been.

Franklin's grave is in a corner of the old churchyard at Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, in the heart of the business district. It is marked by a plain marble slab, now time-worn and discolored, on which appears the simple inscription, "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, 1706." That is all. Not a monument, not even a headstone, is there to mark the grave and desertion about this corner of the churchyard. There is not even the green thatching of sod which nature generally provides for the humblest grave, but the earth all about the stone is bare and cheerless.

There are plenty of Franklin's descendants living, but they seem to take no in-



FRANKLIN'S NEGLECTED GRAVE.

terest in the grave of their illustrious ancestor. Indeed the church sexton is authority for the statement that they not only will do nothing to keep the grave in repair, but refuse to allow any one else to do so. Frequently he has received offers of money from visitors who have been distressed at the forlorn appearance of the grave. But the Franklins of today have told him to accept no subscriptions for such a purpose, saying that Franklin wished it so, "being a plain man and averse to display."

Perhaps this is so, but the neglect is hardly creditable to the nation. The simple slab and its brief inscription were both designed by Franklin before he died, and the work was done by a stonecutter of his acquaintance to whom he gave minute instructions. When he was a young man, Franklin wrote this fanciful epitaph for himself, which has become famous: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms. But the work shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and elegant edition, revised and corrected by the Author."

Tons of Wire For Needles.

A German paper calls attention to the extraordinary fact that at Aachen alone 800 tons of steel wire are used up annually in the manufacture of needles, 4,500,000,000 in number, valued at \$1,500,000.

IN THE WINTER OF LIFE.

Colonel Clarke, After a Varied Career, Has Embraced the Catholic Faith.

Colonel Lew A. Clarke recently embraced the faith of the Catholic church. This will surprise thousands of his friends throughout the United States. He has been known for so long as a man without any religion that this change, when he has reached the advanced age of 73 years, will cause many to wonder what brought it all about.

He himself says that the Ursuline Sisters have been instrumental in his change of heart. For some time he has been in ill health, but was able to be about until a few weeks ago. Since that time he has been confined to his bed, and for some time his life was despaired of. During the most severe part of his sickness he was nursed by the Ursuline Sisters, and their devotion to him and their work so touched his heart that when he became better he signified his intention of joining the church. This he did several days ago. He is steadily improving in health.

Colonel Lew Clarke has probably as large a circle of friends as any man in the United States, if not in the entire world. Although his hair and beard have been whitened by 73 years of adventure and good fellowship, his friends say that he is the "youngest old man" in the country.

He has led a varied career almost all his life and has been a conspicuous figure in not a few exciting adventures. He was born in Pittsburgh and early in life embarked in the newspaper business. He left home and went south, taking up his abode in New Orleans, where for years he was one of the leading citizens. In 1850 he was known as one of the most rabid Know Nothings in the south.

Colonel Clarke never married, but has an elegant, old-fashioned residence in St. Louis.—St. Louis Republic.

THE CHEERFUL MOTHER.

Happy Is the Home Over Which Presides a Cheerful Woman.

Heaven will have a cozy chair for the good woman who on earth was a cheerful mother, for, of the minor domestic virtues that make the home a place of comfort, the most beneficial of all is cheerfulness. It is of use every day and every hour in the day. It makes the light seem joyous when the sun is shining, and it brightens the dreariness which clouds obscure the sky.

The husband comes home, nervous and irritable, harassed by the cares of business; the children romp and quarrel, and break and tear, and spoil and destroy, and get into mischief a thousand and one times from dawn to dark; the servant is wasteful, or insolent, or stupid; the butcher or the grocer tries to put on the family undesirable food, or others concerned with the household subject the mistress of it to annoyance day after day, week in and week out, from year's beginning to year's end. Now, she who is a cheerful and fretful woman, all these worries will rasp her temper and she becomes a Leyden jar to accumulate and discharge the electricity of unhappiness. But if she be a cheerful person, she keeps her own spirits up, soothes and sympathizes with her husband, kisses and chides and corrects and trains and instructs her children, tactfully guides the domestic, and gently commands all others having dealings with her to treat her right. She radiates peace. Her presence is like perfume. She is affectionate, sympathetic, willing, magnetic—a joy and a benediction to all her friends.

Happy is the home over which presides a cheerful woman.—Catholic Columbian.

THE SULPICIAN FATHERS.

Divinity College of the Catholic University Is Under Their Permanent Charge.

The Sulpician fathers, who have been placed permanently in charge of the Divinity college of the Catholic university, both as to the spiritual direction of the students and the domestic economy, were first introduced into Maryland in 1791. Their home was established in Baltimore in a house known at the time as the One Mile Tavern, which they purchased and converted into a seminary. The original building has long since disappeared, and St. Mary's seminary of St. Sulpice, a massive, modern building, occupies the site, which is now in the heart of the city. From the storms of the French revolution the Sulpicians sought to obtain a home for the order in America. Four members of the order, headed by Abbe Nagot, with a number of students, sailed for America from St. Malo, the birthplace of Chateaubriand, who was himself a fellow passenger of these pioneers. The voyage of months is described by the great writer in "Atala." The church of the Sulpicians in Paris was begun in 1655, Anne of Austria laying the cornerstone. It was not finished until 1742. It is of great magnificence, the windows being considered the finest examples of old and modern stained glass.

Convent in the Catacombs.

The most remarkable convent in the world is to be found in the catacombs of the Russian cathedral at Kiev. Deep down beneath the magnificent cathedral are miles of subterranean corridors lined with cells, in which 1,500 ascetics perform their daily devotions and duties and live, eat and sleep in the grim company of their dead predecessors. For a short time each day they ramble in the beautiful gardens surrounding the cathedral, only to return from this fugitive glimpse of paradise to the dark, damp cellars where they live their "death in life." The cathedral, which rises above them, is of a splendor of which the untraveled western has no conception. Its walls are covered with plaques of gold and silver. The images are enshrined in richly jeweled frames of gold, and before them hang hundreds of tiny lamps, gleaming like multicolored jewels.—New York Journal.

QUICK TO ANGER.

After All Blykins' Complaint Was an Unreasonable One.

Mr. Blykins was in the mood to be annoyed by whatever pretext might first assert itself. His wife watched him uneasily as he dropped into his chair in the library and reached for the paper. It was when he perceived through the daily prints the colossal opportunities for criticism of the way in which the affairs of the human race are conducted that he grew most indignant. He reached for a paper and glanced at a headline. With a snort of indignation he arose and threw the paper upon the table.

"There it is!" he exclaimed. "The same old story!"

"What's the matter, dear?" came the patient query.

"Matter!" he echoed indignantly as he took the paper again. "Look there and see for yourself what the matter is. Look at that headline, 'Paul Goes to Rome!'"

"I don't see that it's anything to worry over now."

"Who's Paul? Tell me that. What has Mr. Paul ever done for this country? But that's the way with every administration. They're always picking out somebody who you never heard of before and giving him one of the most important and biggest-salaried places in the whole diplomatic service. Of course I have nothing to say against him personally. But why should he be selected when the country is full of men of experience in statecraft and who have international reputations?"

"My dear, hadn't you better look and see what paper you were reading?"

"No. I don't want to see any more of it. I'm going to read a novel or play solitaire the rest of the evening."

"You wouldn't object to my telling you what it is, would you?"

"No, not if it will be any satisfaction to you, although you can't make me doubt the authenticity of the story, because it's just the sort of thing that I expect."

"Well, dear, the paper is Johnny's Sunday School Messenger, and the line that has given you so much uneasiness is the topic of last week's lesson."—Washington Star.

As Usual.

"I want some good stories about old Blank," said the magazine editor.

"But I don't know any," protested the writer.

"What has he ever done?"

"Well, he was a schoolteacher once."

"Oh, well, then I can fix up that old story about thrashing the bully of the school within an inch of his life and thus securing peace in a school that four teachers had previously had to give up. That tale hasn't been used for two or three months."—Chicago Post.

Artistic Presumption.

Henderson—I call it presumption for one of those organ grinders to stop uninvited before your door and grind out alleged music and then ask you for coin.

Gibbs—Yes, but think of the presumption of another class of alleged musicians who demand your coin before letting you into the house to hear their discord. —Philadelphia North American.

Chicago Not So Well Off.

"I have been thinking about this saying that hell is paved with good intentions."

"What about it?"

"Oh, only that if it is paved with anything and the pavement is half way decently laid it's that much better off than some parts of Chicago."—Chicago Post.

At the Barber's.

Apprentice (finishing the lathering of a customer)—Yes, sir, there's no money business allowed by our boss. Every time we cut a customer's face it means a fine of a quarter.

Then he adds, brandishing his razor: "But today I don't care a rap. I've just won \$5 at the races."—Figaro.

The Waiter's Description.

Madame (entering a restaurant)—Do you know if Mr. Miller is here?

Waiter—Mr. Miller? Isn't he an old man with a big, red nose?

Madame—Yes, that's he, but look here! I want you to understand that my husband is not old nor is his nose big and red.—Fliegende Blätter.

Clearly a Swindle.

Proprietor (of Dawson City restaurant)—What's the matter with that chap down there at the other end of the table?

Waiter—He's kicking because there's no more nuggets than noodles in his soup.—Chicago Tribune.

A Hard Wrap.

"This," observed the Egyptologist, "is the remains of Thotmes II, who fought in the great war about Thebes."

"Yes," murmured the mummy, "and didn't I get done up, though?"

He wearily resigned himself to the unwrapping process.—New York Press.

Where He Missed It.

"So you think our congressman made a bad record?"

"I do."

"What have you got against him?"

"Sent seed to 600 men and only six of 'em were farmers!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Added Fuel.

Bixby—Wonder how they manage to keep the fire that is never quenched always a-going down in hades?

Dobbin—Oh, that's easy enough. Folks are all the time passing in their chips, you know.—Boston Transcript.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

Jinks—Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?

Blinks—I don't know. Why?

Jinks—I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes.—New York Weekly.

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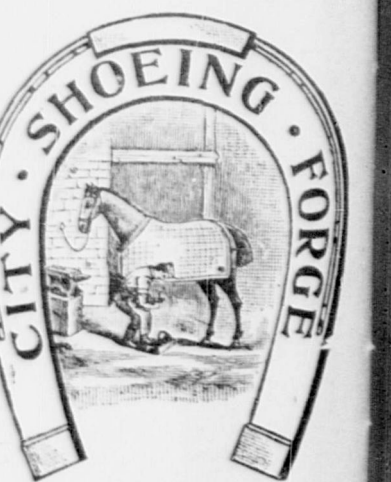
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SLEEPING CAR MANNERS.

Two Girls Tell of Experiences With the American Man.

There were three or four young women in a parlor car on a New Jersey railway the other day and two of them gave their experience in traveling alone at night. One had ventured the remark:

"The American men are always polite to women traveling alone. If they are not, it is certainly the woman's fault. She is forward or common or something."

That started the conversation. One girl didn't know about this and protested:

"Girls, you know I am not forward, at least I hope I am not, or common, and yet I had a very unpleasant experience once. I was going to Pittsburgh alone. Father and brother Frank went over to Jersey City with me and I went on the western express at half past 6. Frank had the tickets and found my section, No. 8. There were a satchel and overcoat and umbrella there, which he moved to the next section."

"We had only time to get the illustrated papers, say goodby, and I was off."

"I hadn't turned the second page of the paper I had taken up before we were crossing the meadows, when I was startled by a gruff voice saying, 'Who moved my things?' I found my paper too interesting to look up. Again he shouted: 'Who moved those things? This is my section, and I want my things put back in it.'"

"I felt my face getting hot, but said nothing. He picked up his satchel, sat down in No. 7 opposite, unbuttoned his shoes, kicked first one, then the other, across the aisle under my feet, put on slippers and a traveling cap, hung his hat over my head, then went for the porter, who had just come in. He growled something at him and I heard the porter say, 'Don't no, sah; have to see the Pullman conductor.' He went into the next car. I called the porter, found my tickets were all right and wondered what would happen next. I didn't have to wonder long. In he came again, and, girls, he was tall, broad shouldered, elegantly dressed—looked a gentleman, anyway, though he wasn't one. He said something to the porter about a mistake, then came over to me, and, bowing, said:

"I made a mistake. I ask your pardon."

"I know my face blazed then. I did feel so insulted to think he could kick his shoes under my feet and then apologize. I looked straight at him and said: 'I think it time you asked my pardon. You are the rudest man I ever met in all my life.' He stood there long enough to tell me that if he had known that I was that kind of a woman he never would have apologized, and then went back to his section."

"At Philadelphia some one he knew came in and he must have told him all about it, for, in one of those mysterious lulls which on the train are just like those at a concert, we all heard him say, 'I went up and told her I'd made a mistake and asked her pardon, but she was so d-d sassy I was sorry I did.' Now, girls, was that my fault? You see, even an American will be rude sometimes to women."

The champion of men took a back seat, and a jolly looking girl gave her experience.

"Mine was just funny, girls, and, I guess, my own fault. I was alone too. One night we were going across the Alleghenies, and the train rocked like mad. I had watched several people land in the place they hadn't wanted to land in and was getting a good deal of amusement. I called the porter to have my berth made up, walked up the car, sat down without a mishap, patted myself on the back and wondered why the other passengers weren't so agile. As I came back I noticed a man sound asleep, arms folded, head down and hat over his eyes. As I came opposite him the train gave a fearful lurch; I felt myself going and grabbed something. It was the man's neck; I was on his lap, arms round him. My head struck his head, and his hat flew into the next seat. He said merely, 'Good Lord!' and I was gone. I didn't look back. I just crawled in between my curtains. Then I had to laugh."—New York Sun.

True.
"I think it is the most ridiculous idea," said Mrs. Newlywed, "celebrating your diamond wedding when you have been married 75 years. I'm going to reverse it—the way it ought to be—the diamond wedding first, then the golden, and so forth. Why, even if you should live 75 years after you were married, you would be too old to go to dinners and dances where you could wear the diamonds."—Harper's Bazar.

Antic Systems of Charity.
A regularly organized system of relieving poverty has been in vogue in China for more than 2,000 years. It is said that an organized system of charity prevailed among the Egyptians 2,500 years before Christ.

TURTLE HUNTING.

How the Animals Are Attacked and "Turned" on Ascension Island.

One of the most favored spots frequented by turtle is, or used to be, the desolate island of Ascension in the south Atlantic, a barren volcanic patch belonging to Britain, and, because used exclusively as a naval depot, entered upon the books of the admiralty as one of her majesty's ships. An enormous number of turtles were annually "turned" there and preserved in a small lagoon from shipment to shipment. It was my pleasant privilege to assist at one of these turnings, and I bear a very vivid recollection of the game.

Crouched low behind an immense bowlder one evening about 8 o'clock, we could hear a hollow reverberating murmur of the mighty surf outside, suggesting sleepily irresistible force. A dazzling wreath of snowy foam, gleaming like burnished silver, fringed the quiet stretch of glittering sand, which, gently sloping upward and landward, was bounded by gloomy bastions of black lava. Beyond that shining semicircle of glowing white lay the somber blue black bosom of the quiet little bay, now heaving gently as that of a sleeping child. Hither and thither, threading its inscrutable depths, glided spectrally broad tracks of greenish light, vivid, yet ever brightening and fading, as if of living flame.

Presently there emerged from the retreating smother of spume a creeping something of no very definite shape under the glamour of the molten moonlight, but making an odd shuffling progress inland and becoming more recognizable as it rose. Another and yet another and still more arrived as the shining tracks converged shoreward. At last the dark shapes came near enough for a novice to know them for turtle. Soon the first comers reached their limit and began the work for which they had come. Each massive reptile, by an indescribable motion of its fore flippers, delved into the yielding grit, throwing the spoil behind it and upward until it was enveloped in a misty halo of shining sand. Then the whole beach was alive with the toiling chelonians and their male attendants, who shuffled about, emitting curious noises, but whether of encouragement or affection this dependent saith not.

Divers of them came from far—so far that none who have not witnessed the swift cleaving of their true element by these ungainly monsters could believe how the wide sweep of those eager flippers devours the fleeting leagues. In a short time many of the delving turtles had sunk below the level of the surrounding sand, while some had ceased their digging and commenced to deposit their eggs. Suddenly we rushed upon them, and for some minutes the swarming beach was apparently a scene of wild confusion. Really the plan of attack was well ordered, and when the first scurry was over nearly all the visitors were to be seen wrong side up, waving their flippers deprecatingly. In less than half an hour the loneliness was again regnant, all the victims having been towed off through a gap in the rocks to a spacious spoliarium in the lagoon beyond, there to await their transit to the goal of most good things, London town.—Chambers' Journal.

Diplomacy.
Suffragist—If you are elected, will you cut the street through to the Henchbury district? That's what we want to know.

Aspirant—I think I can state positively that in case of my election it will be my purpose to promote the interest of the Henchbury district in all possible ways.

Suffragist—But I'm opposed to the Henchbury crowd.

Aspirant—I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that it will be my purpose to promote the interests of the Henchbury district in all possible ways, but that in my opinion the best way to do this is to consult the interests of the whole city rather than any part of it, and that, in a word, there is no hurry about cutting a street through the Henchbury district. I hope I make myself tolerably distinct?—Boston Transcript.

House Heating in Russia.
The art of heating houses is reduced to the finest point in Russia. At the end of October every window in a dwelling is sealed with putty and not opened again until spring, and there is only one aperture left by which every day for a few minutes some fresh air is let in. The stoves are of porcelain, and an armful of wood is put into them in the morning, which proves sufficient to give out great heat for 24 hours.

Insulting.
Teaspoon—Why are you so angry at the doctor?

Mrs. Spoon—When I told him I had a terribly tired feeling, he told me to show him my tongue.—Household Words

AMATEUR PIRATES.

Sir Francis Drake's First Attempt In the Art of Piracy.

Frank R. Stockton contributes to St. Nicholas a series of articles on "The Buccaneers of Our Coast." In his characteristic vein Mr. Stockton says:

Spain was not at war with England, and when Drake sailed with four small ships into the port of the little town of Nombre de Dios in the middle of the night the inhabitants of the town were as much astonished as the people of Perth Amboy would be if four armed vessels were to steam into Raritan bay and endeavor to take possession of the town. The peaceful Spanish townspeople were not at war with any civilized nation, and they could not understand why hands of armed men should invade their streets, enter the market place, fire their calivers, or muskets, into the air, and then sound a trumpet loud enough to wake up everybody in the place. Just outside of the town the invaders had left a number of their men, and when these heard the trumpet in the market place, they also fired their guns. All this noise and hubbub so frightened the good people of the town that many of them jumped from their beds, and, without stopping to dress, fled to the mountains. But all the citizens were not such cowards, and 14 or 15 of them armed themselves and went out to defend their town from the unknown invaders.

Beginners in any trade or profession, whether it be the playing of the piano, the painting of pictures, or the pursuit of piracy, are often timid and distrustful of themselves; so it happened on this occasion with Francis Drake and his men, who were merely amateur pirates and showed very plainly that they did not yet understand their business.

When the 15 Spanish citizens came into the market place and found the little body of armed Englishmen, they immediately fired upon them, not knowing or caring who they were. This brave resistance seems to have frightened Drake and his men almost as much as their trumpets and guns had frightened the citizens, and the English immediately retreated from the town. When they reached the place where they had left the rest of their party, they found that these had already run away and taken to the boats. Consequently Drake and his men were obliged partly to undress themselves and to wade out to the little ships. The Englishmen secured no booty whatever, and they killed only one Spaniard, and he was a man who had been looking out of a window to see what was the matter.

Whether or not Drake's conscience had anything to do with the bungling manner in which he made this first attempt at piracy we cannot say, but he soon gave his conscience a holiday and undertook some very successful robbing enterprises. He received information from some natives that a train of mules was coming across the isthmus of Panama, loaded with gold and silver bullion and guarded only by their drivers, for the merchants who owned all this treasure had no idea that there was any one in that part of the world who would commit a robbery upon them. But Drake and his men soon proved that they could hold up a train of mules as easily as some of the masked robbers in our western country hold up a train of cars. All the gold was taken, but the silver was too heavy for the amateur pirates to carry.

Thunder and Lightning.
Thunder and lightning, though natural operations, are a cause of great alarm to many. It is seldom any person is injured who keeps away from considerable metallic substances and avoids immediate contact with the walls of the house. The middle of the room is in general perfectly safe, and the lower rooms are safer than the upper. A bed removed at a slight distance from the walls of the room is in perfect security, even if the house were struck. When lead is used on the roofs of buildings particular care should be taken that it communicates with the spouts and by these means with the ground. To determine the distance of the lightning count the seconds between the flash and the thunder and reckon less than a quarter of a mile for every second.—New York Ledger.

A Business Germ.
Talker—I was but a little lad when I started in business.
Walker—That's been the foundation of many a business man's success.

Talker—What has it?
Walker—A little ad.—Boston Courier

One's Own Knew.
Young Spoonmore—You don't mean to tell me seriously, Miss Quickstep, that you don't know one piece of music from another?

Miss Quickstep—Oh, well, I know a wedding march when I hear it.—Chicago Tribune

LAUGHTER.

From the Baby's Merry Crow to the Maniac's Terrifying Screech.

Has laughter gone out? Are we never again to have the honest guffaw—the loud laugh, which, as the poet says, bespeaks the vacant mind? Is this really a true account of the rationale of cackinnation? If so, probably it has gone out, at any rate in polite circles, because we are nothing now if we are not cultured and to be ignorant are worse offenses than any more explicitly forbidden in the Decalogue. And yet it almost seems a pity too. It is not well, surely, to lose any innocent and, happily, infectious expression of pleasure in a world so bedeviled as ours.

Alas! I fear there is no doubt that the power of irrepressible laughter is the gift of youth and youth only, whether in nations or in individuals. Passing the drawing room door the other afternoon, I could hear inside peal after peal of silvery, girlish laughter. It was Miss Ethel, who was entertaining her school friends with tea and bread and butter and jokes. That is the time of life for laughter. I dare say the jokes would not have made me smile. But when the springtime is blossoming, and the sap is running upward in the trees, and the vernal woods are bursting into leaf and echoing with song, and, wherever you look, all is verdure and joy, almost anything can move quick laughter.

Or there is an earlier stage, when baby is being tickled by mamma and crows with delight. Or, though this, it is true, is often silent, there is that most beautiful of all sights—the little blue eyed boy or girl who lies in the white cot at dawn and smiles and ripples with laughter at some innocent, childish thought. It is good to hear happy laughter it is good to watch these baby smiles.

But laughter can be not only grotesque, but very dreadful as well. To hear a maniac laugh is one of the most terrible experiences. To hear a hundred laugh, as one does in hearing the Isola dei Pazzi at Venice, is a foretaste of the lower regions.

Further on in the downward path of life, when the end is very near, the failure of the mind is often proclaimed by violent laughter. The old man is back again in the scenes of boyhood and is going over in a dream the days of long ago. I remember well, lying awake in London lodgings, through an otherwise still June night, unable to sleep for the loud, incessant laughter pealing from the room above, where the old man of the house lay dying. When it ended, just before dawn, the old life ended with it, and in the morning his daughter came in to announce the fact and to express the hope that I had not been much disturbed. The old man, she assured me, had been in no pain, but had been going over his boyish days again; the old brothers, long years dead and forgotten, were with him, and they were cricketing or gathering apples or swinging or swimming together across the old brook all that sleepless night. One was glad it was so, but the laughter had an awful sound.—Sir Lewis Morris in Forum.

Cooking Apples.
Mrs. Emma P. Ewing devotes a whole lesson to the cooking of apples in simple ways. She begins with apple sauce, which, she says, is almost never properly made. The delicate flavor of the fruit is injured by coming into contact with tin or iron and consequently it should always be stewed in a porcelain lined kettle or granite ware saucepan. A dusting of salt and very little water should be added before the apples are put upon the stove. Cover the saucepan closely and do not stir. When the apples are taken from the fire, put one-half of the sugar that is required to sweeten them into the bottom of a china or earthen bowl, pour the hot apples over it, add the rest of the sugar and cover until served. Doctoring with spices, diluting with water, dosing with sugar, beating with iron spoons, straining through tin colanders and serving cold, Mrs. Ewing says, is a process that robs the delicious fruit of all flavor and most of its nutritive quality.—New York Post.

Common Hereditary Trait.
"Doctor, what do you regard as the surest hereditary trait—that is, what peculiarity is most likely to be inherited?"
"My observations lead me to believe that the desire to escape work is about the most common thing that people inherit."—Chicago Journal.

Unprogressive Ma.
Laura—Ma, here is one of the loveliest rainy day costumes in the magazine.
Ma—Oh, there is, is there? Well, them old wrappers are good enough for you to wear around the house on rainy days.—Indianapolis Journal.

WONDERFUL TOUCH.

A Blind Man Who Works For a Blind Man and Does Good Work.

This is about a blind man who works for a man who is also blind and does work for which men who can see are well paid. The blind man who does the work does it as well as a man with eyes, and he never makes a mistake. He depends entirely on his sense of touch, which is extraordinarily well developed.

Away back in war times T. J. Lockwood went to the front. He was a good soldier until he lost his sight. A rifle ball put out one eye and the shock and concussion so affected the other that it was destroyed. Totally blind, Mr. Lockwood came back to his old home and for a time was discouraged. Then he decided that there were things that he could do to earn a livelihood. He set up a store and dealt in men's merchandise at Buda, Ills. Fate was kind to him at last and he prospered. Time went on, and his employees were faithful to the man who had lost his most precious sense while fighting for a most righteous cause.

The man who was the buyer for Mr. Lockwood was and is J. Oechsley. He worked for Mr. Lockwood for many years and was one of the most important of his employees. But one day misfortune came to him. Oddly enough, it struck at his eyes. He was laid low with a nervous affliction, and when he was able to be told of it the doctors announced to him that he was to go through life in the same condition as his employer. His sight was gone and never would be restored.

Finally Mr. Oechsley was able to leave his room. He was not rich, and the illness had made a deep hole in his store of savings. The old problem of keeping the wolf from the door was to be met once more, but this time under a terrible handicap. In the hour of his most trying experience his old employer came to him, and the men went to the old store. Mr. Oechsley knew the place by heart. He was at home there, even if he could not see, and as the days went on he realized that all was not gone even if his sight was lost. He found that he could tell as old of the differences that lie in materials.

His hands seemed to have been given an extra share of cunning and in a measure became his sight. He practiced and grew more expert. His whole energy was thrown into the work he had put himself to do, and in a short time it was found that as a buyer of goods he was almost as good as before the calamity overtook him.

The merchants and jobbers with whom Mr. Oechsley deals know him. They would not take advantage of him even if they could, and they all admit that they could not if they would. The hands of this man are as good and even better in their way than the eyes of most men. He tells all about a piece of goods, no matter what it is, by feeling the texture and finish. He is considered to be a first class buyer, and when merchants say this of him they add that they do not take into consideration the fact that he is blind in passing their judgment of his ability.

The other blind man—the employer—is thoroughly satisfied with the work done by the one who sees with his hands. The store is prospering, and the men who play the biggest part in it are happy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Pursued by Lightning.
They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. It may not, but it comes very near it sometimes, as Colonel Curtright of Atlanta will agree. During a passing storm in the summer of 1892 the colonel took refuge under a poplar tree. Upon a bolt of lightning shivering a tree in the same row he ran into a house near by. While there another bolt struck a part of the house, stunning everybody in it. An hour later another storm came up while the colonel was riding home in a wagon. As he passed along a group of trees one was struck by lightning, about 500 pounds of wood splinters falling into the colonel's wagon. Arrived at home, he had barely entered when a terrible flash unroofed the whole building. Beat these lightning coincidences if you can!—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Poor Business Policy.
"I don't understand how Malden the insurance man can be a success in his business."
"Why? I supposed he was very clever at it."
"He called on me yesterday and wanted to sell me a policy, but never said a word about giving me a rate that he wouldn't think of offering to anybody else."—Cleveland Leader.

Frost.
White frost is the ordinary frozen dew, or hoar frost. Black frost occurs when the cold is so intense as to freeze vegetation and cause it to turn black without the formation of hoar frost.

THEN OR NOW?

"When I am dead, sweetheart," you say, "I'll think of me always at my best. When I'm dead, my head will grass away And to my deep and dreamless rest Nor sob nor call nor snore can pierce And land of tongue and stab of pen. Though love be lost and hate be fierce, Are less than nothing to me then."

"My poor, pale lips no more can ask Your gentle thought for fanned wing Nor love devise attuning task And labor in it, glad and strong. Ignore, then, faults that now you chide. The hasty word, the careless mood And countless heat and foolish pride Forget, as if they ne'er had been."

"If memory from our past evoke One moment of divine surprise, When all the angel in new woke And you glimpsed Eden in my eyes; If I, succumb of care and pain And fullness to heart-famine brought, In reverse live that time again And thus ensnare me in your thought."

And I make answer, fore of mine: "Think of me at my best today. This hour renew surprise divine. Let Eden's light and fragrance play Into our lives while they are one. Why should I wait to be forgiven Till follies and till faults are done And I am out of reach in heaven?"

"What chime has death? The grave what art To right all wrong? Do tears make sweet The March of the human heart? Beloved, while our pulses beat With very joy of living, while I lay my head upon your breast And drink your words and feel your smile, Thus—now—think of me at my best!" —Harper's Bazar.

Getting It Right.

"See here," said the smart man to the hotel proprietor, "I've just had an argument with my friend here on the matter of terms, and I want you to decide."

"Fire away," said the proprietor. "Well, I told my friend I was coming down here to the office to pay my bill. My bill, you understand, was that right?"

"Of course. What did he contend?"

"He said I should have said your bill. How about it?"

"Well, yes. It certainly is my bill. That seems to be correct."

"But you said just now my bill was right."

"Oh, well, it's both. It's your bill and it's my bill."

"That sorter makes it our bill, doesn't it?"

"Yes," assented the proprietor, anxious to get rid of the man. "That's what it is—our bill."

"Well, that decision suits me to a T. Just you make out my half of it and I'll pay you right away. There's nothing like getting things straight."—New York World.

Many Luncheon All Alike.

The inhabitants of a small village not 20 miles from Bradford are noted for a peculiar fondness for currant cake. A stranger who had obtained work in one of the factories there had an example of this. He had taken his breakfast with him, tied up in a cotton handkerchief, and on his arrival at the mill he was looking around for a place to put it in until the meal hour should arrive.

The foreman, seeing his dilemma, called out to him:

"What has ta' thi' henkercher, lad?"

"Currant cake," was the reply.

"Well," said he, pointing to a whole pile of breakfast handkerchiefs, "tha can chuck it on that heap wi' t'others; they all alike!" —London Telegraph.

Appropriate.

A clergyman famous for his begging abilities was once catechizing a Sunday school. When comparing himself—the pastor of a church—to a shepherd and his congregation to the sheep, he put the following question to the children:

"What does the shepherd do for the sheep?"

To the amusement of those present a small boy in the front row piped out:

"Shears them!"—London Tit-Bits.

No sensible person will ever wear a single eyeglass unless he is blind of one eye. Its use means that one eye is neither employed nor unemployed, but is engaged in ceaseless, though no doubt unconscious, efforts to see as much as its more favored fellow. This straining is as harmful as anything could well be and cannot fail to lead to the gravest results.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of the anchor used by ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

The bullet which killed Lord Nelson at Trafalgar is still preserved. It is mounted in a crystal locket and reposes in a crimson bag with gold tassels.

The Coliseum at Rome was built by Vespasian to accommodate 100,000 spectators. It covers 5½ acres and was 120 feet high.

Except in the Ottoman empire, Persia, Arabia, Siam, China and the interior of African countries, slavery is now extinct.

Chloride of lime will cause rats to flee from the neighborhood in which it is exposed.

About 20,000 widows get married every year in France.

PRIESTS AND WHEEL.

MGR. MARTINELLI THINKS WELL OF THE BICYCLE.

He Does Not Ride Himself, but Says There Are Cases in Which the Bicycle Is Very Useful to the Clergy—Proper Costume For Priests.

Archbishop Martinelli, the apostolic delegate, has been interested in the discussions in the Catholic and the secular press regarding the proper habit for priests while riding the bicycle. His views are entirely personal and unofficial.

During a recent conversation Mgr. Martinelli was asked why he had never ridden a bicycle. He smiled and replied: "I am too old—perhaps not too old to learn to ride, but I do not think it would be becoming in me, old as I am (he is only about 60), to ride a wheel. I am very fond of walking and prefer to take my exercise in that manner."

"At the same time I do not disapprove of the use of the bicycle, either by laymen or by priests. There are many cases in which the use of the bicycle has been very valuable to the clergy. In making sick calls, where the patient lives at a considerable distance, or in attending to other parish duties, I have no doubt that it is of much service. Nor do I think that in such instances it lowers the dignity of a priest to use the bicycle. It depends a great deal on the circumstances of the case and the locality in which the bicycle is used."

"How about the proper dress for priests in riding the bicycle?" was asked. "I have watched with interest the different views which have appeared in the papers on this subject," replied Mgr. Martinelli, "but it has not been brought before me officially, nor am I prepared to give a ruling on it at present. The council of Baltimore prescribed the use of a long coat, reaching to or below the knees of the priest, to be worn on the street. This rule should be strictly enforced. But it is also an understood thing that this rule is not inflexible, but may be, agreeably to the wishes of the bishop, relaxed to a degree. For instance, in the summer time, when it is very hot, priests are permitted to wear a short coat instead of the long one."

"In Italy the rules regarding the dress are very strict, yet there are allowances made. In the summer time, when a priest or bishop goes to a retired place in the country where he will be likely to meet but very few people, he is permitted to discard the warm robes which are worn in the city and put on knee breeches, or knickerbockers, with a suitable coat of medium length, reaching in most cases nearly or quite to the knee. This dress would not be tolerated in the city, but in the country it is permissible. The same holds good in America, and even in my own household. While I usually wear the regular dress prescribed for a bishop, should I choose in the solitude of my study to lay aside the wide sash or band or some of the other accessories to the full dress of a bishop, I consider that it would be in good form. In certain countries of Europe the priests are required to wear the cassock in the street as well as in the house, but in America no one thinks of wearing the cassock on the street any more than I would appear in public in the robe of the Augustinians."

"The same rule applies to the bicycle. Priests complain that they cannot wear the long coat and ride the bicycle. They find the bicycle of use to them and apply to the bishop for permission to adopt it. If he gives permission, he implies permission to wear a costume suitable to the bicycle, but one that will be compatible with the dignity of the priestly office. I think, therefore, that a priest who rides may wear with propriety the short coat worn in summer."—New York Sun.

HEALTH OF HIS HOLINESS.

He Seems to Have More Power Than Five Years Ago.

The vicar of Archbishop Keane, printed recently in the Boston Sunday Globe, of the holy father, have in them a cheering note. In them he confirms all that has been said of the continued good health of Pope Leo and his unflagging mental vigor. He writes in this letter:

"The archbishop of Boston said to me last winter that in all these respects the pope seemed to him more full of power than five years ago, and when Bishop Ames of Covington was bidding him farewell quite lately the holy father asked him when he would be in Rome again, and when the bishop said that he hoped to be back in five years the pope said, 'Very well, I will be here then, and I will be glad to see you.'"

"He seems to feel within himself all the promise of several years to come of hard work for the glory of the Good Shepherd and the welfare of his sheepfold."

Such wonderful longevity and confidence that his work is not yet done on earth must seem to Catholics indicative of a special grace given, that this mind, above minds, may be spared to carry forward the work given him to do. Especially in these times does it seem necessary to have in the chair of Peter one whose words will be listened to by all men, both believers and unbelievers.

Leo XIII.

The eager enterprise of the modern days. The rhythm of the age's pulsing flame. He filtered to his being with an art And sent beyond pollution of all praise. No less is genius in the steadfast gaze. That finds the world's least soul within its veins.

That poe was the texture of faith, of hope, And brightness in the life sun's slanting rays.

Across the earth the century's vesper chime Melodies the world's a turbulent mood. And one steps to heart and hand for right and good.

The epoch and a teller—Titans they. For both, the hush, repose, when the day!—Edward Wilbur Mason in Weekly Bouquet.

A BACHELOR'S THOUGHTS.

Wise and Witty Remarks About Men, Women and Children.

Babies probably cry about half the time just for fun. No girl likes to kiss other girls unless she is very imaginative.

I wonder why, whenever a man talks with a girl he is afraid of, his necktie works up in the back.

Probably every man who doesn't act decent to his friends has an idea that he always tries to love his enemies. A woman will cry until her eyes get all red and her nose snuffy and then go and kiss her husband, with the idea that she looks beautiful "smiling through her tears."

After awhile the women will get up a movement to have a curfew rung for the men.

The reason why most old bachelors have never married is because they have never asked any girl.

When a girl can't judge a man by the company he keeps, she judges him by the creases in his trousers.

Probably Eve ate the apple because Adam spilled gravy on her best dress.

A child is said to have finished its education when it begins to think that its parents have it.

There may be such a thing as a man convinced against his will, but there never was a woman convinced any way at all.

"The governor" sounds respectful enough to the father who is used to hearing his sons call him "the old man."

It is probable that no man ever went down cellar to get a bottle of coal for his wife without either knocking his head against the swing shelf or getting his hair full of cobwebs off the furnace pipes.—New York Press.

Petting the English on It.

"Did you lose much on election, dear boy?"

"Old chappie, I lost five pounds."

"You don't look any thinner, dear boy."

"Old chappie, you don't understand. It's the weekly \$25, don't you know?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Involved Definition.

"What is the precise status of a 'friendly power'?" inquired the seeker for knowledge.

"As a rule," replied the cynic, "it's one that you are too big to be whipped by."—Washington Star.

Would Fill the Bill.

"I wish," observed the farmer, "that I could get that bicycle girls parade to ride around this way."

It was expensive to hire men, and of course the corn had to be shocked.—New York Press.

Wanted a Saug One.

Furniture Clerk—What size sofa do you want?

Pretty Girl—One where two's a crowd.—New York Journal.

They Live Long in Tramore.

Now, you who find living a bore. Keep away from the town of Tramore.

For the air is so rare. That the populace there. However they try, Cannot possibly die.

Till they're close on the age of fivescore. Fivescore!

But if you would live to fivescore. Fivescore. Make tracks for the town of Tramore.

Where you'll find by the shore. Centenarians four. (There are possibly more) And old people galore.

So healthy a town is Tramore. Tramore!

There's marvelous Martin Fitzgerald. Maher, Phelan, arooi!

Mrs. Kennedy, grandest old girl. And McDonnell, too!

If he had his due. Would be found to have hailed from Tramore.

Would be found to have hailed from Tramore. Tramore. —London Globe.

The Frightened Chinaman.



This is how a Chinaman looks—



—when he's frightened and his hair stands on end.—Comic Cuts.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

The Proud Picture Hat and Its More Modest Contemporaries.

PRETTY FRAMES FOR FAIR FACES

Dainty Fancies in Fashionable Neckwear.

Rich Waists For Evening Wear—Blouse Jackets Grow In Favor—Attractive and Serviceable Gowns For the Home.

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At the present moment headwear holds the most important position in the feminine mind, and indeed no one can blame the women. Doubtless the men would be as anxious over a suitable choice as women are if circumstances and their fashions did not condemn them to the stereotyped headpieces they wear. The three favorite styles for this season are first the large picture hats, the velvet or cloth toque and the small evening bonnet whose foundation is covered with glistening spangles, like the dragon in the fairy spectacular plays.

These little bonnets vary in form so as to suit the different faces they are to adorn, but the most stylish of them have queer little pagoda-pointed crowns and upturned brims, which are slashed at the back to permit of some sort of trimming or other. The amount of trimming on these dragon scale bonnets is small and marked more by its exceeding fineness and richness than quantity. It is sparsely topped with a floating paradise plume or an egret, lace rosettes with jeweled centers, a couple of super velvet roses or some equally handsome garniture. Finish them. The bonnet itself is a gleaming mass of spangles overlapping each other and made loose, so that they quiver with the least motion of the wearer and throw our succeeding scintillations until the whole looks like, living flames. Trimming would cheapen the desired effect. Others of these are made flat in half handkerchief shapes, and the point is put forward in some cases and back in others.

The foundation shapes for the toques vary, too, to fit each head and face. Some are exactly like polo caps, others have a

sort of Tam O'Shanter rake to one side, and others are like inverted bowls, but when the velvet is plaited, twisted and draped about the brim and puckered up to a crown they are all lovely. For quite young ladies the crush velvet hat may have a narrow upturned spangled brim, with a crush crown. One of myrtle green had the soft crown and a narrow brim of dragon scale spangles. At the back the velvet was twisted into an upright sort of post, from which sprouted a large, black paradise plume, with 12 balls covered with spangles set on wires surrounding the base of the plume.

Another toque for a young lady was of brown tulle velvet just draped on to the inverted bowl shape. In front it was drawn together, marking a sort of scallop, in which were placed a row of nasturtium velvet and a black egret. Another had a polo shape, over which was drawn dark blue velvet in deep plaits, reversed in the center of the crown. At the edge was a plaited ruffle of doubled velvet, ending on the left temple with a rosette of the velvet with a diamond sunburst center. Just back of this was a cardinal velvet carnation and above it a beautiful ornament of blue cock feathers.

Still another was a Tam O'Shanter crown made of broad velvet in deep nasturtium shades and a very narrow twisted folded brim of mirror velvet in the same shades. For sole ornament there was a fancy gray cock's plume from which the stems had been removed and so flexible that every breath of wind made it flutter. The effect was beautiful. For the horse show many toques of velvet were sold. Those of pink, blue and gray were the favorites. The gray velvet toques were literally covered with fine cut steel beads. The pinks generally were combined with black, either velvet, lace or jet. The pale blues were trimmed with gold and pearl beads, and all had egretts of one form or other.

The picture hats were remarkable. One had the front brim as large as that of a cowboy's hat and the back part cut out to almost nothing. The front was then turned up sharply and held by a low with a great star buckle. The brim of the hat had a pink velvet feathered shirring around the edge and a narrow row of cut steel beads on the inside of that. On the outside were gray hawk's quills and drooping paradise plumes, one of each on each side standing up high. Around the crown was a twisted roll of pink velvet. Several of the handsomest hats were of white felt or beaver, with long gray and white or crab and white mottled plumes curling over the upper part of the brims and tipping high above. These natural ostrich plumes are very handsome and make a grateful change from the dyed ones.

Quills and made feathers with wonderful birds are much liked. The change is rather an agreeable one, as the colors are nearly all neutral and the shapes are modest. The majority of these made orna-

ments are for dress, carriage and evening bonnets; also round hats and toques. The great shirred velvet or satin bonnet and the immense felt and beaver hats have the enormous panaches of plumes. I omit to mention that many berets, toques and round hats have at least the crown made of the material of the dress. Cloth, velvet, woolen or satin crowns are either elaborately braided or beaded or embroidered. Shoe tops, too, are being made of the same material as the costume, sufficient of the material being furnished with each gown. Shopping bags and little purses are also made of the same.

In fashionable neckwear we find dainty and exquisite fancies. There are four in hand bonnets, made of chiffon, beautiful Marie Antoinette fichus with extra long tabs to tie in the back in sash form, full bows made of white, pink, blue, cream or black silk mull. These are always pretty and always becoming. There are long scarfs, fancy vest fronts, wide collars trimmed with lace or ruffles of chiffon, with a feather edge, and dozens of styles of jabots of every thin material. Some cousecine brilliant vest fronts are offered, trimmed with fine lace and full accordion plaited down the front. These are offered in all the light tints and about \$2.50 to \$3 made. There are long scarf bows which go twice around the neck and tie in front. These have broad ends, with rows of plaiting. Some of them have graduated tucks and are made of the new satin mousseline, which is quite as thin as the silk, but has a satin surface quite real, but pretty. Renaissance scarfs 18 inches wide and 54 long are new and will be much affected by the smart set. There is so much that one can do with a long scarf of lace. The Paris bow is very popular and has the collar plaited, with broad ends and deep bones to the low part. This is of the mousseline brilliant. Oriental laces will be worn quite often over light silks as dancing gowns for winter. They are unusually delicate this season. Black tulle net, dotted lavishly with shells, will be worn over red, pink, blue, yellow and white for full evening dresses, particularly for young married ladies. It is extremely handsome.

After the pretty neckwear come the rich new waists made to wear with separate skirts. These are of fine silks, velvet and lace. Those of lace naturally have silk linings. The velvets are draped in surplice folds, made plain, with tabs in front, or in blouse style. Perhaps I saw a hundred different basques of velvet in one house.

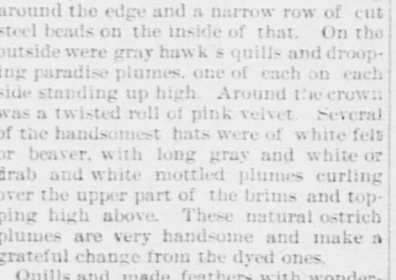
The handsomest was of rich dark green, with a yoke, the yoke covered with passementerie. The rest of it was gathered in blouse fashion to a wide belt, also covered with passementerie. The skirt portion below the belt was simply piped with satin. There are endless varieties of silk costume waists, trimmed with everything under the sun. These cost \$10 to \$15 each. Plaid silk blouses are very stylish in the small figures of the season. The most striking of these have clusters of tiny gold buttons on the shoulders and down the fronts. Buttons as trimming are very popular. Some have rows of them in graduated sizes in smoke pearl, generally delicately carved.

Among these waists, which are all independent of any skirt to match and which are intended to be worn with black satin or brocade, there are numbers of beautiful chiffon waists for theater and other smart evening functions where low cut bodies are not required by that unwritten law which governs matters pertaining to suit attire. These naturally have a foundation of silk, but this is completely hidden under the puffings, shirrings, ruckings, gathers and ruffles of crepon. All the edges of the ruffles are feathered with white floss. The colors run from black to white, through blue, green, mauve, pink, blue, sulphur, cream and cardinal. A black one had the shoulder drapery caught by handsome cut steel buckles. One had a pointed swiss girdle which was one frosty sparkle of steel beads. The majority of these chiffon waists have elbow sleeves. Others are shirred all the way down.

The blouse jackets for outdoor wear grow in favor if not in grace. There are some in kersey, with velvet collars, but with all the rest strap sueded and strictly tailored finish and lined with fancy taffeta silk. The most of them are double breasted. English melton blouses are richly braided. Rough Scotch chevrot is made plain, with fly fronts. This stuff is too thick and fuzzy to bear a bit of trimming. Russian house jackets are shirred velvet, elegantly braided and trimmed on all edges with Persian lamb. Some have the military loops of braid and pendants, and still others are bordered with Alaska sable and lined with heavy satin.

Blouses divide honors with tight basques for home wear. A gown for a young girl is of dark woolly stuff, where dull browns and dark greens predominate. The skirt was plain, but had a little braid sewed on in short lines, ending in loops around the hips. There was a plaited front of green ribbon, with dark velvet revers at the sides. The stock collar and belt were of ribbon. The blouse effect was prominent. The tight waist took tab effects very often, and they are a relief to eyes long used to the broken lines of the blouse.

Europe has four times as many cities as it had in 1831, and the United States 14 times as many.



—when he's frightened and his hair stands on end.—Comic Cuts.

"THE SPY OF GFTTYSBURG."

This piece given on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, October 18 and 19, by the St. John's society was admirably acted throughout and those who attended either presentation were well pleased. The attendance was not as large as usual, but that in part can be accounted to the fact that many other entertainments were held the same evening in different parts of the city. The society hopes to give the next play under more encouraging circumstances.

The following were the members of the cast:

Gen. Meade—commander of the Army of the Potomac, T. J. Carey
Harry Lenox—a Federal scout, T. F. Shea
Major Timothy Tapley—an eccentric member of Lee's army, R. J. Gray
Uncle Moses Mulvey—a relic of the Mexican war, J. J. Phelan
Cyril Blackburn—the black sheep of a noble Virginia family, E. H. McGinty
Solomon—an independent coon, J. S. Ross
Capt. Warren—a Federal staff officer, J. C. McGuane
Jenison—a willing tool of Blackburn's, J. J. Bradley
Mabel Meredith—a true-hearted girl, Miss Nellie L. Welsh
Lotta Evans—her cousin, full of mischief, Miss Julia F. Duffy
Mrs. Moses Mulvey—with a mind of her own, Miss Nellie T. McCarthy

Mr. T. J. Carey as Gen. Meade, and Mr. J. C. McGuane as Capt. Warren acted well their parts and while their mission was to support the elegance and suavity of military officers, they each gave a spectacular interest to the piece.

Mr. Thomas F. Shea as Harry Lenox interpreted the part of the hero of the piece. He is commanded by his superiors to engage in the hazardous work of entering the Confederate lines, and gathering data for the use of the Federal army. The role of spy he accepts readily, and to better carry out his plans he arrays himself in the habiliments of the stolid Dutchman. His disguise and his mimicry of the peculiarities of the Dutch tongue were perfect. Much opportunity was given for good acting in this part and Mr. Shea made the most of the opportunities offered.

Mr. R. J. Gray as Timothy Tapley was born a Southerner, but educated at Harvard. He is quite spoony, but still has at times considerable grit. He has been drafted into the Confederate army, and graces the gray of a Confederate major. He does not like his job, but is forced to remain until the Civil War is over. He has Lottie in mind at all times, and though his impediment in speech is rather discouraging, he has managed to make known his heart's desire to his fiancée. Mr. Gray is too well-known to St. John's audiences to need any encomium at this time, and the best recommendation that can be given is that his part on the occasion was fully up to the standard of his other roles.

Mr. E. H. McGinty as Col. Blackburn is the scheming rascal of the piece. He is in love with Mabel, the betrothed of Capt. Lenox, and will stop at no dastardly act to gain his point. His indiscretion, after having arrested Lenox, prompts him to allow the Captain and Mabel to hold a short conversation. Mabel procures a knife and cuts the bonds that hold Harry a prisoner. Free, he is able to cope with the blustering Blackburn, and ultimately to turn the tables.

Mr. J. J. Phelan as Mulvey was a lazy idolent being, a cause for mortification on the part of his neighbors and a thorn in the side of the up-and-doing Mrs. Mulvey. His forte is sleep, and no amount of cannonading can make him lose this sweet solace. He exasperates Mrs. Mulvey, who continually chides her partner for his indifference to the happenings about them.

Mr. J. S. Ross as Solomon needed no costuming or artifice to make interesting the part of a wily old coon. Solomon is "pussonly" afraid of nothing, and his exaggerations of the scenes about him are recounted with the audacity so typical of the negro race.

Mr. J. J. Bradley as Jenison, a private in the Confederate army, was a capital character, and his portrayal of the careless, good-for-nothing Johnnie was true almost to life.

The three young ladies in the cast acquitted themselves admirably. Miss Welsh as Mabel was the fiancée of Lenox, but loved by the villainous Blackburn. Miss Duffy as Lottie has but a care for the stuttering Tim, and Miss Annie McCarthy as Mrs. Mulvey surprised all by her clever rendering of a most difficult part.

FRANK LOCKE, 24 YEARS EXPERIENCE. EXPERT PIANO TUNER. REPAIRER. REGULATOR. WORK GUARANTEED. BEST OF REFERENCES. BOSTON OFFICE. HALLETT & DAVIS CO. 375 THURMONT ST.

Quincy Office at JOHN O. HOLDEN'S Jewelry Store. Frank A. Locke, PIANO TUNER.

A MAMMOUTH ESTABLISHMENT.

We were somewhat surprised upon our visit a few days ago to the large house furnishing emporium of Guy & Shaw at the old Coliseum building at the immensity and variety of the stock. The firm of Guy & Shaw has been established in Quincy for many years, Mr. Guy, the now senior partner, conducting the business alone for the first few years.

From a small beginning, the business of this firm has been steadily increasing, until today the output is probably larger than that of any concern in miles around.

Mr. Guy established the first installment house in Quincy, and attributes his phenomenal business to his wise and equitable methods of dealing with his customers. For a small first payment a person can furnish a comfortable home, and the whole payment can be made in small payments at stated times. No article that is needed to furnish a home but what can be found here, and no person wishing to furnish a home can do better than make a call on Guy & Shaw. Every article sold by this firm is warranted, and every promise made by it will be scrupulously kept. From the commencement of business thousands of names have been set down on the books of the firm, and out of this large number not one can be found who will say that they did not get their money's worth, or that an agreement has been broken by the firm.

Mr. Guy has had many years' experience in the furniture business, in Boston and Brockton before coming to Quincy, and no man in the business today is better equipped to conduct such a large business than he is. The energies of the firm are not confined to Quincy, but extend into other towns nearby, and it is one of the gratifying results of the honesty of this house, that once a person becomes a customer he always remains one.

It will repay one for the outlay of time to make a visit to this large furnishing house and look over the large stock offered. Courteous salesmen are always ready to conduct the visitor through the many departments, and if you should meet the busy members of the firm you may be sure that you will be pleasantly received.

Faith Shattered. Cholly had lost his entire wad on the races. "Talk to me about horseshoes bring ing good luck!" he exclaimed bitterly as the gentlemanly pavilioner refused to advance enough on his scarfpin to pay his car fare home.—Chicago Tribune.

Then He Kissed Her. "While I am as much opposed to the anarchist as any one else," she said, "it is still evident to me that there is something very attractive about the word."

"What is it?" he asked.

"The pronunciation of the last syllable," she replied.—Chicago Post.

Always Ahead of Time.

Smith—Your friend Wheeler is a crank on punctuality, isn't he?

Brown—I should say he is. Why, he even carries his watch in the rear pocket of his trousers just to prevent his ever being behind time.—Chicago News.

He Wanted to Know.

"Sir," said the haughty Lady Cos tance, "I can read you like a book."

"Oh, then, tell me," cried Reginald de Santolles breathlessly, "do I marry the rich heiress in the last chapter?"—Harper's Bazar.

An Endless View.

Rages—All this talk about the world coming to an end is rank nonsense.

Jagues—Why is it?

Rages—How can anything round come to an end, I'd like to know?—Chicago News.

Money to Burn.

Wallace—I presume you are aware that money is a great carrier of bacteria.

Hargreaves—Yes. That is why I burn it as fast as I get it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Preferences.

"What makes folding beds always want to shut up?"

"Perhaps they prefer the wild lives they may lead as sideboards."—Chicago Record.

MARRIED.

WALSH—HOLAN—in Quincy, Nov. 17, by Rev. Fr. Purcell, Mr. William J. Walsh and Miss Catherine A. Holan, both of Quincy.

GRADY—KERRIGAN—in Cambridge, Nov. 10, by Rev. William J. Barry, Mr. Patrick C. Grady of Quincy, to Miss Della M. Kerrigan of Cambridge.

DIED.

COLLINS—in Quincy, Nov. 10, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Thomas and the late Mrs. Elizabeth Collins, aged 11 days.

FLYNN—in Quincy, Nov. 5, Mrs. Mary David Flynn, aged 74 years.

MAYNARD—in Quincy, Nov. 5, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Lawrence Mattie, aged 75 years.

SWAIN—in Quincy, Oct. 21, Mr. Edward Swain of Phelps street, aged 78 years.

QUINN—in Milton, Oct. 26, Mr. Thomas Quinn, aged 45 years.

CORCORAN—in West Quincy, Oct. 28, Mrs. Catherine Corcoran, aged 49 years.

DEVANY—in Quincy, Nov. 12, Mr. Michael Devany, aged 51 years.

HART—in Weymouth, Nov. 13, Major John W. Hart, aged 60 years, 1 month and 27 days.

DOLAN—in Atlantic, Nov. 14, Charles S. Dolan, aged 60 years, 1 month and 27 days.

Mr. Patrick and Mrs. Mary Dolan, aged 2 months and 7 days.

VOLUME XI. NUMBER 12

Catholic

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—DEALERS IN—



IN the Rocky mountains, in Colorado, 9,000 feet above sea level, I struck a vein of good mineral and surveyed a claim. I built me a log cabin, and there I lived alone. Far below me, like a thread, was Otto Mears' toll road from Silverton to Ouray, a road that cost \$40,000 a mile. In clear weather I could see the stages whirl along this, or like a line of flies, a mule train pass on in single file, and sometimes like small ants, a heavy loaded burro train. Then reminds me of a green feller I see, reading about a burro as was knocked off a road by a landslide. "Serves 'em right," said he, "for taking that heavy furniture way up there." He wasn't much on spelling and didn't know a burro was the Colorado name for a donkey. The burro is the salvation of the mount in miner, for the little creatures can walk on the picket edge of nothing and never miss a foot and carry a load that weighs more than they do. Far below the toll road the Uncompaghe, brown and dark in the shadows and silver in the sunlight, meanders through the valley. How far down? Well, one place on that road is a cut turn from a solid mount in wall and a look down of 900 feet. It is a ticklish place, but we get used to them things after a time.

For six months in winter I was snowed in in my lonely cabin. I could hear the roar of the icy gales through the crashing timber and once in awhile another sound that you never forget—a fearful roar like a monstrous wave breaking over jagged rocks and carrying with it a grand, hissing ship. There's a jar of the air, a snap of trees, a crunching and rumbling and a thunder of rolling rocks, with a queer sense of moving, not where you may be, but far off. That's a snowslide. It begins on a mount in peak, creeping slow, a white mass, gathering more at every inch, getting tighter for a clinch, then faster, taking everything in its path, cutting a clean swath, like a scythe, then whirling, roaring, avalanching up a cabin, with shrieking men, or a bar, hid and sleeping for the winter. Then you understand what I mean by moving, for the air is full of it, and it lasts till, with a muffled thunder-clap, the whole mass drops down into the valley miles away.

Then the summer storms, when the lightning don't seem no further off than a

stone's throw and glances and blinds and goes streaking ribbons of fire over the pines, while you're dazed and deafened by the thunder. Don't that thunder boom, a playing catch and the crash, the last one sending it back and all of it kinder condensed and held in canyons and each new roar and each past one mingling together until there's a very fury of sound, like nothing else on earth.

Ag'in, one day you see a mount in peak, a gray cloud kind hovering low; it's soft and full of crinkles and rolls like cotton batting all flung in a heap. Bynemore there's a chill in the air, and the gray cloud—now the sun don't shine—gets black as ink. It gets closer and lower and all of a sudden turns into a sheet of dazzling silver. Now under it is a big river coming with a rush and roar, faster than an avalanche and churning up rocks, earth, trees, animals and men in its awful boiling current. That's a cloudburst. It swells the water in every stream in the valley, and the river beyond, where the streams empty, goes mad and rushes on over home and farm, carrying havoc and misery all along its course.

The silence up mount in is awful. I've gone out, and yelled just for the company of an echo. Then worse than the quiet is the sound of something walking after night. Sometimes there's a sinking four footed creature like a monstrous yellow cat, with the slightest gait of any animal devil. That's a mountain lion. Often there's a heavier tread, and a clumsy creature goes snuffling by—a grizzly. He can't be tamed, nor the little black dog of his family connection. Then again there's the sound, but when you look there ain't nothing to make it. That's the worst of all. That's ghosts.

My mine is a tunnel 100 feet into a mount in side, and often toward night when I'm working I hear tap, tap, tap, soft and low, but clear as preaching. I gits out then for them's the mine spirits, and I don't wanter git em ag'in me. It's funny, ain't it? But you just live on mount in alone and see how you feel aft' awhile.

Twice a week a burro train came 20 miles from Ouray for my ore, coming up a trail I made up to my mine not three foot wide and just out of the rock and ground. Then and the man with em was mighty cheerful to see after days of silence. Letters? No; I never had a soul to write to me, but newspapers—a week or a month old, it didn't matter. They was comfort and me, setting up in that cabin, forgot by all human creatures, could

through them papers feel the beating heart of the great world. Last September I got the blues so bad that I quit work one day and went down to the toll road, timing my trip so as to see the stage pass and to git from a passenger something to read. A feller gave me a book called "Donkey and Son" one day. Gosh, them old seafaring fellows was the gamest crowd I ever see. Cuttle's was my choice. I know the book by heart, and Florence and Walter, and that shop and Soll Gills is just as natural as if I had known 'em. Why, I set and read that over so much, seemed like I could jest see 'em come into life and be real folks in the freldlight. Like to know Dickens, the feller that wrote 'em. Dood, is he? Well, wail, he'll never know what a comfort he was to me. When I git the chance, I'm going to lay a wreath of posies where he is planted and tell him them looks he's writ has been more to a gospel to us miners in the mountains, and I'll say I come clear from one of the newest states in the new world to give him my humble thanks.

Where was I? Oh, on the toll road. I set there and smoked my pipe, looking down the gulch on the Uncompaghe sparkling like a silver cord far below and listening to the wind whispering through the pines, and then I heard a sound. The road is so sun dried and hard it echoes. This was a sorter pattering, and wail, no shod creature either. It can't be a mount in lion, I says to myself. He wouldn't dare be here. I felt for my gun—revolver, you know—and then I see this was a dorg, a Gordon setter and a thoroughbred, white and black, with the humanest eyes I ever see in an animal. I called him and after a survey he came and seemed friendly enough. He was footsore and lean and looked like he'd come a long way. I picked a cactus thorn out of his paw and wail, he was grateful. I kept a watch round a turn of the ground, for his owner, and pretty soon I see four burros, heavy loaded, and walking behind them a youngish feller. He was tall and broad shouldered, dressed like the most of us in rough clothes, woolen shirt, sombrero and long boots. He was bronzed some, had curly hair, pleasant blue eyes and a straggling mustache trying hard to cover a mount in pretty as a woman's.

"Good day," he says, halting the pack animals. "Thanks for helping the dog. It was careless in me not to look when he limped."

"Howdy," I says, looking him over. "Stranger in these parts?"

"England," he answers, setting down on a rock and mopping his forehead.

"Miner?"

"Going to be. By the way, am I any where near the claim of a man named Day?"

"You be," I says cautiously, "near Big Day's tunnel. It's up that trail."

"You must know him?"

"Sum'at. Do you?"

"No, the claim I have purchased of General Raymond of Denver is a half mile farther up the mountain than his."

"Poker Sam," I gasps, and mebbe I swore some, for the young feller looked sorter s'prised. "That's his old nag, sends 'em here, mentions my name and gits me into his scheme. Stranger, last month there was seven men I'd never set eyes on afore traveling up that trail on the look-out for Big Day's claim. They come different ways and times, and swore in different languages, but all was directed by General Raymond—where he got the general he don't know himself—and had all bought claims of him. I answered 'em civil at first, but my dander got up and I took the last one—a slim fellow from New York—and I says 'See that speak up there, that p'int a half mile up mount in—wail, that's it. If you don't keer for yer life and has good legs, you might reach it alive. If you've breath left then, you kin disker a tunnel six foot into the mount in and rock, all the rock you want, but there never was no never will be, any streaks of pay dirt there and no way of getting it down if there was. Some of her secrets this old mount in won't give up, and where a human gits overboard in climbing up and trying to find out, why she jest shoves down on him at the start. Poker Sam played you for a sucker!" I looked him over—and I guess you was easy to play."

"Possibly," he says carelessly. He drew out a cigar and gave me one. He set back then smoking coolly, his hat side him and the little rings of hair curling round his forehead. I chewed my cigar awhile to git the taste.

"Busted," I asks.

"In the vernacular of the country, just that," he laughs.

"Rich folks mebbe?"

"Haven't a soul to care whether I live or die." He looked kinder far away then.

"I set there and smoked my pipe, and I would bet ag' in heavy odds that there was a gal concerned in it. I took a big shine to the feller, and after awhile I offered him a job up to my mine, to work on shares, him to throw in the grub stake he had with him. He was willing enough, but from that day Ed—that's name enough, for a story—and me was parted. Folks used to call me "Groundhog" Big, and they nicknamed him "English" Ed, but usually called him "pard." Get along? You bet. I was a ignorant, old creature and he was college learned, but that wasn't a fault. He was friendly to me as to a son of his own class, mebbe more so, for when I got rheumatics, he was off to

Ouray—and sold, too—to git dinner and played the nurse complete. He was lots of company, and so was the dorg—Doo was the pup's name. Pard took just as much interest in Cuttle and Gills as me, and got more books—one about the gamest old feller, Pickwick, and the eating and drinking in that volume would make your mouth water. We read him while we eat pork and biscuits and drank coffee 'bout no milk nor sugar. We was doing well in the mine, but when you think of the ways vittles has to be brought on the backs of them burros, you ain't setting up for entree—as Ed used to say. He was a cheerful feller, but given to fits of gloom—never said a word about his folks though.

"Bout Christmas time, and we wain't so snowed in by then but that you could git along on snowshoes, we was reading Pickwick over again. He read aloud in different voices, making it jest as real as live folks a-talking, when I says sudden, 'I'll do it, by gosh!'"

"What?" He kinder jumped, and the pup riz up and licked my hand.

"Why," says I, "I'll hoof it to Ouray and lay in a chicken—a turkey if I can git it—pertaters and a squash and cranberries and the truck to make a plum pudding. I'll celebrate. I can't hear of them Dick-

ens fellers eating no more and try to fill myself up on salt horse and slops. I'll git one good feed if it takes a leg or costs a life."

"It will be the latter," he says, sober enough. "You couldn't make a walking market of yourself over three feet of snow on the edge of present-day snowshoes."

"I'm light and easy on snowshoes."

"But," he interrupts, "what's the matter with your going?"

"You ain't," I answers, bringing to mind his attempts to walk on snowshoes and his wabblings, "you ain't no bird on 'em, pard."

"He laughed then like a boy.

"It's a deal," I says, "and tomorrow, the 24th, I'll set off early and git back by night and the pup at home. It wasn't but I'll git brandy for the pudding and but pard, I finishes anxious, 'how is them puddings made?'"

"Why, flour, raisins, lard or butter—something that's rich."

"Ed," I says, "is '80 cents a pound at Ouray, and I guess that's rich enough."

"Butter, currants, molasses to make it brown, and spice mixed and cooked."

"I can't get it," I says, "I don't know where to get it, but I'll travel and beat it up."

"Then you set it up in a bag which you boil and make a sauce of brandy that you pour over and set afire, and it burns blue flame. This is the way we used to have it at home. His face grew sad and I knew he was going into them glooms ag'in."

"Waste of good liquor," I says under my breath, but he didn't note me.

"I set out early the next morning, leaving him and the pup at home. It wasn't but going and the air was fresh and full of sunshine. They was s'prised to see me at Ouray, and laughed a deal at the truck I bought and paid for with gold dust. I found the pup at home, but I didn't find him really had it mixed in a pail. I went over to a saloon for awhile, and it was 'bout 3 in the afternoon when I come back for my things. I had asked the storekeeper, who was also postmaster, if there were any letters for pard. I didn't find none. I tied the eight pound turkey round my neck with the pudding pail, the vegetables and a squash—that seemed to weigh a ton before I was four miles on my way. I filled my pockets with papers and books and a bottle of brandy and tobacco. As I tied my snowshoes, the storekeeper came out.

"Queer thing, Big," he says. "Bout an hour afore you got back from the saloon an Englishman named Ingalls was here asking if I had seen you. He said he had seen you somewhere and off he goes. Impatient and stuck up enough, wouldn't listen to no caution. Thought mebbe our mount in trail was a boldward where he could find hoss keepers and them two wheeled carts with a jay up behind 'em. He said he had a flash. I says, 'Try it, young feller, you'll be about in an hour or two. I clean forgot all about you was going that way.'"

"I'll meet him," I says and starts. "I crowd give three cheers for me and wished me a 'Merry Christmas.' Keep on that pudding for me till spring. It will be hard enough," yells the storekeeper, "for you wouldn't take no soda in it."

Pard had mentioned soda and I wouldn't put it in, though it was accused it oughter be done. "I long!" I calls and goes on. For three or four miles I could see tracks quite plain in the snow and I kept a lookout for Ingalls, but my progress was awful slow. I was so beat out that I swore at the vittles, pard and Chris was straight ahead. The turkey grew heavier and heavier, and once I lost it and had to go back a half mile. I wain't a likely picture as I floundered along and was ugly enough to fight my best friend. Curious enough I put all my mad on that feller ahead. The idea I'd say, 'of him daring to libel this mount in alone in snow-time.'"

"Bout ten miles on my way, just as I was straight 'n'ing up my back after making a map of my mine, and blunted by cold, stupored by the snow and darkness, I forgot Ingalls entirely and mebbe have passed close by him. I had enough to do to fight for my own life. On I goes and game enough to hang to the map that I had made, and I was beat out that dinner for all the snow. I knowed every now and then when I got kinder sleepy and a sly idee kept coming how slick it would be to lie down and take a nap—that means never git up, but freeze to death—the old turkey would sling around and fetch me a smart slap in the face. I kinder

grew to think the old bird wanted to be roasted and git up to the cabin to give his reasons for the celebration.

I got along all right till I got to where I ought to turn off to the trail, and there I darsent leave the road. I wain't sure where it lay. I listened and I heard the muffled sound of a gun, and this I followed, wondering where pard got his sense. I stumbled up the mount in side a-holler- ing, and soon I got an answer and the happiest sight of my life—I see a big yellow glare. It was pard a-burnin' kerosene.

"It cooks cheap," I answers, beginning to cut up the squash. "Now sit down, Big, and get straightened out," he goes on, bringing me a glass of brandy.

"I asked for a letter for you, but there wain't none," I says, beginning to draw off my boots.

"You were very kind, but there is no one to write."

"Land of the living!" I yells, jumping up, "them tracks ahead—that feller he's got one good feed of a sudden. Where was he?"

"What did you say?" asks pard, keener-like.

"Ingalls," I gasps.

"He says," I repeats, gitting white, "for pity's sake who—that do you know of him?"

I told him. He listened quite a minit, then goes to where his coat was hanging on a nail.

"Where are you going?" I says.

"To look for him."

"Why? What's he to you?"

"My worst enemy."

"Pard, you're a fool. If me, an old miner, had a bird, I'd look for like a half hour ago, what will it be for you, and the storm is worse. The feller's dead now anyhow. Mebbe he went back—sure he did, and you don't budge a step."

"You sure he'd not go back," he says, kinder, "lighter 'n' the lantern. 'Let go, Day, I mean to start.'"

"You're so smart on snowshoes, you'll git about a mile and then tumble over a precipice."

"I think not," he says soberly. "If I do, it don't matter."

"Wail, I'm not going."

"I wouldn't let you," says he.

"Oh, you wouldn't," I growls, "you wouldn't, hey. You young whippersnapper, you, you, you. He is a sick man or else you know you don't stir a foot out till I git fixed. Here you are starting off with a lantern and a dorg—no brandy, no rope, nothing."

"The dorg will scent him."

"The dorg will be snowed in 40 rods from the house, and a dead dorg in 40 minits if we don't keer him."

He hung his head.

"I don't want you to risk your life," he stammers.

"Ed," I says, "you are all the thing I have in this world to keer for. If I'd a son, I couldn't love him more'n you. Come."

We left the dorg in the cabin, with food where he might git at it if we didn't come back, and I was pretty sure he'd break the winder and git out if we were long away.

Pard fixed a candle in the winder and put logs on the fire, and then we set out. I had the lantern tied on my back, and had made a rope fast to pard.

The night was just like a curtain of black velvet and absolutely still. The air was thick and wet and stupefying. So we goes on. The snow being damp had packed some, and that kept us in the trail, but it was hard work, and I was already worn out. At last we tumbles into the road and stops a minit.

"He never got as far as this," I says, "and I'd better go on alone. You stay here and I'll shoot when I find him. For answer pard catches my lantern."

"If it's death to one of us, it shall come to me," he says. "You stay here. I'll go."

He'd cut the rope that bound us and was gone. I didn't know where he went, but I must have sense, and if we lost that little trail up mount in we was done for. So I waited. I yelled to him to try and keep inside from the edge of the road, but I doubt if he heard, the air was so deadened.

I waited several years. I made fast the rope to a tree near the trail, and

lots of money, and he and Sir John are great friends now. He is a sick man or else you know you don't stir a foot out till I git fixed. Here you are starting off with a lantern and a dorg—no brandy, no rope, nothing."

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"Ed," I says, "you are all the thing I have in this world to keer for. If I'd a son, I couldn't love him more'n you. Come."

We left the dorg in the cabin, with food where he might git at it if we didn't come back, and I was pretty sure he'd break the winder and git out if we were long away.

Pard fixed a candle in the winder and put logs on the fire, and then we set out. I had the lantern tied on my back, and had made a rope fast to pard.

The night was just like a curtain of black velvet and absolutely still. The air was thick and wet and stupefying. So we goes on. The snow being damp had packed some, and that kept us in the trail, but it was hard work, and I was already worn out. At last we tumbles into the road and stops a minit.

"He never got as far as this," I says, "and I'd better go on alone. You stay here and I'll shoot when I find him. For answer pard catches my lantern."

"If it's death to one of us, it shall come to me," he says. "You stay here. I'll go."

He'd cut the rope that bound us and was gone. I didn't know where he went, but I must have sense, and if we lost that little trail up mount in we was done for. So I waited. I yelled to him to try and keep inside from the edge of the road, but I doubt if he heard, the air was so deadened.

I waited several years. I made fast the rope to a tree near the trail, and

lots of money, and he and Sir John are great friends now. He is a sick man or else you know you don't stir a foot out till I git fixed. Here you are starting off with a lantern and a dorg—no brandy, no rope, nothing."

"The dorg will scent him."

"The dorg will be snowed in 40 rods from the house, and a dead dorg in 40 minits if we don't keer him."

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him undressed and rubbed him with snow and poured brandy into his clinched teeth. After an hour or so of this we could see him breathe, and this encouraged us for new efforts. Tired? We were nearly dead, and the stranger had any sense, he'd left on him he was in luck. Bynemore he opens his eyes. "What did you wake me up for?" he says crossly, and drifts off into a sleep.

"That's him," says Ed bitterly. "He's a natural kicker."

"Who is he?" I asks after we had made ourselves comfortable—pard was fixing the fire. "The pudding ain't spoiled," he mutters, "though the water nearly boiled out of the kettle. We'll have the dinner, after all. He! Oh, he's Larry Ingalls. He and I were orphans distantly related to Sir John Webster of—well, somewhere. Sir John brought us up. Larry was a rich orphan. I was a poor one, and Sir John had a daughter."

"I called that there was a young woman in the case," I says.

"Lady Maud. She was a sister to us both when we were youngsters, but when we were grown I fell in love with her, and so did Larry, who always did as I did. We had a bitter quarrel, he and I, and I told him Lady Maud loved me, and he, the cur, went and explained everything to her father. I was ordered out of the house, and came here. That's all. I don't know what Ingalls wants of me. I suppose he came to tell me he had married Lady Maud."

"Bout noon the next day I got up and fixed the turkey to roast and the vegetables and set the pudding back over the fire. Somewhile, though it had a shape and was hard, I didn't feel much confidence in it. Ed was lying in a corner jest wore out. While I was a-fussing round I see the new feller looking at me. 'Where am I?' he asks. I told him, and said who saved his life at the risk of his own, and hinted that I didn't think the life of a mean feller was worth saving, and such had better go back where they come from."

"But you don't know all," he says wistful, his eyes full of tears. "Ed and I did quarrel, but I did not tell Sir John."

"Oh, you didn't," I sneers, "Likely story."

"Lady Maud did. She told her father that she loved Ed and she wanted to marry him. He said that kind of a girl, she never had a secret from him. Of course he was angry, and turned Ed out. I was mean enough to be glad at first, for I knew her father would give Maud to me, but she grew so thin and unhappy and took such a dislike to me that I was sorry enough for the whole affair. I tried then to find Ed. I gave you my word I did. Then an uncle came from Australia, that Ed used to brag about when he was a child and say he would bring him a trunkful of gold. Well, he really did come back with

lots of money, and he and Sir John are great friends now. He is a sick man or else you know you don't stir a foot out till I git fixed. Here you are starting off with a lantern and a dorg—no brandy, no rope, nothing."

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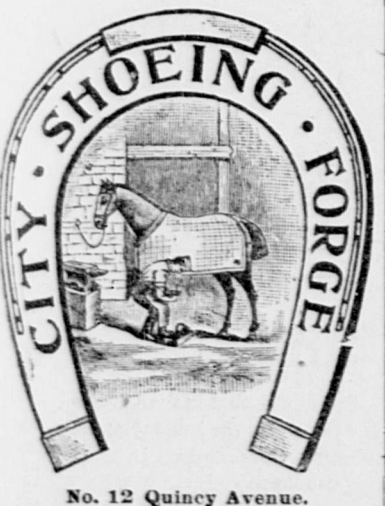
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WASHINGTON LETTER.

New Government Map of the Klondike.
Ex-Treasurer Jordan's Joke.
Claims Against the Utes.

(Special Correspondence.)

The coast and geodetic survey has prepared and will soon publish a new map which will cover practically the entire length of the Yukon river and most of its tributaries, including the Klondike. The scale is 20 miles to the inch. The section embraced extends from the Selwyn river, several hundred miles above Dawson City, to the Yukon's mouth and is wide enough to give a fair idea of the extent and character of all the streams. It shows the location and extent of the new St. Michael's military reservation and gives the location of all towns and mining camps. The result of soundings of the water in the Yukon is also indicated upon the map. An enlarged copy will be supplied to the senate committee on foreign relations for consideration in connection with the consideration of the treaty relating to the boundary line between Alaska and the British North West Territories.

Ex-Treasurer Jordan occasionally indulges in joking remarks, uttered with a serious countenance. It was the indulgence of this proclivity while connected with the treasury department that came near resulting in his introduction to a pair of handcuffs and incarceration in a dingy cell, says a Star reporter. Mr. Jordan had occasion to make a trip to New York just at a time when a new \$5 bill was issued by the bureau of engraving and printing. It happened that the treasurer on the day of starting on his trip drew a portion of his salary, and the cashier handed him a bunch of the new \$5 bills, which had reached the office within an hour. When he arrived in New York, Mr. Jordan proceeded to purchase some needed articles and handed the clerk one of the new bills. The clerk had never seen money that looked like that bill, which was spotless and uncrumpled by handling. He examined the alleged money and the man who gave it to him with equal care. Mr. Jordan watched him with suppressed amusement and remarked in a matter of fact way:

"I Made It Myself."
"It's good money. I made it myself."
That was enough for the clerk, who went to the cashier's desk with the bill. There was a hurried conference, and a message was sent to police headquarters over the telephone. In a short time a couple of detectives in citizen's attire were standing on either side of the treasurer of the United States. They waited there to watch developments, fumbling their handcuffs in their pockets. In the meantime the cashier studied the new bill further, looked carefully over his counterfeit detector and rummaged through treasury circulars relating to the issuance of money. Finally he came across a description of the new \$5 bill which was to be issued by the treasury department. His message had not yet reached the clerk, who was exchanging significant glances with the detectives and watching Mr. Jordan, when the latter, getting tired waiting for his change and realizing that his new money was probably puzzling the cashier, produced his card. At the same moment the cashier's message that the money was not counterfeit reached the clerk and the detectives wandered off crestfallen.

Great Collection of Indian Relics.
The Smithsonian institution has just come into possession of the Hallett Phillips collection of Indian implements and antiquities from the Potomac valley. It is reported the largest single collection of its class in the world, and its value is greatly enhanced by the careful arrangement and record of individual specimens. The collection consists of over 20,000 pieces, principally spear and arrow heads, stone knives, hammers and scrapers and fragments of pottery and soapstone utensils.

Mr. Phillips had made a lifelong study of prehistoric man in the Atlantic tide water region. In his opinion, which is accepted as authority by the Smithsonian scientists, Washington was not the first capital on the banks of the Potomac. The site, owing to the great advantage of its location with stone quarries and the river fisheries, was the headquarters of the great Algonquin confederacy, the most powerful of the Indian nations on the Atlantic coast. It was with these Indians that Captain John Smith first came in contact on his initial voyage up the Potomac, and his memoirs contain an account of a fight with the Indians in their principal village on the site of what is now Anacostia, a suburb of Washington.

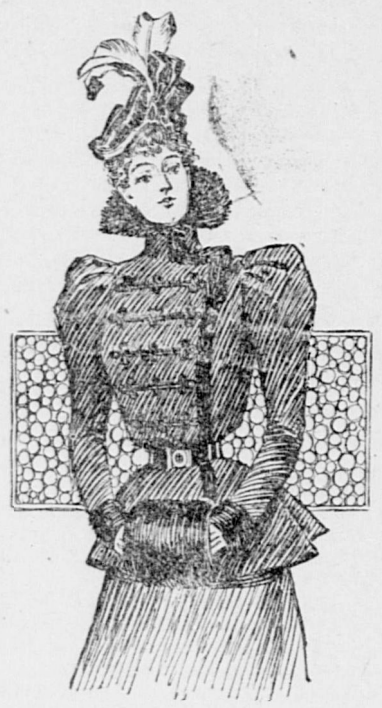
Claims Against the Utes.
Lieutenant Colonel Randlett, acting Indian agent at the Uintah and Ouray agency, in Utah, in his annual report to the interior department, says official information from the department of justice shows that more than 600 depredation claims, amounting to more than \$1,000,000, have been filed against the Ute Indians in the United States court of claims, and the suits instigated in such manner as to hold either of the confederated bands equally responsible for the alleged depredations. The provision of the government for counsel to defend these cases is stated to be inadequate, and the southern Utes of Colorado have united with the Uncompagres, Uintahs and White Rivers of Utah in contracting for additional counsel.

The agent alleges that without doubt nearly all these claims are fraudulent, and that these Indians have also just claims against the United States that should be adjusted. It is claimed that there are large bodies of land in Colorado that they relinquished their rights in on condition that it should be sold and the proceeds accrue to their interest benefit, that no credits have been made to them from such sales, and that most of these lands have been set aside by executive order for public parks, for which, if so retained, it is urged, they should be paid. CARL SCHOFIELD.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Russian Blouses, New Capes and Coats.
Position of the Feet When Walking—Echoes of Fashion.

The Russian blouse is airing itself in many directions. In most cases it is beautifully hand braided; it boasts a coat lined with silk; it is altogether of



desirable cut and shape, and can be had, moreover, in every conceivable color. The woman of moderate means finds the Russian blouse a decided comfort, for with a good pattern it may be made at home with less risk of disastrous results than the tight fitting bodice. The Russian coat in black velvet is growing in favor, and very charming it is when richly trimmed with fur and embroidered with jet.

There is a soft persuasiveness about the cloths one meets at first class houses. Take, for example, the sima cloths, one of those soft viscous materials whose very texture is beautiful to look at and to touch, and they make most excellent cloaks and capes. Among many other cloths are some reversible ones interwoven with plaid linings. The box cloth cape which holds a favored place to be met with in elegant gowns, beautifully braided and luxuriously lined. One of these, lined in green glaze and faced on its high embroidered collar by caracul, lives in the mind, so dainty was it, so becoming. There are capes also in velvet of rich purples, greens, etc., bordered by frills of caracul and finished by high collars of the same, and there are evening



cloaks in the long wattle pelisse form and in that of the cape. A bengaline pelisse that may be had in many colors is adorned by fluffy feather trimming and lined with quilted silk. Another stylish coat is one in plaid, lined with deep red satin, with collar and epaulets of fur.

Position of the Feet.
The conventional method of walking with the toes turned out at an angle is not the easiest way, nor is it the most graceful. It is the conventional position which for generations has been taught by military tacticians and dancing masters. Almost every mother adjoins her child to turn out its toes. The child is still further instructed in the art of walking as soon as he is sent to dancing school or to a military academy, until the position becomes second nature to him. Yet it is certain that to turn out the toes at the angle generally given is far from the correct position of the feet in walking.

A writer in the New York Tribune substitutes this statement by quoting a high medical authority who avers that it requires more bodily exertion to walk with the toes turned even at a slight angle than it does to place them on the ground straight, so that a horizontal line from the heel to the toe of any one of the footfalls would pass through the heel and toe of all footfalls made by that foot. This is the artistic step, where the feet are placed straight and the footfalls are on parallel lines, separated a proper distance from each other.

Artists agree that the straight ahead position of the feet in walking is the most graceful and dignified and the military and dancing master step is an artificial one. Examine all pieces of sculpture. The Venus of Milo instantly occurs to the mind. The position of the foot is straight forward. There are no noteworthy exceptions to this rule in art. Painters and sculptors always compel their models to stand with the feet in this position.

Echoes of Fashion.
Satin shoes have been found so perishable that those who study economy are using colored kid in preference. The full bell shaped sleeves distinguish some of the new coats. They fall over another close fitted sleeve to the elbow, are lined with satin and edged with fur.

A BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL.

Archduchess Valerie Erected It on Learning of Her Mother's Death.

The empress of Austria recently made a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Marie of Zell, situated in the very heart of the Styrian Alps in the neighborhood of which she so nearly lost her life in 1883. Just before reaching the chapel and the shrine the mountain road traverses a bridge rudely made of trunks of fir trees, which spans a deep and raging torrent.

The empress was riding a spirited horse. Somehow or other the animal caught one of his hind feet between the rugged planks and immediately commenced rearing in his frantic efforts to free himself.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that Elizabeth, perfect horsewoman though she was, could retain her seat and avoid being hurled on to the rocks below. At length one of the grooms who was following her succeeded in quieting the terrified animal sufficiently to enable her to dismount, and after having assisted to extricate the horse's foot from between the planks she continued the remainder of her way on foot.

On learning of her mother's death Archduchess Valerie was so impressed thereby that she erected a beautiful chapel which now covers the shrine. Over the entrance is a marble block bearing the following inscription, composed by the archduchess:

"Holy Mother and blessed St. George, patron of cavaliers, who can preserve us from all danger and by whom my mother has been so often protected when no human help could avail her, I pray to you both with confidence that you will not disdain my humble petition and that you will always be the saviors of that precious life which gave life to me, Marie Valerie, in memoriam, Aug. 21, 1883."

The chapel is built in Gothic style on some shelving rocks in the midst of a dense pine wood which partly covers the mountain side. Its treasury is filled with magnificent offerings presented by the ladies of the reigning house and of the nobility. Around the neck of the Virgin hangs a huge diamond cross that had belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and at its feet are tied with a faded ribbon the magnificent golden tresses of a village beauty who had given her glorious hair as a vote of offering for the recovery of her dying sweetheart. —Marquise de Fontenoy in Philadelphia Press.

INVESTITURE OF ABBOT.

Ceremony at a Trappist Monastery That Seldom Occurs in America.

A solemn ceremony seldom witnessed in America took place recently at New Melleray monastery, 12 miles from Dunblane, Ia. It was the investiture by Archbishop Hennessey of Rev. Father Althier, who last June was elected abbot of the monastery. This monastery, now an abbey, is conducted by a community of Trappist monks, and has heretofore been ruled by a prior sent out from Mount Melleray abbey, county of Waterford, Ireland. There are only two communities of this order in the United States, the other being at Gettysburg, Ky. In Canada there are three communities and two abbots. The Dubuque community was founded in 1849. It is an immense stone structure, and there are over 100 inmates. The regulations are very strict. They are required to rise at 2 o'clock in the morning on ferri-day and at 1 o'clock on Sundays. Speaking is prohibited except at allowed times. The community is incorporated and the value of the property exceeds \$500,000. They raise the finest stock in the state. No woman is admitted within the walls. The ceremony witnessed recently is called the solemn blessing and differs from the ceremony attending the ordination of a bishop in that the holy oil is not used. The abbot is a bishop, but his jurisdiction is confined to the monastery. The abbot receives the bishop's miter, cape, cross and crozier, but declines the purple and is clad in a monk's habit. Lord Abbot Althier was born in Dunblane, County Cork, Ireland, in 1833 and joined the order when 26 years old. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HONORED BY THE POPE.

Father Aloysius Lauer Appointed Minister General of All the Franciscans.

A very pleasing official announcement recently reached the Franciscan fathers at West Paterson, N. J. Father Aloysius Lauer, who at one time was the provincial of all the Franciscan monasteries belonging to the province of St. Elizabeth and resided at the Stony Road monastery for a number of years, has been appointed by his holiness Pope Leo XIII minister general for all the Franciscans of the world, numbering 16,000.

Most Rev. Father Aloysius as minister general is the one hundred and third successor of St. Francis of Assisi. His subjects number at the present time 16,000, of whom 10,000 are priests and 2,500 missionaries. There belong to this great family 1 cardinal, the cardinal bishop of Lisbon; 2 patriarchs, 10 archbishops, 40 bishops and 19 prelates and vicars apostolic. The entire order consists of 107 provinces and has 1,132 monasteries, 113 houses of novitiate and 29 colleges of missions.—New York Journal.

Asked the Boy Too Much.

A boy had been up for examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there were any text in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered and then repeated, "And Judas went out and hanged himself."

"Is there any other verse you know in the Bible?" the examiner asked. "Yes. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

There was a solemn pause, and the proceedings terminated. —Catholic Standard and Times.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

A story about lawyers is contributed by a western correspondent. Mr. Babson, we will call him, was a young lawyer of the town where the court was held, while the opposing counsel, Mr. Carter, was a much better known attorney of a neighboring city.

Mr. Babson was addressing the jury, and, having explained a point of law to the jurors, he turned to Mr. Carter with the words:

"Isn't that right?"
Mr. Carter thought that he had a very verdant subject on his hands and with a smile of conscious superiority replied: "I have an office in C., and if you have any legal problems that you desire to have solved I shall be pleased to enlighten you for a financial consideration."

Not in the least abashed, Mr. Babson drew from his pocket a 10 cent piece and held it out toward Mr. Carter with the words:

"Here, tell us what you know and hand back the change."

In the roar of laughter which followed the court joined. —Youth's Companion.

He Liked the Name.

A coroner's jury was holding an inquest, and the physician had read the result of his autopsy, in which he had found that the subject had suffered from phthisis pulmonalis. The high sounding name of the disease was attractive to the foreman of the jury, who after an earnest discussion with the other members arose and with a smile of consciousness of a duty well performed promptly announced, "De jury fetches in a verdict dat de man died of a severe case of 'gee whiz apollinaris.'" —Philadelphia Record.

Knew His Audience.

"Don't believe the story, my friends," exclaimed the evangelist who was talking to young men, "that the region of the lost is paved with good intentions. It isn't paved at all. It's harder to ride over than worn out cedar block. It's rougher than Michigan avenue north of Jackson street. Come with me, oh, my friends, to the streets that are paved with gold!" —Chicago Tribune.

The Way.

With her own hands she made the biscuits for his dinner.
"Ha!" she muttered, as is customary under these circumstances.

At the last moment she concealed a pointed among the folds of her dress for, although the way to a man's heart was through his stomach it were best to anticipate possible failure. —Detroit Journal.

Conflicting Evidence.

"Was that a man's valise or a woman's?" asked the police down by the railroad track.
"I dunno," answered the police reporter. "There was nothing in it but one of Zola's stories, a copy of 'The Dolly Dialogues,' a paper sack of caramels and a pack of cigarettes." —Indianapolis Journal.

A Point of Difference.

"Well, I see that Messrs. McKinley and Laurier are likely to come to an understanding over the seal question."
"Yes. That's where Messrs. McKinley and Laurier differ from me and my wife." —Cleveland Leader.

The Arms of the Law.

Young Chip: What are the "arms of the law" for, papa?
Old Block: There seems to be a well defined impression that they're for hanging serving maids. —New York Journal.

Immigration Note.

"Yah, I was from Finland koom over."
"So? Then I see you're Finish." —New York Sunday World.



Battlement shaped hats are to be in vogue this season. Our artist thinks the attire might be utilized for gentlemen's attire as above. —Punch.

Miss Lindy's Coldness.

Last time I see Miss Lindy
She held her head so high
She never knew de way I go—
Miss Lindy pass me by!

Oh, Miss Lindy,
Heah's you lover true,
De weddin' ring
Is a purty thing.
En de weddin' ring's fer you.

Las' time I see Miss Lindy
My heart beat loud en fas'.
She heah de soun, but don't look roon,
En dos go sailin pas'!

Oh, Miss Lindy,
Heah's you lover true,
De weddin' ring
Is a purty thing.
En de weddin' ring's fer you!
—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

FACTS IN A FEW LINES.

Only 30 per cent of the robberies committed in London lead to a conviction.

The average age at which women marry in civilized countries is 23½ years.

The eyes of the birds that fly by night are generally about double the size of those of day birds.

Accommodation for bicycles has been added to the attractions of the theater at Namur, in Belgium.

The crown princess of Denmark and the queen of Portugal are the two tallest princesses in Europe.

On all British passenger steamers collections are made at the Sunday services for the Seamen's Aid fund.

British detectives and prison warders rely chiefly on personal recognition for detection of "habitual" criminals.

A burning gas jet is unhealthy in a bedroom, because one gaslight gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two sleepers.

A well known society woman of London has an album containing photographs of all her costumes for the past ten years.

There are 320,000 maidservants in London—that is to say, they are nearly equal in number to this whole population of Sheffield.

Instances of extreme old age are more common among those who exercise themselves with gardening than in any other employment.

The rate at which the Zulus can travel upon emergency is astonishing. Some will cover as great a distance as 60 miles in six hours. Eight miles an hour is an ordinary pace.

The Chinese have a kitchen god, which is supposed to go to the Chinese heaven at the beginning of each year to report upon the private life of the families under his care.

The Veteran Volunteer Firemen's association of Louisville has just received an old leather belt which was once used by George Washington in fighting a fire in Alexandria, Ky.

One reason why female physicians are so plentiful in Russia is that the country includes among its inhabitants over 12,000 Mohammedans, who do not allow male physicians to treat women.

The river Nile has its rises, but those that are most frequent. During the last 1,000 years there has been only one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 20,000 people were drowned.

The secret police of Paris is distinct from the regular force. The members, as a rule, are unknown to each other, and often a second detective is sent to watch the first employed upon an important case.

The city of Baltimore, with nearly a half of the total population of the state of Maryland, has less than one-fifth of the membership of the house of delegates and about one-ninth of the membership of the state senate.

In an article on "Consumption in Cattle Conveyance to Man" (Nineteenth Century) James Long says that "it is not improbable that more lives are annually lost through the consumption of tuberculous milk than would be occasioned by war with a first class power."

Along the Connecticut river, between the city of Hartford and Springfield, Mass., a distance of about 25 miles, there lies a beautifully fertile valley, rich in picturesque scenery, where in a belt about 20 miles wide is grown nine-tenths of the so-called Connecticut tobacco.

Some expert declares that a 60 minute engagement between two big fleets of the modern type would involve a cost of over \$500,000. And this estimate takes into view only expenditure of ammunition and wear and tear of guns—leaving out of consideration damage to and loss of vessels.

Very ancient is the history of the poppy. Its name is entwined with that of the lotus of Egypt and the thyme of Greece. It was one of the flowers the ancients dedicated to Venus. The Shirley poppies in our gardens are descendants of the wild red poppy of Europe, often called the corn rose, about which Burns and Tennyson have written.

The caribou or reindeer of Newfoundland roams over an area of some 25,000 miles of unbroken wilderness. It is a magnificent creature, some of the larger stags which have been shot having weighed from 500 to 600 pounds. As might be expected, venison is pretty plentiful in St. John's market and has been sold for as little as 2½ pence per pound.

For fishes to build a nest appears something like an anomaly. It is nevertheless a fact, for such a creature exists in the south of Hudson bay. The Indians call it the awadasi, which may be translated as stone porter, from the habit of the fish in picking up pebbles in its mouth and placing them in a regular way on a selected spot on the bottom of the bay, where the water is not very deep.

One hundred roses are required to make one drop of the famous attar of roses, the perfume of the east. The people of Turkey and Persia are fond of eating preserved rose leaves, and a pink rose with about 30 leaves is cultivated for the purpose in Bulgaria. The leaves, carefully separated from those that are shriveled or discolored, are rolled daintily in finely powdered sugar and then strewn in sirup, with a few drops of lemon juice added.

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Rates Made Known Upon Application.

All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

DECEMBER, 1897.

LOCAL TINTS.

We wish all readers of THE MONITOR a merry Christmas.

The sixteenth annual ball of St. Francis Court of Foresters will be held in St. Mary's hall on New Year's eve.

The operetta "Golden Hair" will be given under the auspices of the St. John's Sunday school in Music hall on Thursday evening, December 30. The sale of tickets indicates that a large number will attend.

Three masses will be celebrated at St. John's on Christmas day. The first mass will be at 5 o'clock, the second (children's mass) at 9 o'clock, and the last at 10:30. Masses will be celebrated at St. Mary's church at the same hours.

We respectfully call the attention of our readers to the holiday announcements of our advertisers. Anything needed for a useful Christmas present can be found here in Quincy, and all sensible persons will look to the local market for their Christmas goods.

Mr. Peter Mullen, a well-known young man of Haverhill, and Miss Fannie A. Callahan of this city, were married in St. John's church, on Wednesday morning, Nov. 25, by Rev. John P. Cuffe. Mr. and Mrs. Mullen will reside in Haverhill.

Miss Eleanor and Annie Roach pleased the large audiences at the Grand Army fair held last week, and many compliments were bestowed upon them. Miss Kate Roach also assisted at the fair. Others taking creditable parts were Mr. John J. Phelan and Miss Garland Mischler.

The people of the parish extend their heartfelt sympathy to Rev. Fr. Cunningham in his late bereavement. He was called to New York the latter part of last week to attend his dying sister. This makes the third time that Fr. Cunningham has been called upon to mourn the loss of members of his immediate family—first a dear mother, then a priestly brother, and now a sister. The sympathy expressed for him on all sides shows how universal is the feeling for him.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following Resolutions have been adopted by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H., upon the death of their late sister, Catherine Corcoran.

WHEREAS—The hand of Divine Providence has removed from our midst our esteemed associate, Sister Catherine Corcoran, we are desirous of testifying our respect for her memory and expressing our earnest and heartfelt sympathy with the family of the deceased. Therefore, be it,

RESOLVED—That in the death of Sister Catherine Corcoran, Auxiliary No. 5 of the A. O. H., we regret the loss of a friend and companion, one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard, and whose untimely death was a great loss to the welfare and prosperity of the Auxiliary.

RESOLVED—That this testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be transmitted to the family of the departed Sister by the secretary of the Auxiliary.

MADEY O'DOWD,) Committee
MARGARET O. BRIEN,)
K. LANE HEATH,) Resolutions
West Quincy, Mass., Nov. 18, 1897.

The following Resolutions have been adopted by St. Francis Court, M. C. O. F., on the death of their late Brother:

WHEREAS—The hand of Divine Providence has removed from our midst, our esteemed associate and Brother, Archibald McEathun, and,

WHEREAS—We humbly bow to His Supreme will in all things. Therefore be it,

RESOLVED—That we, the members of St. Francis Court, No. 25, M. C. O. F., tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased Brother, in this, the hour of their bereavement, and,

RESOLVED—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the afflicted family by the Secretary of the Court.

W. P. HUGHES,) Committee
JAS. H. ELCOCK,)
D. FITZGERALD,) Resolutions.
West Quincy, Dec. 11, 1897.

Four members of the new Austrian cabinet are from the medical fraternity: Dr. Von Ruber, minister of justice; Dr. V. Boehm, minister of finance; Dr. Von Koerber, minister of commerce; Dr. Witteck, minister of railroads.

When emeralds are first taken from the mine they are said to be so soft that they can often be crushed into wet paste with the fingers.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Eleanor F. Roche, mother of Rev. A. F. Roche of Hingham, died at her Quincy residence on Thursday, December 2. Mrs. Roche had been failing for some time past, but it was hoped that under skillful and careful treatment she would recover her health. But such was not to be the case, and on the above date the venerable lady passed to her reward. Mrs. Roche was well known here and her death was lamented by all who had known her in life. The funeral was held from St. John's church on Saturday and was largely attended. The interment was at West Quincy.

Mr. Thomas J. Griffin, a former resident of Braintree, but later of Quincy, died here on Monday, November 29. Mr. Griffin was born in Ireland, but in early manhood left the Emerald Isle for America. He first settled in Braintree, then a most sparsely settled place. A few years ago he took up his residence in this city with his son. Mr. Griffin lived to a good old age, and from his long residence in these parts, could always be depended upon to regale his hearers with interesting accounts of the persons and places of Braintree and Quincy. His funeral was held from St. John's church.

Miss Sarah J. Gregory, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Gregory of Hancock street, died on Saturday, December 4. Miss Gregory was a long sufferer from consumption, but through all her trials bore up with true Catholic fortitude. She was a regular attendant at St. John's, up to within a few months. Her funeral was held from St. John's, and the interment was at St. Mary's cemetery.

REV. WILLIAM T. DEASY.

Rev. William T. Deasy of this city was ordained at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston on Friday, December 17, by Archbishop Williams. Fr. Deasy celebrated his first public mass in St. John's church in this city on Sunday. A large congregation was assembled to greet the young clergyman. The newly-ordained priest is a Quincy boy born and bred here and educated in the public schools of this city and at Boston college. For a number of years he served as an altar boy, and it was a great pleasure to the parishioners of St. John's to extend their congratulations to him in his new dignity. Fr. Friguglietti the pastor, in his prefatory remarks, bade welcome to the new minister of God, stating that he could hardly express his joy at the culmination of the young man's career; one who had served him and the congregation so well.

At the completion of the mass, Fr. Deasy gave his blessing to the congregation. Some weeks will be given to rest and recuperation, and then Fr. Deasy will be given his assignment.

JOHN DALY.

The presence of Mr. John Daly, the recently liberated Irish political prisoner, in this country at this time, serves to awaken new interest in the men who are now satisfying English vindictiveness in English prisons.

Mr. Daly's graphic story of the sufferings of himself and comrades during their long imprisonment will revive in every heart the hope that before many years the English government will be placed in a cringing and suppliant role. The picture painted by Mr. Daly bears the mark of veracity, and it is a sad commentary upon the present century that such brutality should be permitted.

Mr. Daly's tour in America will not be without result. The present friendly feeling towards England on the part of many true Americans will be withdrawn in consequence of this sad story, and in its place will rise a persistent opposition to the overtures of English agents. The invocation of barbarous acts inflame the whole civilized world, and the nation that resorts to such practices compels open and persistent antagonism.

DIED.

ROCHE—In Quincy, Dec. 2, Mrs. Eleanor F. Roche, aged 70 years and 10 months.
GRIFFIN—In Quincy, Nov. 29, Mr. Thomas J. Griffin, aged 88 years.
DUFFY—In Quincy, Nov. 28, James E., son of John P. and Mrs. Hannah T. Duffy, aged 1 month and 29 days.
GREGORY—In Quincy, Nov. 4, Miss Sarah J. Gregory, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Gregory of Hancock street.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Knights of Columbus.
The following are the officers-elect of Quincy Council, No. 96, K. of C.:
Grand Knight,—Richard J. Larkin.
Deputy Grand Knight,—John V. Powers.
Chancellor,—William J. Coleman.
Financial Secretary,—Timothy J. Carey.Recording Secretary,—T. J. McGrath.
Warden,—James A. White.
Advocate,—Thomas J. Lamb.
Lecturer,—Edward J. Parker.
Inside Guard,—Bernard Cullen.
Outside Guard,—Peter J. Cahill.
Physician,—J. M. Sheahan, M. D.
Chaplain,—Rev. F. A. Friguglietti.
Trustees,—Thomas H. O'Neil, E. W. O'Connor and Thomas H. McDonnell.

Division 18 Officers.

At a meeting of Division 18, held on Friday evening, December 10, the following officers were elected:
President,—James P. Flanagan.
Vice President,—P. J. Ferguson.
Treasurer,—Bernard Donaher.
Financial Secretary,—J. A. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary,—John E. Ford.
Sentinel,—William Keenan.
Sergeant-at-Arms,—John Farrello.

Division 6 Officers.

At a meeting held on Wednesday evening of the Ladies' Auxiliary No. 10 of Div. 5 A. O. H., the following officers were elected:
President,—Katherine T. Powers.
Vice President,—Mrs. John T. Larkin.
Recording Secretary,—Miss Nellie Connelly.
Financial Secretary,—Miss Mary G. Powers.Treasurer,—Mrs. Michael Griffin.
Sergeant-at-Arms,—Mrs. W. Sullivan.
Sentinel,—Mrs. James Collins.
The installation will be held on the third Wednesday in January.

Division 17 Officers.

At a meeting of Division 17, A. O. H., Atlantic, held Sunday the following officers were elected for 1898:
President,—James H. Cunningham.
Vice President,—Bartlett A. McLane.
Recording Secretary,—Edmund A. Shea.Financial Secretary,—John Granahan.
Treasurer,—Edward J. McKeon.
Sergeant-at-Arms,—Jeremiah F. Mahoney.
Sentinel,—Patrick Creamer.
Chairman Board of Trustees,—Patrick Dolan.
Chairman Standing Committee,—Michael McNally.

Division 5 Officers.

At a recent meeting of Division 5 the following officers were elected:
President,—Thomas M. Murphy.
Vice President,—William H. Sullivan.
Recording Secretary,—Patrick Crimmins.Financial Secretary,—John T. Savage.
Treasurer,—Michael Deady.
Sergeant-at-Arms,—Cornelius Driscoll.
Sentinel,—Michael McCarthy.
These officers will be installed the second Wednesday in January.

Fine Confectionery

In Fancy Boxes.

ALSO

PERFUMES

In Elegant Packages.

For the Holidays,

At Very Low Prices.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

A. G. DURGIN,
DRUGGIST,

Durgin and Merrill's Block.



CITY

OF

QUINCY.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having bills against the City of Quincy are requested to present same to the various departments on or before December 31st, 1897.

All persons owing bills to the City are requested to make a settlement on or before the above date.
Respectfully,
C. F. ADAMS, 2d Mayor.
Quincy, Dec. 10, 1897. 11-14-16-18-21-23-25

RISE OF PAGANISM.

REV. FATHER DUCHEY OF NEW YORK WARNS HIS PEOPLE.

He Claims That Society Violates the Laws.
"Woe to the Nation Where Men Are Forced to Feel That Justice Is a Mockery!"—Demands of Christian Society.Father Ducey, in St. Leo's church, New York, recently preached a powerful sermon from the text, "Master, we know that thou art a true speaker, neither carest thou for any man."
The stirring passages of the eloquent priest's sermon follow:"Almighty God created man and endowed him with certain gifts; consequently God has assured man that as a child of God man shall be amply provided for by a wise, loving and eternal Father."
"The great God, our Creator, who gave us life, holds us in conscience bound to the faithful observance of his laws, and as a just God and eternal Father he has promised us, his children, to provide for our comfort and our wants. He has told us that our Heavenly Father knows 'we have need of all these things.'"

"Hence if society is paganizing in many things and not Christianizing, if God's will is not realized in the society of our day, men and society—the individual and the collection of individuals—are the criminal cause of the non-fulfillment of God's promise. If men and society put themselves in antagonism to the carrying out of God's law of love and justice to his creatures, men and society must take the consequences for opposing the justice and charity of God toward the great multitude of the people."

"The greatest revolution which has ever occurred in the history of mankind was inaugurated by Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, who came into this world to redeem humanity and establish the brotherhood of man and create the kingdom of our common Father, the God of humanity. What Jesus Christ has done as our Redeemer and Saviour for the brotherhood of man he expects the priests of his church to continue to do at all times and under all circumstances."

"Society in its arrogance, selfishness and luxury loses sight of the fact that the failure of nations and all forms of civilization have followed because nations, society and civilization have neglected God's laws and violated the rights of men."

"The fundamental laws of God's kingdom on earth have two basic principles, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole mind,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' In the sacred volume the Holy Spirit tells us that no man can be believed to love God, whom he sees not, if he loves not his brother who is before him."

"Now, when individuals, society, civilizations and nations pile up the substances of this world's goods, neglect the cry of distress, see their brethren in need and have the means to relieve suffering and practice justice and love of God and man and do not fulfill the mission of brotherly love they violate the laws of God and do wrong to the rights of men."

"The more prosperous element in society must never be allowed to forget the fundamental and natural rights of man to the natural opportunities which God gives his creatures and which he will never consent shall be denied to his creatures. The tyrannies of the world have as their basic principle the denial by the few powerful and successful of the equal use to the larger number of their fellow men of God's free gifts and natural opportunities."

"Woe to the nation where men are forced to feel that justice is a mockery and that wrong and oppression overpower them in the use and enjoyment of God's gifts to his creatures, and cloud it as we may it cannot be denied that this feeling exists today in these United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast."

"It is on record. Only a short time ago nearly 7,000,000 men said so in their act as citizens of this mighty republic, and since that day the number has not lessened, but has increased."

"I say today that in America, in our great cities, which give the example, radiating from a great center, the masses of the people feel that society is becoming criminal by its un-Christian practices against the law of God. It is becoming pagan in its avarice, luxury and covetousness."

"Selfish indulgence opposes itself to the law of God and the brotherhood of man, and this is a sin which nature, high heaven and the masses of the people have never failed to punish, and vengeance is sure, though it is sometimes long delayed."

"Degeneration must follow in the wake of these un-Christian vices. If society becomes unnatural, unjust and hideous before angels and men, it is preparing itself for destruction by God's avenging hand."

"The condition of Christian society today demands above all things the voice of a fearless pulpit. When the rights of the multitude of God's people are threatened, the church cannot and must not remain inert. She is bound to take the first place and stimulate the zeal of her clergy in behalf of the working classes."

"Truly has the head of the Catholic church, Leo XIII, recognized that this is the greatest question before the world today. The cause of the people is the cause of God."—New York World.

Eighty Years a Nun.

One of the sisters at the Ursuline convent at Boulogne will soon attain her one hundredth birthday. It is 80 years since she took the vows, and since then she has not left the convent. Sister Buttor, the lady in question, belongs to the village of Hermelingein.

Boston Bargain Store,

MUSIC HALL BUILDING, QUINCY.

The Originators of Low Prices.

We are ready for the biggest trade in the history of Quincy. For the first time the people will see OUR FAMOUS LOW PRICES applied to Christmas Goods. Look at our

Big Doll Show.

Celluloid Goods.

Bric-a-brac, Toys.

and more useful presents to be found here than in any other store. Our low prices on every article means a great saving to you. Come early in the day as possible. A few specials will be found below.

Flexible Bound Bagster Bibles,

\$2.50 at \$1.29.

Elegantly Bound Albums,

\$2.50 at \$1.49, \$3.00 at \$1.75, \$3.50 at \$2.19.

These Albums are just half the usual price.

SPECIAL. CELLULOID SETS AT HALF PRICE. We purchased of the agents all their samples of elegant sets, consisting of manicure, brush and comb and shaving sets, which we shall offer at 50c. on the dollar. This is an opportunity for getting an elegant present.

Our store is open and we invite the public to inspect our stock.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

20th ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

1878. Christmas 1897.

Some things and people improve with age, others do not. We leave you to be the judges. In making our bow to the Quincy public for the 20th Christmas, we want to thank our many friends for their confidence in the past. No effort will be spared to give even better service in the future. We do not attempt to compete with adulterated goods, packed in short weight packages, but are willing to meet any prices made by reputable houses in Boston or elsewhere.

We have always led in Quincy in quantity and variety of fine CHRISTMAS goods in our line, and this year we have an immense stock of delicacies of the season.

Strictly Pure Christmas Candy,

12c lb., 2 1-2 lbs. 25c

American Mixture,

13c lb., 2 lbs. 25c

Fancy French Mixture,

25c lb., 4 1-2 lbs. \$1.00

Mixed Nuts, 13c. lb.,

2 lbs. 25c

French and California Prunes,

6c to 15c lb.

10-lb. boxes Fancy Prunes,

80c to 90c box

Jamaica and Florida Oranges.

Malaga Grapes.

This week only, we will sell our BEST CHOCOLATES, usual price 50c. lb., at 30c. lb.

Every pound of Confectionery, high or low priced, guaranteed pure sugar goods.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

Dec. 21-4t



Ties That Bind

Us to our patrons. Stylish ties that make friends for our FURNISHINGS. For the holiday trade we have the newest designs and colorings in silks and satins, made in all the latest shapes.

Over 50 dozen to select from.

Look at our window display.

GEO. W. JONES,

Adams Building, Quincy.

THE PRISON HOME OF CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

The case of the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus is at present engrossing the attention of two continents, and bids well before the present interest has subsided to bring out many interesting facts. The captain was an officer in the artillery branch of the French army, and was convicted on the charge of selling information to agents of the German government. He was tried by a court-martial, and subsequently sentenced to life-long penal servitude on the Ile du Diable. The following account from the New York Herald gives an interesting description of the penal colony that now numbers among its members the clever artilleryman:

So much excitement has been raised in this colony of Cayenne and outside by the recent agitation in regard to the incarceration of former Captain Dreyfus that it is not almost treason to mention his name in this locality.

The little coasting steamers and colonial clipper which occasionally called at the Safety Islands in order to discharge provisions have now been warned off, and no vessel whatsoever is allowed to approach these islands nearer than a distance of fifteen cables.

The Safety Islands are three in number—The Ile Royale, a mile in length, situated in 5 degrees, 36 minutes, 32 seconds north latitude, 52 degrees, 32 minutes, 30 seconds east longitude; Ile St. Joseph and Ile du Diable. They are seven miles out in the Atlantic, off the mouth of the Kourou river, and twenty-seven miles north northeast of the town of Cayenne.

On September 13, 1799, the English frigates Unity and Amphitrite seized the islands, took the garrison prisoners and carried away the artillery.

Formerly these islands were well wooded. They were separated from each other by a narrow channel only. There is a semaphore communication with Cayenne and safe anchorage. Their climate is salubrious.

They are now only used as a penal settlement, and the worst kinds of criminals are incarcerated there, where they cannot get away from their doom.

On St. Joseph the Governor of Cayenne has a summer residence, though he has no lack of residences on the mainland itself. Besides the Governor's residence on St. Joseph, a very strong prison is being built for the dynamiters, and other socialists, who are specially kept together on this island. Among others the notorious Meunier has his abode here. The convicts on these islands do not consist of French subjects alone. Most of the nations of the earth are represented by criminals.

DREYFUS' PRISON CASE.

The Ile du Diable, standing seaward of the Ile Royale, the headquarters of the penitentiary administration of the Safety Islands, was formerly a leper settlement. When Dreyfus was condemned to life imprisonment in a strong place, the Devil's Island was the only spot which it was thought would hold him with any degree of security. The lepers were therefore removed and a residence constructed for him. This residence is somewhat in the nature of a cage, the innermost depths of which can be viewed through a glass from the headquarters of the Ile Royale. Almost all the vegetation has been cleared off the island, so that every point of it may be commanded. A battery of Hotchkiss guns is permanently dressed ready for action against any attempt at a rescue of the prisoner. On the first alarm of such an attempt the orders are that Dreyfus is to be shot.

About a year ago a report gained ground of Dreyfus' escape. Thousands of pounds were spent in telegrams to ascertain if the report was true or incorrect, and the then Governor was recalled. Since then every day at stated hours the prisoner is obliged to appear outside his cage, and his existence is announced by telegraph to Paris. None of his guards, who are frequently changed, is permitted to hold any conversation with him. Dreyfus is allowed to pay a convict to act as his cook. He gets many newspapers and books, but all his correspondence passes through the hands of the administration.

MME. DREYFUS' REQUEST REFUSED. Prisoners of Dreyfus' class are usually allowed to have their wives with them, but in his case this privilege was refused, although Mme. Dreyfus offered to build the necessary habitation at her own expense, and to be no charge to the government. The authorities were afraid that her presence might cause them a further increase of trouble and anxiety.

Dreyfus has fattened since he has been a prisoner. He reads and writes much, sitting outside his cage where he can be seen on all sides. His guards watch him day and night, never letting him out of their sight. All the stories of a substitute having been provided for him and that the real

Dreyfus is not in custody absurd and fabulous.

Since the French, in their representations of the government and for other given up sending convicts to Cayenne, the penal colony. The mainland is comparatively immense hardships have in order to reach Guianas. Convicts are invariably where they came from colonies also refuse them.

From the Safety Islands is exceedingly difficult, around them are infested. One of these sharks, the holdest, is well known as the Master. Deceased convict out in a boat, fitted out on a lever. When the lever the plank turns and the pitches into the water. The tolling of the death signal for the sharks, the body hardly reach before the sharks begin to bite. The boat has to be away in order to get from the commotion of sharks in their struggle.

A BOLD ESCAPE.

Notwithstanding the fact, ever, convicts do escape from Safety Isles. Only a few at eleven o'clock in the night, after having had to provision her with water. This happened at an hour when the guard was at its easiest. The fugitive shower of rifle and revolver succeeded in getting away under the stern of a steam launch was in pursuit the schooner requisitioned, but the made for the coast was shallow and could not follow them.

Telegraphic notices were rapidly sent around fugitives succeeded in land only satisfaction the boat was to retake the abandoned boat. One of the convicts notorious assassin.

OF VARIED INTEREST.

Senator McMillan of Missouri one of the finest paintings in this country, a great admirer of Art.

The Duke of Teck, rather uncomfortable finally, by the death of a palace offered of Wurtemberg.

Mrs. Robert L. soon go to London to publication of her husband's work will be partly in the biography and partly a collection.

John F. Betz, the brewer, has received two horses from the stables of Wurtemberg in return for American trotters presented King two years ago by Mr.

It is said that neither the publishers nor the copy of the book to Bolt. In fact, the he has not read the not know even the

Bishop Leonard missionary diocese and western Colorado. Indian has no profanity word in his language. Vires to swear, it is necessary learn English.

William E. Cramer, who editor in Wisconsin, bought the Milwaukee Wisconsin, wrote its own editorial reporting, hunted subscribers advertising contracts and up the forms for press.

Thomas McKean who has given \$100,000 to a law school building of Pennsylvania, is Chief Justice Thomas McKean, Pennsylvania, and during the revolution

There is more Catarrh than all other diseases until the last few years was incurable. For a great many years I suffered from it, and by constantly taking local treatment, prostates Science has proven catarrh to be a local disease, and therefore require treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional cure on the most internally in doses from 10 drops to 100. It acts directly on the blood surfaces of the system. They of dollars for any case it fails to cure. Circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are

Bargain Store,

HALL BUILDING, QUINCY.

Finest of Low Prices.

Biggest trade in the history of Quincy. For the first time our FAMOUS LOW PRICES applied to Christmas.

Show. Celluloid Goods, Bric-a-brac, Toys,

to be found here than in any other store. Our low prices are a great saving to you. Come early in the day and you will be found below.

Bound Bagster Bibles,

\$2.50 at \$1.25.

Bound Albums,

\$9, \$3.00 at \$1.75, \$3.50 at \$2.19.

Albums are just half the usual price. We purchased the rights all their samples of elegant sets, consisting of manure, which we shall offer at 50c. on the dollar. This is an opportunity we invite the public to inspect our stock.

BARGAIN STORE.

ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Christmas 1897.

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even better service in the future. We do not at-

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Quincy in quantity and variety of fine CHRISTMAS

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Christmas Candy,

12c lb., 2 1-2 lbs. 25c

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only, we will sell our

COLATES, usual price

0c. lb.

tionery, high or low priced, guaranteed pure sugar

BRANCH GROCERY,

Merrill's Block, Quincy.

What Bind

patrons. Stylish ties that make friends

FURNISHINGS. For the holiday trade

the newest designs and colorings in silks

made in all the latest shapes.

en to select from.

window display.

W. JONES.

Building, Quincy.

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On St. Joseph the Governor of Cayenne has a summer residence, though he has no lack of residences on the mainland itself. Besides the Governor's residence on St. Joseph, a very strong prison is being built for the dynamitards and other socialists, who are specially kept together on this island. Among others the notorious Mounier has his abode here. The convicts on these islands do not consist of French subjects alone. Most of the nations of the earth are represented by criminals.

DREYFUS' PRISON CAGE.

The Ile du Diable, standing seaward of the Ile Royale, the headquarters of the penitentiary administration of the Safety Islands, was formerly a leper settlement. When Dreyfus was condemned to life imprisonment in a strong place, the Devil's Island was the only spot which it was thought would hold him with any degree of security. The lepers were therefore removed and a residence constructed for him. This residence is somewhat in the nature of a cage, the innermost depths of which can be viewed through a glass from the headquarters on the Ile Royale. Almost all the vegetation has been cleared off the island, so that every point of it may be commanded. A battery of Hotchkiss guns is permanently dressed ready for action against any attempt at the escape of the prisoner. On the first alarm of such an attempt the orders are that Dreyfus is to be shot.

About a year ago a report gained ground of Dreyfus' escape. Thousands of pounds were spent in diagrams to ascertain if the report was true or incorrect, and the then Governor was recalled. Since then every day at stated hours the prisoner is obliged to appear outside his cage, and his existence is announced by megaphone to Paris. None of his guards, who are frequently changed, is permitted to hold any conversation with him. Dreyfus is allowed to pay a convict to act as his cook. He gets many newspapers and books, but all the correspondence passes through the hands of the administration.

MME. DREYFUS' REQUEST REFUSED.

Prisoners of Dreyfus' class are usually allowed to have their wives with them, but in his case this privilege was refused, although Mme. Dreyfus offered to build the necessary habitation at her own expense, and to be no charge to the government. The authorities were afraid that her presence might cause them a further increase of trouble and anxiety.

Dreyfus has fattened since he has been a prisoner. He reads and writes much, sitting outside his cage where he can be seen on all sides. His guards watch him day and night, never letting him out of their sight. All the stories of a substitute having been provided for him and that the real

Dreyfus is not in custody are utterly absurd and fabulous.

Since the French, in deference to representations of the Australian government and for other causes, have given up sending convicts to New Caledonia, Cayenne is the principal French penal colony. The escape from the mainland is comparatively easy, though immense hardships have to be endured in order to reach either Brazil or the Guianas. Convicts caught in Dutch Guiana are invariably sent back to where they came from. The British colonies also refuse them an asylum.

From the Safety Islands the escape is exceedingly difficult, as the waters around them are infested with sharks. One of these sharks, the biggest and boldest, is well known as the "Harbor Master." Deceased convicts are taken out in a boat, fitted out with a plank on a lever. When the lever is released the plank turns and the body on it pitches into the water.

The tolling of the death knell is a signal for the sharks to appear, and the body hardly reaches the water before the sharks begin to struggle for it. The boat has to be rapidly pulled away in order to avoid an accident from the commotion caused by the sharks in their struggles to get at the corpse.

A BOLD ESCAPE.

Notwithstanding these dangers, however, convicts do get away from the Safety Isles. Only a few months ago at eleven o'clock in the morning, six convicts seized a whaleboat and took flight, after having had time enough to provision her with water and food. This happened at an hour when convicts are not supposed to be at large, and when the guarding of them is at its easiest. The fugitives, amid a shower of rifle and revolver shots, succeeded in getting away, passing under the stern of a schooner moored in the harbor in so doing. While the steam launch was being prepared for pursuit the schooner's services were requisitioned, but the fugitives promptly made for the coast, where the water was shallow and where their pursuers could not follow them.

Telegraphic notices of the escape were rapidly sent around, but the fugitives succeeded in landing, and the only satisfaction the authorities had was to retake the abandoned whaleboat. One of the convicts was a notorious assassin.

OF VARIED INTEREST.

Senator McMillan of Michigan possesses one of the finest collections of paintings in this country. He is a great admirer of American art.

The Duke of Teck, who was left in rather uncomfortable circumstances, finally, by the death of his duchess, has had a palace offered to him by the King of Wurtemberg.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson will soon go to London to arrange for the publication of her husband's life. The work will be partly in the nature of a biography and partly a collection of letters.

John F. Betz, the Philadelphia brewer, has received two thoroughbred horses from the stables of the King of Wurtemberg in return for a team of American trotters presented to the King two years ago by Mr. Betz.

It is said that neither Du Maurier nor the publishers of "Trilby" sent a copy of the book to the author of "Ben Bolt." In fact, the latter claims that he has not read the book at all and does not know even the story.

Bishop Leonard of the Episcopal missionary diocese of Nevada, Utah and western Colorado, says that the Indian has no profanity—not a profane word in his language. When he desires to swear, it is necessary for him to learn English.

William E. Cramer, who is the oldest editor in Wisconsin, when he first bought the Milwaukee Wisconsin years ago, wrote its own editorials, did his own reporting, hunted subscriptions, made advertising contracts and often made up the forms for press.

Thomas McKean of Philadelphia, who has given \$100,000 for the new law school building of the University of Pennsylvania, is a great-grandson of Chief Justice Thomas McKean, one of the most prominent representatives of Pennsylvania, and of Delaware, as well, during the revolutionary period.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE LAY CATHOLIC.

(Continued from page 1.)

The Republic depends upon the purity of its politics. The lay Catholic owes it to himself, his Church, his country, to prove the fallacy of that accepted doctrine that a man may be a good man, pure and honest in his private life, and at the same time crooked in politics. If a man is crooked in politics he is a dishonest man and it only needs temptation and opportunity to prove it. We should always oppose the election to office of corrupt men especially if they use the name Catholic to help them, and we should never allow men to represent us as Catholics unless we are satisfied that they can be endorsed as practical members of the Church. Too many weak, selfish and unprincipled men have ridden to power on a Catholic vote, only to bring disgrace on themselves and the Catholic name by their dishonesty and political corruption.

It is not enough for the Catholic to be no worse than other men; he should be better than other men because he is a Catholic. A Catholic representative in any position should be a man upon whom we can rely always to stand firm in defense of right and in opposition to wrong. Again, it does not follow because State and Church are separated and each has its own field in which to work, that the State alone shall monopolize the use of political methods and that the Church shall confine itself to prayer—God helps those who help themselves. It often happens that the enemies of holy religion make use of political power to check our progress, to enact iniquitous laws, to deprive Catholics of their civil and religious rights. We should not be too timid about using the same instruments to combat them. We should never be ashamed to combine as Catholics and to make our influence as a body felt at the polls in defense of religious and moral rights.

WOMEN'S DUTIES.

The lay woman has her own particular duties as well as the lay man. They may be summed up in one word—mother. It is her natural duty to educate, to guard the rest of youth, to teach the young to cultivate the whole garden of domestic virtue. But today the Catholic lay women have a special duty. The sanctity of the home is threatened all along our social life. The dignity of motherhood is trampled under foot—and womanhood is disgraced in the efforts of worldly-minded women to unsex themselves in public life. The Catholic woman has a terrible responsibility under the circumstances. No human influence but the example of strong, virtuous Catholic womanhood shall be able to stem the terrible progress of this secret of immorality. She must be ever watchful to drive from her society that emissary of the evil one who in the garb of friend or neighbor enters her home and there seeks to show the poison of iniquity that eats away the very life of domestic happiness.

It is her special duty to guard the sanctity of home, to defend the rights of children to life and to education. It is hers to show the infidel and irreligious woman of the day the purity and holiness of the Christian woman in her efforts to imitate Mary the true type of womanhood. All, how innumerable are the opportunities that the Catholic woman of high and low station has of doing good in the cause of the Holy Church. It is a most remarkable fact that a great proportion of the converts to Catholicity in this country have been brought about by the example of faithful Catholic servants and from information gleaned from good books carelessly laid in the way of the mistress—thus repeating the lesson so frequently inculcated in Holy Scripture, of eternal wisdom choosing the weak ones of this world to confound the strong.

These are a few of the paths of life along which the lay Catholic's mission lies.

WHEREIN ARE YOU BETTER THAN WE?

The infidel youth of Paris used to taunt the Catholics who boasted of a superior light and of the only power for alleviating the sufferings of humanity with the question: "What are you doing? Where are your works? In what are you better than we? The point was well made. It struck deep into the heart of young Ozanam, and the result is seen today in the world-wide organization, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The world still asks the same question. Our American fellow-citizens hear our loud boasting about an infallible Church—the spirit of divine love—fraternal charity, life-giving sacraments and they look for effects proofs of our claims, and they say, with a great deal of good judgment: "Wherein are you with all this better than we?" Do we not merit the reproach? Is it not true that all religious work, with very rare exceptions, is left entirely to be attended to by the priests? Is it not true frequently that our Protestants, ladies and gentlemen, make us blush with shame as they outdo us

in lay religious and charitable work? Is it not a living source of scandal and reproach to lay Catholicism that so many of our little children are allowed to be picked up by the civil courts and non-Catholic organizations provided with non-Catholic homes and a secular education, while the members of that Church that holds the loss of a single soul as the greatest evil in the world, close their eyes and with a self-gratifying, "it is none of my business," permitting the proselyting to go on? Is it not a reproach to our boasted Christian charity that even where managers of public institutions are willing to place Catholic children in Catholic homes, Catholic homes cannot be found to welcome the little brethren of the infant Jesus?

It does not remove the responsibility of the lay Catholic that he is conscious that in his parish he or she has contributed to the erection and support of charitable institutions. Only the little remnants of human misery that drifts ashore, as it were, ever find their way to the charitable institutions. The great mass flows on down to death, on by the door of the comfortable pagan and the so-called Christian, living side by side, rather willing to believe that it would be a useless effort to attempt to stop the current than to reach out and grasp some struggling, suffering soul and save it from destruction.

ACTIVE CHRISTIANITY NEEDED.

My brethren, the mission of the lay Catholic lies in a great, broad field and has up to this been but poorly cultivated in this country.

Religious work is widely misunderstood as belonging solely to the sphere of the priests and religious. Lay people too generally rest contented when they have attended church and complied with its formal requirements. We have many church members, but not so many Christians. The great work of making the influence of the Church's teachings felt by the age in which we live is in a great measure totally neglected because those on whom the responsibilities rest of carrying those principles into every day life—into business and political life as well as into social and domestic—are recreant to their duty. Like little children or sick persons, they are allowed to be always receiving of the good things that religion brings them, but they have nothing to give in return.

What is wanted as a basis for our work is a more healthy, robust and active Christianity that may not need to be labelled Catholic. Our separated brethren are eager to learn the truth, but they do not see it. They hear at times the voice of the Church asserting her divine prerogatives but they hear so many voices they are confused. They need to be shown proofs of our claims to the Divine Presence amongst us in the works that the Divine Presence should produce. It is not so much preaching that is lacking, as doing. There is a great reformatory work to be done among our own weak-kneed brethren, who are really more in need of our charitable assistance than the hungry, because while the latter will excite pity and sympathy, the former sicken and scandalize the rest of the flock.

Throughout the whole rank and file there needs to be a quickening of the spirit of loyalty. There is required a deeper appreciation of the advantages we enjoy in the fellowship of the saints. Let there be a more generous Christianity that will return to God a hundred-fold for every talent that has been received. Remember always that to whom much has been given, from him much shall be required. In the acquiring and use of knowledge and in the accumulation of wealth too, bear in mind that these cannot be the aim or purpose of a Christian life. They are not possessions to be used for selfish and unholy ends, but are the means placed in your hand by the Great Architect of Eternity wherewith you are at labor with Him for the manifestation of the Kingdom of God never forgetting that unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

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CATHOLICS IN CHINA.

THERE ARE THIRTY DISTINCT DIOCESES IN THE COUNTRY.

The Church is a large and in a certain sense a flourishing organization. Priests well trained, devoted and energetic are needed in China.

We Europeans are so much accustomed to think of China as a vast pagan empire, with its overwhelming herds of unchristianized and unenlightened humanity, that it is difficult to realize that the Catholic church is not merely existent in the dominions of the Celestial monarch, but is really a large and in a certain sense a flourishing organization. There are over 30 distinct dioceses in China, each with its bishop (or in three or four cases a prefect apostolic), its staff of clergy, its schools and seminaries and in many cases its monasteries and convents. In the largest of these districts the returns for the present year give the number of Catholics as 111,605, besides 22,685 natives who are at present under instruction with a view to baptism as soon as they are sufficiently prepared. The number of conversions made every year in several of the dioceses is enormous, and there is a universal consensus among those who are acquainted with the state and the prospects of Catholicity in China that the work of the missionaries is not miserably inadequate to the needs of the people.

Just then a man approached him from the shadows—a man with a gaunt face and a coat that would fail to attract attention of a rag collector. It was usual request for a "little assistance."

"I guess they took all my spare change inside, partner. Just hold this 'till while I look."

He found a quarter and handed it to the beggar, who started to move away, but he called the man back. "Was that dead straight about your having children at home and nothing to eat?"

"It's true, sir, so help me God."

"Then take this turkey."

A black father, an old woman crouched in the lee of a high board fence grinding out some melancholy tune on a wheezy hand organ. Without a word the young fellow approached her and dropped one of the remaining turkeys into her lap.

"In a trifle short on poultry," he said with a merry chuckle, as he hopped about his street car.

On the opposite seat of the dummy's an urchin, red eyed and sobbing.

"What's the matter?" asked the turkey dispenser of the gripman.

"You see, the kid's mother is a poor woman living out near the park, and she sent him down town to buy a cheap turkey for their Christmas dinner. Well, he got it right enough, but some thief snatched it from him at the corner of Seventh street."

"That's what's the trouble."

"Say, take this home to your mother, said the man who had been to a raffle, as he flung the bird across the car and came near knocking off the gripman's cap by doing so.

In the morning someone knocked at his bedroom door.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter enough. Somebody got into the larder during the night and stole our turkey."

The man in bed laughed so loud that his sister, who had called to him, pronounced him an idiot.

"Say, sis."

"Hello!"

"Doesn't the Bible say something about casting your bread upon the waters and having it come back again?"

"Yes, why?"

"Oh, nothing—only it don't work with turkey. But we can get along without one for Christmas. Why, we could have a bird every day in the year if we wanted one."

A Christmas Pie.

The following appeared in the Newcastle Chronicle of Jan. 6, 1770: "Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick to be shipped for London for Sir Hen. Grey Bart., a pie the contents whereof are as follows—viz, 2 bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 2 snails and 4 partridges; 2 neat's tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds and 6 pigeons. It is supposed a very great curiosity was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It was near 9 feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about 12 stones, will take two men to present it to table; is neatly fitted with a case and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table." Thus it is no wonder George Withers sung so merrily:

So now is come our joyous feast.
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with us is drest
And every spot with holly.
Though some churls at our north repine,
Round our foreheads garlands twine,
Brown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Christmas in Russia.

The Russian Christmas is ten days later than the English one, but is celebrated very much in English fashion. Families all meet upon that day and country house parties are many. The tree is a Christmas tree and is beautifully decorated. The gifts are placed on small tables near the tree. The churches are decorated with greens and so are the houses, but no mistletoe is used. Two or three days are public holidays at Christmas time, and the people greet each other with, "Happy feast to you!"

A huge pyramid of rice with tins in it, which has been blessed at the church, is served at the Christmas dinner, and the meats are goose, duck and sucking pig. A great delicacy at a Russian Christmas dinner is veal which has been fed entirely upon milk for that special day.

An Old Time Christmas.

Heep on more wood! The wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the newborn year
The finest time for feasting and for merriment.
And well our Christian sires of old
Leaved when the year its course had rolled
And brought little Christmas back again
With all his household with holly green.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas eve the bells were rung.
On Christmas morn the mass was sung.
That only night in all the year
Saw the staid priest the choir rear.
The daisied priest her kirtle rear.
The hall was dressed with holly green.
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To valets, tenants, serfs and all.
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
The lord, undergarter, share
The vulgar game of "poet and peer."
All banished, with uncounted delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
—Sir Walter Scott.

A Costly Rosary.

Leo XIII recently presented a most beautiful and extravagant gift to the queen regent of Spain. It is a rosary, the chain made of the finest gold. The beads are of alternate rubies, diamonds and emeralds. The gift is priceless. —New York Herald.

Cat Crazy.

Lady Marcus Beresford keeps 200 cats at her country place near Windsor. They are from all parts of the world, and of all colors, from terra cotta to Russian blue. Every afternoon three footmen bring trays of saucers and lay them out on the lawn in front of the house in rows, and every cat feeds in its own special place, without encroaching on its neighbors. Lady Marcus is said to be the heroine of two elopements and of three divorce cases. She is the inseparable companion of the young Countess of Dudley and the Duchess of St. Albans and Bedford, who are as cat crazy as herself.

CURRENT MISCELLANY.

A little purse of scarlet leather was picked up in Fifth avenue by a man who took it home and exhibited its contents to a circle of feminine spectators, discoursing the while on the versatile mind of women in general and of that of the woman who had lost the red purse in particular. The portemonnaie contained the following described articles:

A \$1 bill, 50 cents in silver and 10 pennies, a scrap of white satin and a scrap of white gauze, a tiny broken gold pencil, an unmounted photograph of a bulldog, a housemaid's advertisement clipped from a newspaper, several tradesmen's cards—butter, wall paper hanger and baker among them—a 5 cent postage stamp and a tiny mirror. No wonder the sides of the poor little purse were almost torn away from the gilded mounting, and no wonder the cynical man who found this treasure trove says virtuously that "its owner may have it if she has the courage to claim it." —New York Commercial.

If We Might Live Our Lives Again.

How many times in life have you heard people say: "If I could just live my life over, what a different course I would pursue! If I had only known away back yonder what I now know, how many lifelong mistakes would I have avoided, and thus I would be leading an altogether different life, the path of which would be only flower strewn—no thorns, no briars to darken the picture of an otherwise bright life! What we now see as mistakes would have been changed into great and glorious acts, noble deeds, attended by plaudits from people whom we deem capable of judging." False and foolish philosophy! Such a process of reasoning only proves that there are more unnecessary worry and discontentment than anything else in existence. If we never made any mistakes, or did anything to be regretted, there would be an oversupply of heroes and heroines to the extent that they would become common and hence fail to be appreciated. A life that has all joy, unalloyed with sorrow, disappointment or care, becomes a dull, humdrum affair, the duties of which would be performed merely because they had become habitual. —Philadelphia Times.

A Medieval Miracle.

Here is a pretty medieval miracle; it belongs to the year 1357 and to the town of Nottingham. One Cecilia Ridgeway was brought up for trial on the charge of murdering her husband. She refused to plead. The punishment for refusing to plead was with men pressing to death; with women, apparently, it was no less cruel, but more prolonged. The prisoner was placed in a close cell, not "in penance," for which bread and water were provided, but with nothing. She was to be starved to death or to submission. For 40 days and 40 nights Cecilia held out, refusing to plead and preferring starvation. At the end of that time she was still living. The matter was referred to the church. The bishop gave it as an evident and undoubted miracle and a proclamation of Cecilia's innocence. She was therefore released and fully pardoned and returned to her friends, an object of the deepest reverence for the rest of her days, as one for whom a special miracle had been performed and the laws of nature suspended. There were other cases of this special miracle, but this is the only one that I have so far discovered. —Exchange.

Naming Plants.

When naming a plant in honor of some man, liberties are frequently taken in the orthography, and very often the person chosen is more honored in the name than by anything special that he did to deserve it. The celebrated French botanist, Baillon had the naming of a plant from the island of Juan Fernandez that had never before been named or described. From that island he had naturally the story of Robinson Crusoe in mind, and he thought, to honor Crusoe's man Friday, he would give this plant his name, but he did not call it Friday, but translated it into the French name for Friday—that is to say, the sixth day of the week, Vendredi—and the plant was described in the books as Vendredia. No one would ever suspect from this name that it was intended to honor Robinson Crusoe's sole companion on the desolate island.—Mechan's Monthly.

Boy Couriers' Duel to the Death.

"I saw on this occasion the only duel to the death I witnessed during the four years of war. The parties engaged were boys, neither of whom was over 17 years of age. The brave 'boy in blue' came out from under his little fly tent, and, as he rose to his feet, was shot down by one of our brigade headquarters couriers. Too badly wounded to rise to his feet again, he drew his pistol, and turning over on his back began firing, and several shots were thus exchanged. When too weak to hold his pistol up with one hand, he grasped it with both and sent a bullet through the head of our courier, killing him instantly. The deaths of the two gallant youths were almost simultaneous. Colonel King, who led the first charge on the camp, reformed his regiment and made a second charge, in which he was killed." —Macon Telegraph.

Cat Crazy.

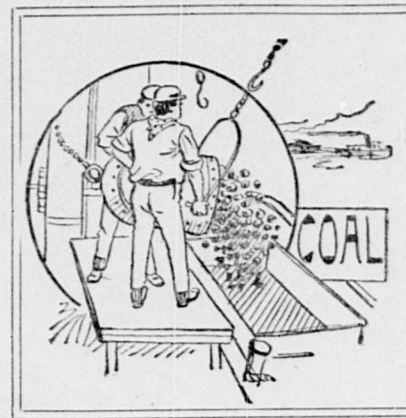
Lady Marcus Beresford keeps 200 cats at her country place near Windsor. They are from all parts of the world, and of all colors, from terra cotta to Russian blue. Every afternoon three footmen bring trays of saucers and lay them out on the lawn in front of the house in rows, and every cat feeds in its own special place, without encroaching on its neighbors. Lady Marcus is said to be the heroine of two elopements and of three divorce cases. She is the inseparable companion of the young Countess of Dudley and the Duchess of St. Albans and Bedford, who are as cat crazy as herself.

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Use in your Furnace, Honey Brook or Beaver Meadow Lehigh, Br cken or Egg Coal, White Ash Broken or Egg.

For your Steam or Hot Water Heater, Lehigh Egg or Stove, White Ash Egg or Stove.

For your Cooking Stove, Old Company's Franklin, all sizes; Shamokin Egg, Stove or Nut; Lobery Red Ash, Stove or Nut; White Ash, Stove or Nut; Webster Nut, or our Pea Coal.

Features to be remembered about all our Coals are: Quality is Guaranteed by names of above Coal Companies; the preparation on our wharf is perfect, and the combination of these two, Quality and Preparation, gives to you the best results which can be obtained.

DONT'S.

Do not fill the fire pot too full.
Do not poke the fire from the top.
Do not shake all your coal into the ash box. Give the fire a chance to burn.
Do not throw away your old coal, but sift the ashes.

C. PATCH & SON.

Wharf at Quincy Point.

Telephone Connection. Branch office, 4 Chestnut St.

THE OLD MAN'S GAME.

It Was a Good One, and He Worked It Well.

"Hello, stranger! What's yer game?"
I reined in my horse and looked the old man over.
"Trot her out! Shuffle 'em up! Bet yer \$20 that I kin pick out the ace of hearts every time!"
"Do you take me for a card sharp?" I exclaimed.
"Sho! Don't git mad. Maybe hit's soap with a \$10 bill wrapped around it. I'll bet yer \$40 that I kin pick hit out every time!"
"I don't gamble."

"Sho! Is that so? Waal, I swan! I took ye fer one of them sharp allecks with a scheme. Waal, stand aside then. Here comes another gent. Maybe he's got some game that he wants me ter run against."

The other "gent" proved to be more satisfactory, for when he arrived on the scene he proceeded to unfold a small stand and then produced three walnut shells and a small rubber ball.

"See here," I began.
But the old man would take no advice.

"Ye shet, stranger. This yere is a bizness matter between this yere gent an me. Now, then, shuffle 'em about! That's the stuff!" shouted the old man as he slapped his leg. "Bet yer \$20 that I kin find the little rubber ball every time!"

The con. man put up his money and winked at me.
"Now move 'em up! Knock 'em about!" shouted the old man, again with excitement.

The sharper moved the shells deftly about and palmed the ball and then told the old man to go ahead.

The old man squinted at the shells for a moment and then placing a dirty paw on one of the shells said:

"Hit's thar, ain't hit?"
The sharper gasped and looked into the long barrel of the .44 colt that the old man had suddenly thrust into his face with his other hand, and, smiling a sickly smile, admitted that it was.

"Told ye so!" said the old man as he kicked the stand over with his foot.
"Now ye kin move on, an if ye want a real soft thing ye kin go over yander an try ter work ole Bill Bungs, who is half witted and blind in one eye!" —New York Sunday World.

An Assurance.

"I hope," said the girl's father, "that you expect to surround my daughter with all the luxuries to which she has been accustomed."

"Oh, yes," was the prompt and cheerful response. "We have talked it over, and we agreed that we would just as lief come right here to live as not." —Washington Star.

Different Points of View.

"Well, what's the use of arguing?" said the shiftless individual. "Talk is cheap."

"My dear sir," said the taxpayer, "did you ever take into consideration the actual cost of a session of congress?" —Chicago News.

A Candid Tale.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" asked the canvasser, with candor.
"Yes," replied she, candidly, "you can if you are not a political candidate."
"How can you?" said he. "No, madam, I am selling a can opener which can't be beat. It can open any can that can be opened by any can opener, and if you can show me a can I can't open, I'll bet you \$100 that I can open it." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

At the Restaurant Window.

Emma—Ah, vot's the use of yer standin and lookin in the winder when yer ain't got no money? Ye're always a-doin it.

Annie—Well, I'll tell yer. I stand and look and aggravate myself to that extent that the excitement of it gits me hungry, and then I rushes home and eats me crust of bread wid an appetite.

—Harper's Bazar.

The Shake.

"When Caesar died," said the professor, "the whole civilized world of that time was agitated."

"Huh!" was the comment of the youngest student. "When I die, I'll shake the earth." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Getting Around It.

Old Gentleman (dictating indignant letter)—Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think of you, but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts. —Brooklyn Life.

The Boston Way.

There are so many departments in a Boston store that the boy who jabs mullage on the address slips that are put on bundles calls himself the adhesive department. —Roxbury Gazette.

The Only Remedy.

Kleptomani—I feel an irresistible longing to steal.
Guyer—Why don't you take something for it? —New York Journal.

Temporary Peace.

"Was it a quiet wedding?"
"Of course. You didn't expect they would quarrel right before the preacher, did you?" —Chicago Record.

Its Malady.

Jones says he thought his gas meter had gas-trick fever, but now believes it to be affected with galloping consumption. —Observer.

How It Started.

Though none may know how 'tis that he who backs the shows addressed.
As "angel," yet the reason's one that may perhaps be guessed.
It seemeth probable indeed the appellation springs
From thoughts connected with the fact of riches having wings. —Detroit News.

Fish, as a rule, increase in weight and length every year, up to their death.

Ideal Christmas Gifts.

One of the most delightful customs in existence is the ancient practice of remembering your friends and family on Christmas with gifts and tokens of friendship. Long live this time-honored usage, for when properly observed, it adds new ties of friendship and love, between giver and receiver.

Above all things give useful, sensible presents, something that will add to comfort, and keep the bestower constantly in mind. Such presents as these are always acceptable, and will brand you a generous donor. Nothing you can buy will make as much show for your money, and nearly everyone needs some one thing in this suggestive list:

Gent's Smoking Sets, \$2.98	Rocking Horses, .95 to 7.50
Ladies' and Children's Desks, \$1.50 to \$12.00	Children's Cots, .25 to 2.50
Blacking Cases, 1.50 to 1.60	Children's Rockers, .50 to 4.25
Muslin Cabinets, .35 to 1.75	Children's High Chairs, .50 to 5.00
Beautiful Pictures, .50 to 6.50	Children's Bread and Milk Sets, .25 to 1.00
Fork Stools and Slipper Boxes, 1.50 to 3.50	
Rattan Rockers, 1.98 to 10.00	Rich Glassware in abundance, .05 to 1.10
Fancy Rockers, 2.50 to 15.00	Fancy Clocks and Bric-a-bracs, .75 to 10.00
Jardines, .35 to 1.75	Combinator Book Cases, 1.00 to 15.00
Jardine Stands, .39 to 4.50	Ornamental Designed Rugs, 1.00 to 6.50
Rich Designed Vases, per pair, .20 to .50	Tabourettes, .50 to 3.50
Rich Hanging Lamps, 3.50 to 6.50	Book Shelves and Cases, 1.00 to 15.00
Artistic Hall Lamps, 1.39 to 4.50	Combination Book Cases, 1.75 to 10.00
Onyx and Brass Tables, 3.50 to 20.00	and Writing Desks, 7.50 to 30.00
Costumers or Clothes Poles, 1.00 to 6.50	Dinner Sets, 6.50 to 10.00
Splendid Couches, 7.50 to 20.00	Ladies' Dressing Tables, 2.50 to 6.50
Rich Parlor Sets, 25.00 to 100.00	Chiffoniers, 4.00 to 15.00
Elegant Chamber Sets, 14.50 to 50.00	Wardrobes, 6.00 to 15.00
Roll Top Desks, 16.00 to 60.00	Pedestals and Stands, 1.00 to 12.00
Gent's Desk Chairs, 3.50 to 15.00	Medicine Cabinets, 1.75 to 10.00
Oak Dining Tables, 4.50 to 25.00	Dainty Parlor Tables, 1.00 to 12.00
Oak Dining Chairs, .75 to 3.50	Hall Stands and Glasses, 1.25 to 20.00
Oak Sideboards, 10.00 to 45.00	Toilet Sets, 2.50 to 6.50
Oak China Closets, 10.00 to 30.00	Door Mats, .35 to 2.50
Boys' and Girls' Sleds, .39 to 1.25	Portieres per pair, .75 to 5.00
	Crumb Cloths, 4.50 to 10.00
	White Enamel Bureaus, 8.75 to 18.50
	Morris Chairs, 5.75 to 25.00
	A New Glenwood Range, 18.00 to 33.00
	Fur Rugs, 2.50 to 5.00
	Work Tables and Baskets, 1.00 to 12.00

Beautiful Pianos with perfect touch and delightful tone, McPhail, Estey, Brambach and Jewett, \$250.00 to \$375.00.

Hundreds and hundreds of Common Sense Presents at our wonderfully low prices.

Goods delivered just where you want them and when you want them.

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MISSIONS IN AFRICA.

FATHER BRADY TELLS ABOUT THE WORK AND HIS TRAVELS.

The Good Traits of Kaffirs—Peculiarities of the Boers and Their Opposition to Modern Improvements—Kaffirs Grow Homesick—Missions in West Australia.

After visiting the south of Africa and West Australia and ministering to Roman Catholic missions in every part of the world, Father Brady of Dublin recently came to Chicago. Father Brady has traveled more, perhaps, than any other priest except the five men who accompany him on his journeys in the interests of the church. Two of these priests are with Father Brady at present. They are Father O'Brien and Father O'Reilly, also of Dublin. They are members of the order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate. This is one of the strongest organizations of the Catholic church. Its mother house is at Paris, and the priests sent out from there are engaged mostly in missionary work as pillars of the church in new and unexplored territories.

Just before the famous Jameson raid Father Brady and his party left the south coast of Africa after helping to establish missions among the natives. In this part of the world they came in contact with the Boers and with the Kaffirs. Among the latter—the native negroes of South Africa—most of their efforts were spent, and the traveling priests learned to admire the good traits of these Kaffirs. Father Brady says they are the best looking men and the nearest perfect of any race he has ever seen. He also says they are men of even temper, jolly and good humored most of the time and honorable and industrious in their life, which is spent in sowing and reaping whatever may be raised with their meager equipment on the great tracts of prairie land. Sooner or later the missionaries hope to establish Christianity among these natives.

"All the countries in the southern part of the great continent of Africa are interesting," said Father Brady in speaking of his travels. "The history of the coming of the Boers to that region and of the wars of the native Kaffirs and the Dutch and the English also are fascinating. But we did not stay long in those republics and colonies, for we had to sail to West Australia. We left the land of President Kruger a little over a year and a half ago, not long before the Jameson raid. Johannesburg is a pretty city of 100,000 to 150,000 inhabitants. It sprang up almost before the Boers knew what was going on, and perhaps had they known such a large town would be built they would have prevented it. They still object to railroads, and it was with difficulty existing lines were built.

"Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, is a hour's ride from Johannesburg on a train. It is not entirely a town of foreign population, like Johannesburg, and is not nearly so large. Here President Kruger lives. He is a thorough warrior and patriot and has always been the chief of the Boers. He lives the most unassuming life. If you were there now, you probably would find the door of his house, a one story hut, open, and if you walked in you would be invited by the kindly old 'man' to have a cup of coffee. Still Kruger is a wealthy man, having amassed a fortune.

"To return to Johannesburg, it is a great mining center. There is not a great yield of gold from the mines, but the cheapness of labor makes it profitable to carry on the work. Kaffirs are employed mostly in the mines, but they do not stay any length of time. They become homesick, throw off all the civilization they have acquired and make a bound for home.

"Three or four months is about as long as any Kaffir can be kept in the mines, for he is adapted more for agriculture and the habiliments of advancement do not suit him. The experienced native miners make as much as \$4 a week. I consider the Kaffirs the finest looking men I ever have seen. They are full of jollity and good humor and generally behave themselves. On the prairie where they live they seem to be perfectly contented, and their system of government is certainly good. Cases in dispute may be appealed from the head of a town up to the advisers in the council of the chief of the tribe, and then to the chief himself. The missionaries can accomplish very little among them in the towns, but out in the country you can always gather together a crowd to attend the services, though we don't consider those conversions by any means.

"The Boers, too, are a pastoral people, living on large tracts of land. They are also great warriors, never carry provisions with them and can endure great privation and suffering. As horsemen and riflemen they excel. They can measure distances accurately in their land, and it is hard to carry on war against them. A Boer will fire his young son a mile and three cartridges, and if the boy returns in the evening without having killed three antelopes he is almost sure to receive a whaling.

"Basutoland, where the Basuto Kaffirs live, was visited by us, and we also spent some time in Cape Colony, Natal, Pretoria, the Transvaal and Orange Free State. The Basutos, by the way, never have been conquered. In West Australia, where missions were established, land is being populated which has been wild. On these plains the people dig 200 feet for water and then find only salt water, which they must distill before they can use it."—Chicago Post.

Statue of Leo XIII.

Devout Roman Catholics will be interested to know that the Duc de Louvain, who has won distinction by his gifts to church institutions and who was rewarded for his devotion by the title of duke at the hands of the pope, has added another gift to the long list already at his credit. This is a beautiful statue of Pope Leo XIII, which he gave recently to the Benedictine college of St. Anselmo.

SUCCESSOR OF LEO XIII.

Interesting Speculations as to the Next Head of the Church.

All recognize unanimously the necessity of having the next pope an Italian. The great divergence of opinion arises over the question as to whether the next head of the church shall be a political or spiritual pontiff. The partisans for the former are divided between Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli—who was raised to the dignity of the purple after having been at Vienna, where he was the predecessor of the late Cardinal Gallimberti—and Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi, vicar of Rome, who has in his favor the greater part of the foreign cardinals, whom he has patiently cultivated, knowing, as he does, among many other useful things, nearly every language in Europe.

The partisans of a spiritual pontiff are divided between Cardinals Di Pietro, Gotti and Sarto. Popular opinion is in favor of Angelo di Pietro on account of the following story: It seems that when he was about 15, then merely the son of a poor countryman of Vicenza, near Treviso, one day in the country he met an old monk, who fell on his knees before him, kissing his feet, exclaiming, "Let me kiss your feet now, as I shall not be alive when you are made pope." The truth is that the young peasant when he became a priest rose rapidly, and although he showed no inclination for diplomacy became papal nuncio at Madrid, was made afterward cardinal and has always been the partisan of a policy diametrically opposed to that of Leo XIII.

Gerolamo Gotti, like Pius IX, has the advantage of a pleasant personality. He is almost martial in appearance. He is known merely as internuncio to Brazil, where he staid three years, but has against him the fact of his being a monk.

Giuseppe Sarto is in no way specially noticeable and would not perhaps have been raised to the purple if in 1892 Cardinal Parocchi had not suggested him to Leo XIII as successor of Cardinal Agostini to the patriarchate of Venice.

As things are, it is sure that the next pope will be more religious and less political than Leo XIII, and in his relations with Italy will be very intransigent, as, with the death of Cardinals Gallimberti, Hohenlohe and Sanfelice, the sacred college has remained without any one to guide authoritatively a movement, if not for open reconciliation, at least for the establishment of better relations with the Italian government.—Pall Mall Gazette.

FATHER HECKER.

This Thinker Saw the Wisdom and Grandeur of Our Constitution.

In no country is the Catholic church so untrammelled to carry its divine mission of the saving of souls as in America, the land of democracy, with its constitution recognizing the rights of the conscience of all men. This is brought forcibly to the Catholic reader's mind by a paper read at the international Catholic scientific congress, held at Friburg, Switzerland, Aug. 20, 1897, by the Right Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D. and domestic prelate to his holiness. In his paper Dr. O'Connell, once a well known Boston priest, writes of the distinguished Paulist Father Hecker. This thinker saw the wisdom and grandeur of our constitution as compared with the laws of the Roman empire, in which, as he says, "the individual was merged into the state in such a way that the state had no obligation to consider his individual right as against itself." Father Hecker, seeing this and comparing it to our opposite system, in which the citizen gives to the state his life, saw in this country unbounded usefulness and a glorious future for the church. The essayist speaks of the deep joy of the sovereign pontiff in receiving from his (the writer's) hands a copy of the constitution of the United States, and that he accepted, praised and blessed it, and of the address of Cardinal Satolli, who, while delegate in America, recommended in an address in the city of Chicago "the gospels and the American constitution taken together as the complete charter of human life." All this tells the place where the church stands, from its best minds here to its head in the Eternal City, upon America and Americans.—Weekly Bouquet.

Begin Well.

It is a great point for young men to begin well, for it is in the beginning of life that that system of conduct is adopted which soon assumes the force of habit. Begin well, and the habit of doing well will become quite as easy as the habit of doing badly. "Well begun is half done," says the proverb, and a good beginning is half the battle. Many promising young men have irretrievably injured themselves by a first false step at the commencement of life, while others of much less promising talents have succeeded simply by beginning well and going onward. The good practical beginning is to a certain extent a pledge, a promise, an assurance of the ultimate prosperous issue. There is many a poor creature, now crawling through life, miserable himself and the cause of sorrow to others, who might have lifted up his head and prospered if instead of merely satisfying himself with resolutions of well doing he had actually gone to work and made a good practical beginning.—Weekly Bouquet.

An Excellent Charity.

The clergy of the Church of Sacre Coeur, Paris, distribute a pound of excellent bread at early mass to destitute applicants, the sole condition being that they attend the service. The applicants on admission to the chapel receive a prayer book, and after service, on hand back the book as they leave, each receiving a pound loaf. The daily average of the number of applicants is 2,000. There are only about a dozen women and children, the majority being men of advanced years.—New York Sun.

SQUAN CREEK TALES.

JEP JONES' STORY OF A MAN WHO WAS WRONGED.

The Fishermen Were All Sure Joe Bradshaw Was a Liar, but He Had Seen What He Had Seen, and Stuck to It. The Gigantic Lobster.

I never do think of what happened to poor Joe Bradshaw without being cut up about it. Every man at Squan Creek who had a fishboat was a liar and knewed he was, and when Joe Bradshaw came up from Abscon and joined the fleet we 'sposed of course he was a liar like the rest of us. He was a humble man who didn't do much swearin and was soft spoken, but we thought it his way and didn't praise him for it. What we hoped for when he joined us was some new lies, as we'd got purty tired of the old ones, and he didn't disappoint us. One day, when he'd bin out to take up his lobster pots, he comes back to the wharf to say to half a dozen of us:

"I should like to tell you of a lobster I run across out there, but I'm afraid you'll think I'm lyin'."

"Of course we will," says Phineas Green, "but what of it? We ar' all liars here, and you ain't no better nor vuss than the rest of us. Jest draw a long breath and tell us a whopper."

But Joe Bradshaw wouldn't do it. He seemed to be hurt in his feelin's and refused to say a word. We thought it was mighty queer in him, and next day, when I met him alone, I says:

"Joe, if you'll tell me about that lobster I won't say nothing to the rest of the crowd. We'll swap lies on the quiet. You tell me about your lobster and I'll tell you about my shark."

"But I'm no liar," says Joe. "I never told a lie in my life, and I would not tell one fur all the fish in Squan bay. If I'm to tell you about this lobster, you've got to believe it."

I promised I would, though I didn't intend to, and he told me that he saw a lobster as big as a cedar bar'l—a reg'lar ole socker, who must hev bin crawlin around when the battle of Bunker Hill was fit. I tried to get him to take off some and to say the lobster was no big-



HIS CLAWS WAS STRONG 'NUFF TO SPLINTER AN OAR.

ger'n a beer keg, but he stuck right to the size and wouldn't abate a jot. You never saw a man more airnest, and I almost believed he was tellin the truth. When I told the gang about the big lobster, they were mighty pleased.

"That's the biggest kind of a lie," says Plato White, "but it's a new one, and we order rejoice. We'll encourage him to keep on."

That's what we did. Every time he went out to his pots we anxiously inquired after that lobster and appeared to be powerfully interested. We made it up to run across the varmint ourselves and to be amazed at his size, and Bradshaw didn't exactly know how to take us. Now and then he'd come in to say he'd seen the lobster ag'in, and we'd wink at each other, and Dan'l Webster Brown would say:

"Yes, I seen him myself yesterday afternoon, and of all the sockin ole lobsters in this Atlantic ocean he takes the cake. Why, boys, the claws on that critter are longer'n my arm and jest about as big around, and his eyes stand out like peeled onions. As to how old he is, the Lord only knows, but if he hain't seen 200 y'ars I hope to never bring up another lobster."

Then we'd wink all around ag'in, and Noah Wilkins would heave a sigh and add:

"And when I was down to the bell buoy last Chewsday I must 'a seen that same lobster, but he was so powerful big that I took him fur two dead porpoises lashed together. I started to git a cluser look at him, but he thrashed around till he skeert me off. I never was afear'd of nuthin that walked or swum, but I wouldn't hev that old lobster git hold of me fur nobody's \$10,000."

The story of the lobster got around till Preacher Thomas felt it his duty to say something. Joe Bradshaw was a member of the church, and allus rung the bell fur Thursday evening prayer meetin's. One evening the preacher called on Joe and said:

"Brother Bradshaw, how big do you say that lobster is?"

"As big as a cedar bar'l," says Joe. "You don't mean a nail keg?"

"No, sir. I've seen him five or six times, and he's as big as a cedar bar'l, while I reckon his claws at four feet long."

"You won't abate any from that?"

"Not an inch, sir. I'm tellin the solemn truth, and the Lord knows I am, and if I abated I'd be a liar."

The preacher fussed around fur

awhile, not believin the story, and yit not wantin to call Joe a liar, and finally he said:

"Brother Bradshaw, perhaps you hain't better ring the prayer meetin bell no more till that big lobster has bin cotched. The service of the Lord and the service of Satan are fur, fur apart."

That must 'a hurt Joe's feelin's, fur we saw a change in him, and arter that he had no more to say about the lobster. We tried to joke with him, but he was sorter sad and humble and wouldn't mind us. Things went along fur about a month, and one day when he went out to his pots his boat was found driftin in about and him missin. We turned out to search, and we finally found the body in the grass on the edge of Cat Island. That was somethin tangled up with it, and that was the big lobster. Yes, sir, that ole socker of a lobster was there, and it took three men to manage him, and he was sold in Philadelphia fur \$25. Mebbe he wasn't quite as big as a cedar bar'l, but he was clus on to it, and his claws was strong 'nuff to splinter an oar. Joe Bradshaw was right all the time. He was no liar, and he had seen what he had seen. We had called him a liar, the preacher had believed he lied, and the hull of Squan Creek had said the truth wasn't in him. It was though. He was the only one who hadn't lied, and mebbe it was the Lord's doin's that he was removed to a better land and away from bad influences.

M. QUAD.

An Expert in the Business.

In selecting a jury in a southern court a lawyer in a murder case asked a hardy mountaineer:

"Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"In capital punishment?"

"Yes."

"Now, I don't, I'm agin capital wherever I see it."

"My good man, you don't understand the question. In plain words, if the prisoner here should be found guilty, would you object to hanging him?"

"Not a bit," replied the man. "I've hung dozens in my day. Fact is, I hangs 'em every time I think they need it. All I want is rope."—Atlanta Constitution.

MANLINESS IN THE BOY.

The Child's Life Before the Years of Reason Is Innocence.

Would you have a face that is marked by manliness in the years that are to come and are to be yours, young man? If so, then you must be manly now. Every act you now do, every thought that is now running through your brain, every design and ambition that is now yours, has in it the staining or keeping pure of the soul that God gave you. That soul will show itself in your face and tell to all your character when you grow to manhood. It is very easy, you may think, to deceive your father or your mother, but your Father "who art in heaven" will not be deceived. He will punish you for doing this by stamping on your face slowly, very slowly, but, oh, so surely, the telltale marks of meanness, that when you grow up men will say: "I do not like that man's face. There is something there I do not like."

On the other hand, high thought and honorable action at all times will so imprint itself on the face as the boy is growing that when he comes to be a man in years he will have a true man's face and be the unmistakable image of his maker. The life of the child before the years of reason is innocence. It is like the spring that throws out its waters to the light. But those waters may be poisoned on their way and end in ooze where only crawling things find life. Keep, then, the waters of your soul clean, young man, that so they may sparkle in your very eye and show that a spirit that is true is possessing your whole face when in the years to come you shall have reached the age of manhood, and with its manliness the time for the showing of your real worth. Sin is a horrid shape that never sees its outer parts, but virtue, finding herself reflected as in a glass in the consciousness of every good deed, is always open and fair of face.—Weekly Bouquet.

NEW CAPUCHIN PROVINCE.

Two English Friars Intend to Organize One in the United States.

A new province of the Roman Catholic order of Capuchins is to be formed in America. Fathers Finnegan and Fiege, prominent members of the order, recently arrived from Birmingham, England, bearing instructions from the Most Rev. Father Bernard of Andermatt, minister general of the order, to organize a new province and eventually erect a mother house.

Father Finnegan explained that the new province will be wholly for Americans, or, at least, for English speaking people. There are, he said, two provinces of the Capuchin order already in America, but both are German and work wholly among German speaking people. He is not yet certain where the headquarters will be, but inclines to the opinion that a site will be found in or near Chicago. Father Finnegan said that the money to erect the proposed monastery would have to be raised here.

Like all members of the Capuchin order, Fathers Finnegan and Fiege have full beards and wear long brown cassocks of rough material, girded at the waist with a knotted rope. Around the neck is a bone rosary, from which is suspended a crucifix, and attached to the back of the neckband of the cassock is the capuce, or hood, from which the order takes its name. While indoors this hood is allowed to hang down the back. In the street it is used to almost completely cover the head. Sandals protect the feet.—New York Sun.

THE CATHOLIC CADETS.

Organizations to Be Formed Along the Lines of Boys' Brigades.

A movement is on foot to organize Catholic boys between the ages of 12 and 16 years into a military organization modeled after the boys' brigades of other denominations. The movement was organized by Professor Arnold V. Power, head master of the Collegiate Military school, and has the approval of Archbishop Ryan. A number of pastors have already consented to the formation of branches in their respective parishes. The organization will be called the Catholic cadets and will be under the patronage of the Blessed Mother and St. Louis. Religious and social features will be combined, and Ascension day will be the annual feast day of the cadets. A review and parade will be held on the afternoon of that day.

The uniform will consist of a blouse of dark blue cloth, trimmed with white braid and brass buttons; trousers of a lighter shade of blue, with cap to match the latter, bearing within a gold scroll a cross and the initials "C. C." A Maltese cross of gold, three inches long, will be worn on the left breast, and white belts, with brass buttons, will complete the uniform.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Roman Catholics in the Lead.

Bishop McKim, the Episcopal prelate of Tokyo, recently said that of a total of 150,000 converts in Japan the Roman Catholics are first, with about 50,000, and the Greek Catholics second, with 23,000. The Episcopalians number in the neighborhood of 10,000. He said that in the matter of church government, ritual and theology the Episcopal and Greek Catholic churches in Japan are closer than any other religious bodies and intimates that the two bodies may soon be united.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Faith.

God's word is wisdom, as his law is love. Faith stands beside the unopened gate of heaven in majesty serene and looks upon The seekers after light, with smile benign And hand upraised in peaceful benediction. Faith fears no light, for she is born of light And fostered by the truth and glory of God. She seemeth ne'er so fair as when she comes In the white robes of knowledge garmented. There is her voice tuned to sweet words of love, Mercy is in her touch and wisdom shines From the clear depths of her eternal eyes. She stoops from her high home among the blest, Uplifting manhood out of shadowy death, And points the way to everlasting life. —Daniel J. Donahoe in Weekly Bouquet.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Mr. Fessler's Growing Barn—Tale of a New Mexico Watermelon—Helped the President Don His Coat.

J. W. Fessler of Morgantown, Ind., has a barn which threatens to develop into a "skyscraper." In 1895, having need of a new barn, he built a small structure, and in its construction he used green willow posts at the corners and along the sides. These he sank into the ground in the usual manner. For some time nothing unusual was noticed, but after a year he saw that whereas he laid the floor near the ground it was above the soil. He discovered that the willow posts, instead of being dead, were alive and had taken root and were growing. In their upward movement they carried the barn along. Last spring the barn was on stilts nine feet high, and he put in a new floor and surrounded the posts with a siding, thereby making it a two story affair. There is now a space of seven inches between the new floor and the ground, and Mr. Fessler expects to have a three story barn in the course of time.—Louisville Post.

A New Mexico Watermelon.

From the Mesilla valley of New Mexico, with the guarantee of Captain B. C. Wandall of Escondido, comes what is very likely the largest watermelon yam of the season: Captain Wandall says that one of his watermel-



THE WATERMELON BUST.

ons burst the other night in the field from overripeness and washed away nearly half a mile of the acequia madre, or main ditch. If proper machinery can be procured to load it, at least a quarter section of one of these watermelons will be taken to the Albuquerque fair.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Helped the President Put on His Coat.

Charley Miller was in Washington on a recent Sunday, and, like a good boy should, decided to go to church. He inquired what church the president attended and then bent his steps in that direction. He told the usher he was from Kansas and desired a seat close up to President McKinley. The usher sized him up, noted the contended, wheat-field prosperity look, and then marched him to the pew behind the McKinley household and seated him directly behind the president. At the close of the services Mr. McKinley arose and began a tussle with his overcoat. And right here Mr. Miller grasped the opportunity of his life. With a gentlemanly "Allow me," he held the president's coat and helped him put it on. The cold, icy, what do you want stare melted the moment it struck Mr. Miller's face, and with a cordial "Thank you" the president and his family passed out.—Winfield (Kan.) Courier.

An Attempt That Failed.

"Suicide?" said the man from Maine. "Why, I have attempted to commit suicide. Years ago I had been off on a tear for a month and was in London, dead broke and getting sober."

"About a month before that I had sprained my arm, and a doctor I had known gave me some application for it. He said it was the rankest kind of a poison and I must be careful how I used it. Stating that it was dead, he let me have the stuff for 2 guineas."

"When I tried to kill myself, I took most of the poison I had left and then lay down to die. I waited an hour and didn't, so I went down and had a drink. The next morning I felt better. There was a little of the poison left, so I took it to a chemist to have it analyzed. The poison was nothing but distilled water. You see my friend the doctor was something of a crook."—New York Sun.

The Missing Evidence.

A man was arrested in San Francisco the other day for catching fish below the lawful weight. The fish was the attorney for the defendant.

"Why, they wouldn't keep," answered the officer.

"What did you do with them?"

"Oh, I disposed of them."

"What did you do with them?"

"Well, I knew they wouldn't keep, so I—I—disposed of them."

"But what did you do with them?"

"My wife cooked them."

"And you ate them?"

"Yes."

"Your honor, I ask that this case be dismissed."

"Charge dismissed and defendant discharged," ruled the justice of the peace. "On the ground that the arresting officer ate the evidence."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Police Theory of the Theft of a Wig.

On a recent afternoon a man about 22 years old, dressed in a gray suit and possessed of a wealth of long hair and a handsome smooth face, entered Herman C. Berner's shop. While Mr. Berner's attention was attracted to another part of the establishment the man seized a wig valued at \$20 and escaped. The only theory that the detectives can advance is that possibly the thief's grandfather, uncle or father is bald, and that the bold and daring violator of the law stole the wig for a Christmas present.

OIL ON THE WATERS.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASSES.

"Well, this has been what I call a Christmas," said Ben Habberton, with a great sigh of content as he threw himself into an easy chair in the great guest chamber that was his for the time and stretched his feet out toward the cheery log fire.

"Now, I imagine," he went on, talking to himself in a light hearted way, "that a few days of this kind of life



"Oh, my son! How could you do it?" would tempt even me to give up knocking about the world and settle down, as they all want me to. By George, I have a notion to do it. Mother says that granddaddy wants somebody to look after the estate, and if he could only trust me he would be glad to have me do it.

"Confound it all, that's what sticks in my crop. Nobody ever trusted me so far as I know, and I never would explain anything, no matter how suspicious the circumstances might be. So I always got blamed for everything. Hanged if I don't think that even mother used to think I took all the cream that any of the cats stole.

"Foolish, of course, to run away and go to sea, but what could I follow do when he is always getting into scrapes and is so proud to deny anything even when he isn't guilty? Well, I've seen half a dozen years of life and had a good fling out of it, but I don't remember that I ever did anything to be ashamed of. Hello! Who's there? Come in, the door isn't locked. Why, mother, is it you? Crying? What on earth is the matter?"

Springing to his feet, he took the poor little lady in his arms and placed her carefully in the big chair. Then pulling a stool forward he sat on it at her feet, and laying his head in her lap said: "There, mother. Do you remember, this is the way I used to sit when I was a little fellow? Now tell me all about it. What has happened?"

But she only sighed the harder for a time, and at length when she could command her voice she cried out passionately, "Oh, my son, my son, how could you do it?"

The curly head was lifted instantly, and the handsome, boyish face grew sulky and hard. Recklessness and pride were Habberton family traits, and Ben, though a younger son, was a true Habberton.

So he said nothing, knowing that he would hear more presently, and he did, for soon his mother talked on weakly and, if she had only known it, foolishly: "You know your grandfather always suspected you of being wild, and after you went to sea he always said you'd come to some bad end, and I had hard work to get him to ask you here for Christmas, but after you came he liked you ever so much. He would not have asked you to sit with him this afternoon if he hadn't, and even when he dropped asleep and you left the room he wasn't angry. He said of course you wanted to be with the young folks. But how could you take that money? You ought to have asked me if you needed any. I know you said you had come back as poor as you went away, but I did not think you needed it right away. I can return it to your grandfather, of course, but he is so angry that he says he will have you arrested in the morning, and I do believe, Ben, that he would have made you his heir. How could you do it, Ben?"

Ben had grown very white, and his fists were clenched tightly when his mother paused, but he said quietly: "So you and granddaddy have discovered that I am a thief, have you? How did you find it out?"

"Why, he had \$500 in bills in his writing desk. It seems he saw it there just before you went to his room, and there was no one else there up to the time he missed it."

"So he says I stole it, does he?"

"Don't use such words, Ben. Of course you didn't mean it for stealing, but I am afraid he will have you arrested—and think of the disgrace! Why didn't you ask me for money, Ben?"

It was something like an imprecation: "that the young sailor muttered under



his breath as he rose to his feet and walked up and down the room for a few moments. But no word more of any kind could his mother get from him until she had exhausted herself with weeping and pleading. Then he led her to

her room, and, kissing her tenderly, bade her good night.

Going back to his own room, he resumed his reverie. "Well," he thought, "I had a merry Christmas, for it's after 12 o'clock. And now for the old life. Cowardly, folks would call it, I suppose, to run away with a charge like that over my head, but I don't think it is. If I stay, the old man will surely make a row in the morning and there will be a great scandal. If I go, he will be too proud to make the scandal for nothing. He will call \$500 a cheap price to get rid of good for nothing me, and that will be the end of it. Poor mother thinks I'm guilty, too, but they won't tell anybody else for shame's sake, and if they can't trust me let them think what they will.

"Five hundred dollars," he muttered, with a nasty sort of laugh, under his breath. "That's rather a small sum to turn thief for, but I wish I had a hundredth part of it just to get grub till I strike another job. I could get it from mother easily enough, but I'd rather go hungry than take it from her, thinking what she does.

"But it's best for me to go. I would not care so much about it if it weren't for Alice. Perhaps that's best too. I don't know whether she would care. Probably I never will know now, so here goes."

And opening his window carefully and noiselessly he swung himself out on a huge vine that clung to the side of the house, and, lowering himself hand over hand, he was soon on the ground. It was only five miles to town, and he was there long before daybreak.

Now Alice was a certain wide eyed, clear witted, young second cousin of this headstrong youth. They had never met till three days before, but great things are done in three days when Cupid lurks around old fashioned country houses where the mistletoe is used among the decorations, and Ben was very much mistaken in thinking she wouldn't care. She would and she did.

Being quick witted, Alice was also impulsive, and sometimes it was well that she was so. On the morning after Christmas she passed old Mr. Habberton's door very early on her way down stairs and was greatly surprised to hear angry words inside. As the door was open she entered.

"I tell you he stole the money, and I shall send for the police," stormed the old man, and Ben's mother, who had been pleading for mercy, gave up the struggle. "I would have sent last night if it hadn't been Christmas."

"Why, who has been stealing, Uncle Ralph?" asked Alice.

Even in his anger the old man paused. It seemed a cruel thing to accuse one of



"IT'LL BE A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AFTER ALL!" HE EXCLAIMED, his own kin, but the case was too clear. "That young rascal, Ben!" he exclaimed and told the story of the money.

Then Alice had occasion, if never before, to be thankful for her quickness. "I don't think Ben looks like a thief," she said, "but, uncle, you say you saw the money in your desk just before he came in."

"I certainly did," said Mr. Habberton.

"But are you sure you left it there?" asked the girl.

The old man looked at her in surprise. Then one emotion chased another across his rugged features until presently he sank back in his chair with an expression of great disgust at himself.

"I'm surely getting old," he exclaimed. "I put it in the safe and forgot that I had done so. Don't let anybody tell Ben that I suspected him."

"But I told him last night," said his mother.

"Then go quickly and tell him to come here till I apologize. You have all of you been too ready to accuse that boy all his life."

This seemed rather hard to Alice, who had certainly never accused Ben of anything, but that wise young woman held her tongue while Mrs. Habberton hurried out of the room.

In a few moments she returned, exclaiming, "He is gone!"

Lighthouse 34 was situated about half a mile from the mainland on the point of a reef that lay irregularly parallel to the shore, leaving plenty of clear water between. The coast was rocky, and the light was maintained as a warning, for a vessel that should approach too near was liable to be dashed to pieces on hidden rocks anywhere within a mile or two.

The lighthouse keeper had a helper, so that usually there were two men on guard at 34, but leave of absence for one of them was obtainable at times, and it happened a year after Ben Habberton had left his grandfather's house that the keeper had gone to spend a few days with his family at Christmas time, and Ben, who was the helper, was alone on the reef.

Long after midnight Christmas morning that impetuous youth sat up in the lighthouse tower, gazing out at the furious storm that raged and meditating by no means pleasantly on the events of the year.

"I shall go melancholy mad if I stay here long," he thought. "It is no life for a young man, and I wish mother

hadn't asked me not to go to sea again. I was a fool to make her even that half promise not to. Well, she knows where I am by this time, and if she doesn't write and let me off from what I said I must leave here and look for something on shore. This is neither land nor sea."

I wonder what granddaddy thinks and how he came to make such a mistake. Confound him! He ought to know that a Habberton couldn't be a thief. It was just like him, though, to jump at the conclusion that I had done something wrong. Every one in the family is hasty—except me. Hello! What's that?"

He had seen a faint gleam out at sea, and watching as only a sailor can watch he soon saw another.

"It certainly is a rocket," he exclaimed, talking to himself as his habit was when he was excited. "Some vessel is in distress. God help her and all aboard if they can't keep her offshore, and if she is disabled in any way that'll be hard work against this gale. If she's one of these coasting steamers and her machinery's broken down it's all day with her, for there's no anchorage outside the reef, and there's not a chance in 5,000 of her driving in behind without striking."

It was a coaster, and she was certainly beyond the control of those on board, for as he looked rocket after rocket went up in vain appeal, as it seemed. There was no life saving station within 15 miles, and Ben's eye was the only one that saw.

Nearer and nearer she came, driven by the awful power of the worst storm Ben had ever seen. Fascinated by the sight, he sat as if frozen, watching for the tragedy that seemed inevitable. He thought of the little boat below, but it was a hopeless thought. Twenty men could not have launched her from the rocks in the breakers that were dashing up, and no one man could have rowed her a rod if she had been afloat. All he could do was to sit and watch. He could see the ship now from time to time as she rose and fell on the waves, but every time she sank from sight he thought must surely be the last. He knew the cruel rocks that lay below the surface.

No earthly pilot could have guided her among those rocks to the lee of the reef on which the lighthouse stood, but it was not written that she should be wrecked that Christmas day. Lying helpless in the trough of the sea, she drifted past rock after rock till Ben saw with amazement that she was floating in behind the reef, and still he watched with straining eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout like a crazy man, and, rushing down the stairway four steps at a time, he seized an ax and a big pannikin in the room below and ran out into the storm. A thought had come to him of one chance in a million, and he was after that chance.

A single blow smashed in the head of a buccard, and in another instant he was scooping out the oil it held with the pannikin and scattering it like mad as far as he could in every direction. The wind carried it all toward the vessel, and the great wonder of the sea was wrought almost in a minute, for as the oil fell the waves abated, so that the ship was immediately in smooth water. Overboard went her anchors as quickly as the captain could give the order, and she was safe.

For the rest of the night Ben watched, throwing a little more oil from time to time, and in the morning, the storm having abated, he rowed out in his small boat to the ship's side.

As he stepped on her deck the captain greeted him with such thanks and praise as could only be given by one who had just been saved from destruction. Then as the passengers crowded up to have their say Ben saw, to his amazement, his grandfather, his mother and Alice.

"We came after you, my boy," said the old man, "as soon as your letter to your mother came. You must come home again, this time to stay."

Ben looked at his mother and then at Alice. In both their faces he saw what he looked for, and then he answered: "It'll be a merry Christmas after all, granddaddy," he exclaimed with a happy laugh. And it was.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Helping Her Old Man.

"What you gwine, Archibald? Gwine start housekeeping?"

"Naw. Ma gal's ole man done kick 'cause when I go on 'tin her we burn so much kerosene and coal, so I z gwine furnish mah own now."—New York Journal.

A Juvenile Logician.

"Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?"

"There is one piece, but you can't have it."

"You are mistaken, ma. I've had it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

They Only Try.

"I am afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get," remarked the mild mannered citizen.

"No," replied the keen observer. "They may think they do, but they don't."—Washington Star.

Not the Issue.

Prisoner—It's hard to charge me with forgery, for you see I can't even sign my own name.

Judge—That point is immaterial. It's another man's name you're accused of signing.—Tit-Bits.

AN IMPOSING RITUAL.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Where the Day Is More of a Holy Day Than a Holiday and Where Gifts to the Little Folk Are Not Credited to Santa Claus.

Jean Baptiste Leblanc of Lower Canada has this advantage over his cousins in the rest of the Dominion, that his Christmas celebrations are not confined to one day, but are divided between that great holiday and New Year's. Then again he has the further advantage of an early start, for while the English folk are still sleeping snugly in their warm beds he is out attending mass at church or cathedral. Indeed it may be said with truth that Christmas among the French Canadians is more of a holy day than a holiday, as it constitutes one of the four great church festivals of the year.

The celebration of the day begins at midnight on Christmas eve, when, summoned by the chimes of the bells, all good Catholics who can manage it crowd to the sacred edifices, which are appropriately adorned for the occasion, and there take part in an elaborate service lasting nearly two hours. The splendor of this service, of course, varies according to the equipment and facilities of the establishment, being comparatively simple in the remote country churches, while in the large edifices it becomes a superb religious function.

The midnight mass in Notre Dame church or St. James' cathedral, Montreal, celebrated as it is before congregations of many thousand people, is perhaps the most imposing and awe-inspiring religious ritual to be witnessed upon this continent. The musical features of these services always receive careful attention, with the result that the whole proceeding is made so interesting as to attract large numbers of Protestants who are willing to forego the comforts of sleep in order that they



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL, may be spectators of the proceedings. To what extent this is the case may be judged from the fact that for the midnight mass in the Jesuits' church of Montreal, where the music is always of an exceptionally high order. Those not having the right to a seat in the church may obtain one by payment of a fee, and these seats may be reserved in advance, just as they may be for the theater or the opera.

Nor is this the only important religious function of the day. In many places there is also an evening service, where again the proceedings are very elaborate and ornate and the music very beautiful. Since the advent of electricity and its wonderful adaptation to parades of ornament there has been added to this vesper service in Notre Dame church a novel and striking feature in the sudden illumination of the great altar. Just when darkness has enshrouded the vast edifice by means of innumerable electric bulbs cunningly concealed in the intricate and florid carvings of the whole altar front is instantaneously illuminated, producing an effect which cannot be adequately described in words.

In the rural districts the midnight service, if not so sumptuous in its appointments, is infinitely more picturesque, for there, as the hour approaches, one sees the great stone church that dominates the parish lit like a vast lantern, and stretching from it on either hand the homes of the habitants, each one doing its little best in loyal imitation. Hardly have the big bells in the tower begun to ring out their clear call upon the crisp, cold air than the little bells on the horses' necks send back tinkling responses as one after another the carolers appear upon the road and speed swiftly toward the church.

The houses are awake and ablaze all night, for when the long service at last comes to an end the congregation does not go quietly home, but breaks up into little groups, usually consisting of family circles, that with chattering and laughter hasten indoors to enjoy the bountiful supper which is the reward of their piety and at which by immemorial custom doughnuts and potted head from the pieces de resistance. These family gatherings are perhaps the cheeriest of all the year. The strangeness of the hour, the sense of satisfaction at having done their duty as good Catholics, the inspiration, no doubt, gathered from the service they have just attended and the fact that the day already broken in to is to be given up to pleasures to the full extent of their ability, all these influences not only combine to put everybody into the best of humor, but to produce an exaltation of spirits that drives all care and worry into temporary oblivion.

For those who are very piously disposed this midnight mass by no means completes the religious programme of the day, for if they so choose they may again attend high mass at 10 o'clock, vespers at 2 o'clock and benediction at 7 o'clock, thus practically spending the day in the church.

Not many, however, are so devout as

all this, and the majority of the men go in for a good time, according to their taste, whether it be to gather at the tavern and play cards and checkers, or to riggle one another with well worn stories garnished with tobacco and eau de vie, or to engage in horse racing, shooting matches and similar sports.

As I have already stated, Jean Baptiste divides his Christmas. By this I mean that two important features of the festival as celebrated by English people on the 25th day of December are reserved by the French for the 1st day of January—namely, the giving of presents and indulgence in especially good fare.

With regard to the giving of presents, in which the French take just as much delight as the English, it is interesting to note that these extremes, as they are called, are by the little folk credited not to Santa Claus, but to le petit Jesu and are perhaps all the more enjoyed on that account.

As to the culinary characteristics of the day, my readers may perhaps be interested in a list of dishes, some or all of which may be found upon every French Canadian dinner table on this occasion. They are: Pain dore (toast with egg), pate aux patates (potato pie), poulet sauce blanche (chicken with white sauce), tourtiere (meat pie), graise de roti (fresh pork grease), cochon au lait (sucking pig), paleron (roast of fresh pork—shoulder) and tarte aux sables (pie made of bawls).

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

TO SEE A MAN.

That is the One Desire of Mr. Harton's Life Now.

Harton is now devoting most of his time to an investigation and is paying a private detective to help him. He has no idea of taking the matter into court, but wants to locate a certain man in the city, after which Harton will rely upon his own ingenuity in getting satisfaction. He and his wife were talking over the telephone. Suddenly they ceased to hear each other, but after three or four yells at "central" Mrs. Harton proceeded.

"Cut us off, didn't they?" she said. "Stupid things! You know, dear, you promised me a seal sack this fall, and now you say you can't afford it."

"I was just joking," came in a caressing voice. "Of course you shall have the sack. I meant you should all the time."

"Oh, you old dear! I'll be contented with something cheaper than that \$500 one."

"But I'll not. The best is none too good for you. And I've concluded to get you an elegant set of diamonds too. You deserve them, and no one could show them off to better advantage."

"My gracious, Fred, are you sure you are yourself? My dear old boy hasn't been drinking too well, or anything of that kind?"

"Not a bit of it. Know just what I'm doing."

Then Mrs. Harton hurried to tell her nearest neighbor and receive envious congratulations. Now it transpires that Harton was at the telephone before the switch, and after it all those precious promises were made by some other man. There was a stormy scene at the house, and Mrs. Harton went home to visit her mother for an indefinite time. That's why Harton is out on a man hunt.—Detroit Free Press.

The Boar's Head.

Aside from its religious observance and signification Christmas has always been a time of feasting and jollification. This temperance has descended to us from the days of the old Germanic and Scandinavian nations, when the game was set aside for rejoicing and pleasure prior to the Christmas era, but even as late as the seventeenth century in England and throughout continental Europe the delights of the table were paramount. With our forefathers a souse of a boar's head was borne to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity as the first dish on Christmas day. In the book of "Christmase Carolles," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1531, are the words sung at this auspicious moment:

The boar's head in hande bring I
With garlandes gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merrily—
Quay estis in convivio.

The boar's head I understande
Is the chefe service in this lande,
Looke wher ever it be fande.
Serve cum cantico.

Chaucer alludes to this custom in the following passage of the "Franklin's Tale":

James sitteth by the fire with double berd.
And he drinketh of his bugle borne the wine.
Before him standeth the braune of the tusked swine.

The Same Old Christmas.

A description of two centuries ago of the festivities of Christmas shows little variation from present customs:

"Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. They meet early, the beef and pudding are noble, the mince pies peculiar, the nuts half playthings and half eatables, the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at, the cakes indestructible, the wassail bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladders, threatening overflow as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Toward bedtime you hear of elder wine and not seldom of punch. Girls, though they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe."

Christmas Greens.

In olden times holly was used only to deck the inside of houses at Christmas, while ivy was used not only as a vintner's sign, but also among the evergreens at funerals. For formerly "the rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bay, laurel and mistletoe." There are thousands of quaint old verses that could be quoted in praise of the rosemary, laurel and mistletoe. A love of nature, her fruits and flowers, her roses and vines with their mysterious significance seems to have been a predominant trait among those who gathered at the Yuletide.

IT CAN BE DONE.

But the Trouble Is That No Lover Will Ever Try.

He walked up and down the room in a very ecstasy of joy, and yet there was an element of doubt in it all. Was it not too good to last?

"Mine!" he said. "All mine!" "Gold, silver or coal mine?" asked his chum.

"Oh, laugh at me if you want, but I exclaim the enthusiastic one. 'I understand it. It will not detract from my joy, from that pleasing sense of possession. She has promised to be mine.'"

"Oh, is that all?" returned the chum. "Nothing but a love affair, is it? I thought it was something of some importance."

"Importance!" cried the lover. "Don't you think it's of some importance to win the best girl in the world?"

"But there are so many best girls in the world," protested the chum. "You are always winning them, you know."

"Ah, but there never was the equal of this one! I tell you, I am the happiest man in the world. I have won her love from a man who was in a position to offer her every luxury, who was golden eagles to my pennies, and who may only fear is that I may not be able to keep it. I have seen so many men where love has come and gone."

"I wouldn't let that worry me," returned the chum, putting at his side meditatively. "If you are satisfied that you really have her love, the question of keeping it becomes a very simple one."

"Ah, but does it?"

"Unquestionably, if one cares enough about keeping it to do what is necessary."

"There is nothing that I would not do to accomplish that."

"Then let her marry the other fellow. I've never known that to fail. Yet the lover would not do it. He even much the plan might appeal to him, but it could not be passed over without veto message that came from his heart. And it has been ever thus. Man stands woman and then fails to profit by his lessons.—Chicago Post.

Had to Be on His Guard.

"What is a snob?"

"He is a man in good society who lives in perpetual fear lest he shall run against somebody who knows him."—Chicago Record.

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VOLUME XII. NUMBER 1.

Interior Decorations

Not so many years ago, the interior decorator was unknown, and as we look into the rooms of modern houses, how painfully evident it all is.

In reupholstering your furniture, or refurnishing your rooms, merit by our counsel, it is all yours for the money, richness and artistic effects can always be obtained.

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